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THE

P O E M S

OF

PHINEAS FLETCHER, B.D.,

RECTOR OF HILGAY, NORFOLK:

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:

WITH

*Memoir, Essay, and Notes:*

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.:

CONTAINING,

MEMOIR—

ESSAY ON THE POETRY OF THE FLETCHERS— *p 161*

WHO WROTE BRITAIN'S IDA?—

BRITAIN'S IDA

&c.

<sup>c</sup> PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1869.

156 COPIES ONLY.



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1871, July 1.

Shapleigh Friend.

Vols. I. - IV.

TO THE  
Authoress of 'John Halifax, Gentleman'.

MADAM,

With your pleasantly-given consent, I dedicate to you, this first complete and worthy edition of the  
POEMS of

Phineas Fletcher.

I do so because of 'Sunny Memories' of my first reading—as a youth—of your beautiful story of a beautiful life, in that book which has won for itself a place (of its class) in the abiding literature of England, and for its hero an innermost place in the national heart.

You make a 'Phineas Fletcher' tell the Life-story of 'John Halifax Gentleman': and from your love to our Singer, you link him to the ancient Family, and introduce finely, snatches from the rich old poetry of our lark-throated Phineas. For your recognition, and honour, and praise of him, I thank you: and so leave with you these imperishable Poems by one, of whom the ancient rhyme holds divinely:

'Through this desert, day by day,  
Wandered not his steps astray.  
Treading in the royal way.'

For my Memoir and Essay and other work on our Worthy, as Eugenius Philalethes (winsome Thomas Vaughan) hath it, in his *Cælum Terræ*, "it is no newes that an iron key should open a treasure of gold." (p. 123.)

I am, Madam,

Yours very faithfully,

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

"Suffer, my friend, these lines to have the grace  
That they may be a mole on Venus' face."

(*Sir Ashton Eckham* ('Poems,' 1658.)

"Since it is a law of nature, admitting only rare exceptions, that the qualities of the ancestors should be transmitted to the race,—the fact seems patent enough, that even allowing equal advantages, a gentleman's son has more chances of growing up a gentleman than the son of a working man. And though he himself, and his father before him, had been working men, still, I think, Abel Fletcher never forgot that we originally came of a good stock, and that it pleased him to call me, his only son, after one of our forefathers, not unknown—Phineas Fletcher who wrote 'The Purple Island.'

'John Halifax, Gentleman' c. i.

...." John [Halifax], whose reading had lately surpassed mine, and whom nothing ever puzzled, explained that I came from the same old stock as the brothers Phineas and Giles Fletcher. Upon which Mr. Charles, who till now had somewhat overlooked me, took off his hat, and congratulated me on my illustrious descent." *Ibid*: c v.

"From the handful of books that usually lay strewn about wherever we two sat, I took up one he had lately got, with no small pains I was sure, and had had bound in its own proper colour, and presented to me—'The Purple Island' and 'Sicelides' of Phineas Fletcher. People seldom read this wise, tender, and sweet-voiced old fellow now; so I will even copy the verses I found for John to read." *Ibid* c ix. [The quotations are from 'The Purple Island,' c xii. stanzas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. G.]



## Preface.

---

**T**HE POEMS of the FLETCHERS have never been either collected or edited—most who have taken to do with them, having limited themselves to more or less incomplete, and ever-encreasing inaccurate reprints of ‘Christ’s Victorie’ for GILES and of ‘The Purple Island’ for PHINEAS—in lamentable obliviousness, in the latter’s case, of his much more extensive remaining Poetry, and that—as our Essay and these Volumes will shew—of equal, if not surpassing richness and melody.

It were labour thrown away, to exhibit the ordinary (if it should not be called, extraordinary) unanimity of blundering in such (so-called) ‘Collections’ of the ‘British Poets’ as the poems named have been admitted into. One must suffice, viz., SOUTHEY’S ‘British Poets’ from ‘Chaucer to Johnson’ (1 Vol. 8vo. 1831.) Its text of the *Fletchers*, like the others, seems to have



been left to the Printers. Our foot-notes furnish examples. Chalmers' Poets (21 Vols. royal 8vo., 1816) is really beneath criticism in its entire texts.

The sorrow of it is, that such 'Collections' are the usual sources whence 'Extracts' and 'Specimens' and 'Gems' and so on, are taken : and hence the Poets get mis-represented *e. g.* as I write this 'The Poet's Corner' edited by J. C. M. Bellew (1 Vol. 8vo., Routledge, 1868) reaches me, and turning to the selections from GILES FLETCHER I read thus :

'The birth of Him that no beginning knew,  
Yet gives beginning to all that are born ;  
And how the Infinite far greater grew,  
By growing less ; and how the rising morn,  
That shot from heav'n and back to heav'n return,  
The obsequies of Him that could not die,  
And death of life, end of eternity,  
How worthily He died that died unworthily.'

Here it will be observed that in line 5th the whole is thrown into (grammatical) confusion by reading 'and' instead of 'did'. The Poet wrote 'did' and if Mr. BELLEW had taken the trouble to consult the original, or other early edition, he would have found it so. But no, Chalmers' and *SOUTHEY's* easily-accessible 'Collections' were at



preservation of mere Poetasters (if they ever so much as tasted,) to forgetfulness of the genuine Singers, has wrought and brought its own revenge: for the never-to-be-hackneyed sarcasm of POPE is inevitably on one's lips (bating the words that we wish away) as the thing comes up :

‘ Pretty!’ in amber to observe the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or grubs, or worms !  
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there. ’  
(Epistle to Arbuthnot l, 169.)

At this late day I have been agreeably surprized with my own success in adding to our knowledge of our two Worthies—albeit one has the conviction that such men must have left behind them Letters and other Manuscripts of rare preciousness. Would that I or some one else could hap on them.

In an Essay on the Poetry of the Two Brothers—which follows the Memoir in the present Volume—I have tried to vindicate for them that place among our true Poets which I am certain fuller knowledge of their Poetry shall ultimately secure: more especially, I have removed the ignorant traditionary notion that they are but echoes of SPENSER: and also established their profound





### **Note.**

Prefixed to this Volume (in large paper copies) will be found faithful Facsimiles of 'the handwriting of PHINEAS FLETCHER, viz., (1) Part of the MS of the 'Locustæ' (2) Close of the hitherto unpublished MS Epistle-Dedicatory thereof to Murray of Eton (3) Autograph from fly-leaf of the MS—all as noticed *in loco* in Volume II. G.

# Contents.

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	PAGE.
I. Dedication to authoress of 'John Halifax, gentleman' .....	v.—vi.
II. Preface .....	vii.—xi.
III. Memoir .....	xv.—clx.
IV. Essay on the Poetry of the Fletchers..	clxi.—cccli.
V. Notes: A. Dr. George Macdonald's 'Antiphon' on Justice and Mercy as personified in 'Christ's Victorie' .....	ccclii—ccclxi.
B. 'The Times' on Clergymen and Poetry .....	ccclxi.—ccclxiv
VI. Who wrote 'Brittain's Ida'? (mis- assigned to Edmund Spenser).....	3—48.
VII. Brittain's Ida.....	63—84.
VIII. Additional Notes and Illustrations ..	85—91.
IX. Postscript: Answer to Objections to the Fletcher - authorship of Brittain's Ida .....	93—112.
X. Epilude .....	113.





## Memoir.

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**I**N our edition of the 'Poems' of GILES FLETCHER is given all that careful research had yielded on his 'Life : '— and it may perhaps be allowed me to say here, that our Memoir will be found very much more substantive than any previous one, presenting as it does new Facts, and new insight into old Facts, together with vainly-sought as well as hitherto unknown materials, from his own pen.\*

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\* I take the present opportunity of stating that since our edition of GILES FLETCHER'S 'Poems' was issued, I have received, by the kind interest of Mr. W. ALDIS WRIGHT and Mr. LUARD (*as before*) additional Register-dates and Facts, relating to him, which I give that they may be transferred to his Memorial-Introduction. I was obliged to leave the date of his passing B.D. uncertain. It proves to have been in 1619. More interesting still, Trinity College Registers shew, that he was elected to a minor Fellowship at Trinity, 17th September, 1608, and that he held the College offices of



Turning now to Phineas—spelled by himself ‘Phinees’\*—the memorable praise of W. BENLOWES is recalled in the outset :

“ . . . . Thou art Poet borne ; who know thee, know it :  
Thy brother, sire, thy very name's a Poet :  
Thy very name will make these Poems take,  
These very Poems else thy name will make.” †

The ‘*brother*’ was GILES : and very beautiful was their love, especially so, the ever-ready admiration of the elder (‘Phineas’) for the younger (‘Giles’). I place below a few of their mutual tributes.‡

Lector Græcæ Grammaticæ in 1615, and of Lector Linguae Græcæ in 1618. Therefore at the last date he was still Fellow of the College. His ‘ministry’ at Alderton must have been much shorter than is usually supposed.

\* Epistles-Dedicatory to his prose volumes : See onward ; and in his own ‘Register’ at Hilgay : See also onward. Moreover, our Fac-similes (in large paper copies of the present Volume) of his handwriting, exhibit his autograph so spelled.

† Lines prefixed to ‘The Purple Island.’

‡ In ‘Christ’ Victorie’ [Part IV., stanza 69, page 222 of our edition] Giles thus speaks of PHINEAS :

“ . . . . Let the Kentish lad, that lately taught  
His oaten reed the trumpet’s silver sound,  
Young Thyrsilis : and for his musique brought  
The willing spears from heau’n to lead a round

The '*sire*' was GILES FLETCHER, LL.D.,—name mainly remembered at this later day, from an old title-page of a brave and still quick book—recently worthily produced under the auspices of the Hakluyt Society\*: "Of the Rvsse Commonwealth. Or Maner of Gouernment by the Rvsse Emperour (commonly called the Emperour of

---

Of dauncing nymphs and heards, that sung, and crown'd  
 Eclecta's Hymen with ten thousand flowrs  
 Of choycest praise; and hung her heau'nly bow'rs  
 With saffron garlands, drest for nuptiall paramours;  
 Let his shrill trumpet, with her siluer blast  
 Of faire Eclecta. and her spousal bed,  
 Be the sweet pipe, and smooth encomiast:  
 But my greene Muse, hiding her younger head  
 Vnder old Chamus' flaggy banks, that spread  
 Their willough locks abroad, and all the day  
 With their owne watry shadowes wanton play  
 Dares not those high amours, and loue-sick songs assay."

For Phineas's tributes to his brother, see 'The Purple Island,' canto I., stanza 59: canto VI., stanza 19: and in his 'Poeticall Miscellanies' the two sets of verses "Upon my brother, Mr. G. F. his book entituled 'Christ's Victorie and Triumph' and 'Upon my brother's book called "The grounds, labour, and reward of Faith." Full extracts from an unique copy of the latter book are given in our Memorial-Introduction to Giles Fletcher.

\* By Bond 1856 8vo.

Moscovia) with the manners and fashions of the people of that Country. The Contents are noted in the Table, set downe before the beginning of the Booke. At London, Printed by T. D. for Thomas Charde, 1591." More of the service of which this was the record, and of the book itself, onward, and elsewhere.

The farther words *'thy very name's a poet'* may be differently understood. Perchance as in the punning epitaph over another Fletcher—Joseph of 'Wilby,' Suffolk—and as he himself sometimes wrote his name ('Fletscher') there may be a play on the etymology, as meaning 'arrow-maker' and in that 'Sunny Memories' of greenwood poetic days and Belphebe. DR. JOHN ARROWSMITH in his 'Lines' prefixed to the "Father's Testament" devoutly puns on the arrowy name, and EDWARD BENLOWES in his 'Sphinx Theologica' finely and classically points his praise therewith—as hereafter will be noticed. Or: and probably this is the reference—the compliment may turn on the number of 'poets' bearing the name. There was the 'sire' of the 'Ryse Commonwealth' who, long before setting forth on his adventurous embassy to the Land of Whiteness, in the year of the Armada (1588), had joined in doing homage to the memory of gifted and

gracious WALTER HADDON in his posthumous 'Poemata'—1576.\* Sooth to say the 'Verses' are humble enough, as are nearly all such epicedic rhymes. But besides, there is his 'de Literis Antiquæ Britanniae Regibus præsertim, quique Collegia Cantabrigiæ fundârunt" (1633)—reverently published by, but not as usually said, the composition of—our Phineas, along with his own 'Sylva Poetica'†—and in it there are gleams of that inspiration which is from Above. Then in addition, and much more weighty, there is his 'Licia' and 'Rising to the Crowne of Richard the IIIId. (1593) which sparkle with brilliants of the first water: and certain Latin 'Eclogues,' first published (apparently) by DR. WILLIAM

\* *Poematum Gualteri Haddoni Legum Doctoris, sparsim collectorum, Libri Duo:*" a copy of this rare little volume is in the British Museum.

† See in its place 'Sylva Poetica' and notice of the 'De Literis.' Even usually well-informed writers have mis-ascribed 'De Literis' to Phineas as author instead of editor, e. ROSE in his 'Biographical Dictionary' who but copies the blunders here and throughout, of the 'New and General Biographical Dictionary' of 1761, and the current Bibliographers. Lord WOODHOUSELEE not only gives it to Phineas, but describes it as a small PROSE work!

DILLINGHAM (1678) with his high praise. These latter will come up with important evidence in the sequel.

Contemporary, there was his cousin JOHN Fletcher the Dramatist,\* and that Singer already named—quaint and also as pathetic as a nightingale—spite of the thorny roughness of the rhythm occasionally—of ‘Christ’s Bloodie Sweat’ (1613) and the ‘Perfect-Cursed-Blessed Man’ (1628—29)† and ROBERT FLETCHER who tells richly if fantastically, of the “Nine English Worthies” (1606),—the Henrys—and earlier of the orient passion of Solomon in his ‘Song’ (‘1586’) and who, if I err not, translated ‘Martial,’ adding certain ‘Poems and Fancies:’ not to linger over others known and (worshipped) by your Bibliomaniac—using the word in a good, soft, kindly sense. Later, there were FLETCHER of ‘Radius Heliconius’ (‘1650’) and THOMAS FLETCHER, of ‘Poems’ (‘1692’) not poetic. That FLETCHER must also have been a poet, methinks, who

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\* Never to be dissociated from Francis Beaumont: fortunately Mr Dyce has edited their ‘Works’ in his own admirable way (11 vols. 8vo., 1843)

† I shall include these two Poems in the Fuller Worthies’ Library.

caused his 'stone' to be inscribed '*I was THOMAS FLETCHER: 1631.*'\*

The father of our two Poets—already named—to wit, GILES FLETCHER, LL.D., was son of RICHARD FLETCHER, who was among the first 'ordained' by the martyr-BISHOP RIDLEY, and the first Reformation 'pastor' of Cranbrook in Kent,—'pastor' being the name of honour on ancient Puritan title-pages, telling of allegiance as under-shepherd to the Master-and-Owner Shepherd or 'Pastor'. Another—the first-born—son, was RICHARD FLETCHER, father of the Dramatist, and that Bishop who ultra-zealously sought to convert Mary of Scotland to (his) Protestantism—within the shadow of the Block of Fotheringay: and who proved a 'sore saint' to his brother—as will appear. SIR JOHN HARINGTON has drawn Bishop Fletcher to the life (self-evidencingly): and all who care for such things, will read with interest what is placed in our foot-note from the chatty, genial 'Briefe View.'†

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\* Blomefield's Norfolk, v. 86: on a small stone at Braconash.

† 'Of Bishop Fletcher:' I cull a little, "I come now to Bishop Fletcher, that made not so much scruple to take Bristol in his way from Peterborough to Worcester, though that *were wide of the right way*, upon the sinister or bow

The grandfather of PHINEAS AND GILES FLETCHER—  
judging from such fragmentary memorials as have

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hand many miles ; as the card of a good conscience will plainly discover. I fortun'd to be one day at the Savoy with Mr. Secretary Walsingham, where Mr. Fletcher was then upon his dispatch for Bristoll. A familiar friend of his meeting him there, bad God give him joy, my lord elect of Bristoll ; which he taking kindly and courtly upon him, answered that it had pleased indeed the higher powers so to dispose of him : But said his friend in his eare, do you not leave out *tot et tot* to such and such. He clapping his hand on his heart, in a good gracefull fashion, replied with the words of Naman the Syrian ‘ Herein the Lord be mercifull to me ’: but there was not an Elizeus to bid him go in peace. What shall I say for him? *Non erat hoc hominis vitium sed temporis?* I cannot say so, for your Highness knowes I have written otherwise in a book of mine I gave you, Libro 3. numero 80.

Alass a fault confest were half amended,

but sin is doubled that is thus defended :

I know a right wise man sayes and believes

where no receivers are, would be no theeves.”

Wherefore at the most I can but say, *Dividatur*. He was a well-spoken man, and one that the Queen gave good countenance too, and discovered her favour to him even in her reprehensions as Horace saith of Mecænas, *Rerum tutela mearum, cum sis et prave sectam stomacheris ob unguem* : for she found fault with him once for cutting his beard too short, whereas good lady, (if she had known

come down—must have been meet follower of Him

“The first true gentleman that ever breathed.”\*

With touch of tenderness, as if a tear lay on the page, the Bishop's son in his Will, in bequeathing ‘a ringe of goulde’ adds ‘that was my ffather’s’† while DR. GILES FLETCHER to the last is found returning to the Cranbrook Vicarage: and both together placed the marble tablet over his grave, that still remains.

In one of DR. GILES FLETCHER's remarkable (Latin) ‘Eclogues’—which will yield valuable biographic facts immediately—there is a punning allusion (as I take it) to Cranbrook. As it (figuratively) describes the ‘good Vicar’ RICHARD FLETCHER, and as it, in common with the whole Eclogues, has been overlooked, I may adduce the lines :

that,) she would have found fault with him for cutting his Bishoprick so short. He could preach well and would speak boldly, and yet keep decorum,” and so throughout very genially, in “A Briefe View of the Church of England . . . . . 1653.’

\* Often quoted, but unworn as a flower still: by Dekker.

† Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. I., page lxxxix.



Et tibi (si memini) genitor, dum lumina carpsit.  
 Pauperis, ipse gregis custos fuit ; ille regebat  
 Non procul a terra pecudes, *ubi stagna frequentant*  
*Quæ fera Pygmæis indicunt bella volucres.*" (p. 188.)

which being interpreted reads 'And if I remember, thy father while he lived, was himself the keeper [custos] of a poor flock: he ruled [shepherded] the flocks not far from the land where birds frequent the pools that point out the fierce wild war with the pigmies'. That is recals by its name Cran or Crane-brook—the (classical) battle of the 'Pigmies and the Cranes.'—

At Cranbrook the brothers though certainly not born there, had there wooed and won their wives—the Bishop also fetehing his second from thence later—and there our PHINEAS—unlike GILES—first saw the light. Strange it is that even WILLMOTT—painstaking, tasteful, cultured—never seems to have thought of visiting Cranbrook, to inspect its 'Registers': and hence in correcting manifest blunders of others, he had to satisfy himself with "Guesses at Truth" *e. g.* "Chalmers, (Biograph. Dict. Art. 'Fletcher') considers Giles the eldest son, whose birth he fixes in 1588, and that of Phineas the younger, in 1584! The *probability* is that Phineas was the

elder.”\* This probability it is our good fortune to be able to turn into certainty, as well as otherwise to elucidate the Family-history in those points wherein Mr. Dyce, in his scholarly ‘Beaumont and Fletcher’—failed.†

RICHARD FLETCHER, Vicar of Cranbrook, appears to have been appointed to the ‘Living’ of CRANBROOK in July, 1559—being of the province of York. In Foxe’s ‘Acts and Monuments’ it is incidentally stated that he and his (at the time) youthful eldest son—afterwards Bishop RICHARD FLETCHER—were present at the martyrdom of CHRISTOPHER WADE, at Dartford in 1555: and again in 1557 he is named by the Martyrologist as ‘a witness of the great rage that the parson of Frittenden was in during service in the Church, in respect of the

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\* Lives of the Sacred Poets: 1st edn. 1834, 1 vol, cr.8vo.: not displaced by the 2d edition in 2 vols., cr 8vo. (1839.) which omits much of the earlier, and otherwise is, as a whole, scarcely so carefully done.

† In all that concerns the Cranbrook ‘Registers’ I have, as in GILES FLETCHER’S ‘Memorial-Introduction’ very cordially to acknowledge the help rendered by Mr. W. Tarbutt, of Cranbrook, an enthusiast (I must repeat) in behalf of his native town and parish: and from whom it is to be hoped a ‘History’ thereof will be forthcoming.

conduct of one of his Parishioners, EDMUND ALLIN,\* and subsequently—in 1591—BISHOP FLETCHER was present at Cosby's execution.† The good Vicar—who was also Rector of SWARDEN in same county ('Kent') died on 12th February, 1585: and a marble tablet—as already stated—was erected over his grave in the High Chancel of his own venerable Church, by his sons, Bishop and Dr. Giles Fletcher. The inscription will be found below.‡ I have failed to determine the

\*Vol. vii. 321 (Sealey 1847.)

† COLLIER'S *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature.* Vol. I. 160.

‡ Richardus Fletcher ex Eboracensi Provincia. Honest. Parentibus natus: a quibus Cantabrigiâ missus, bonis artibus, sese exercuit donec artium magister factus est: hinc Regnum invenit Edovardo vi<sup>o</sup>, in sacrum ministerium assumptus est, a sanctissimo viro ac martyre, N<sup>i</sup>: Ridleio, Londinensi Episcopo (ex eor<sup>um</sup> numero q<sup>i</sup> tunc p<sup>ri</sup>mo pro more ac ritu ecclesie Reformatæ, sacris ordinibus initiati s<sup>un</sup>t) in civis diocœsi verbi ministerio diligenter incumbit postea temporibus Marianis cum ferro et flamma evāgelici peteretur adversa multa et vicula pertulit: sed restituito evangelio et ipse sacro muneri restitutus est, et hujus ecclesie pastor designatus a<sup>o</sup>. 1<sup>o</sup>. serenissimæ principis Elizabethæ hic publice verbo: privati vitæ prædicatio

number of the 'children' of the Vicar of Cranbrook: but he had at least four, viz., RICHARD, GILES, and JOHN—who died 14th November, 1566, as in Register—and a daughter, Priscilla—the last reminding of the Puritan love for Bible-names.\* The first was married in his father's

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pauperibvs erogādo ; ōnibvs consvlendo. (qvātŭ  
in ipso fv̄it) iteger ac bonis ōnibvs charvs ; cvm  
per xxvi ānos et menses vii. hvic eccl̄ae  
præfvisset tandem ex hac vita ad coelos  
demigravit a° ætatis qvarto svpra sexagessimŭ  
filios svperstitēs reliqv̄it dvos qvos vidit  
alterŭ Theologiæ alterŭ legŭ doctorem  
illŭ capellanŭ regiŭ decanŭ Petribvrg nŕc  
Episcopŭ Bristoll et Regiæ ma<sup>ti</sup>s Eleemosynari.  
sŕmvm hŕc eidem m ad magnvm Russiæ :  
imperatorem legatvm. obiit mvndo 12° die  
mensis Febr a° 1585 vivit Deo ad æternitatē  
corpv̄s in area inferiori, svb proximo saxo  
reconditvr.

I am indebted to Mr. Tarbutt, as before for a careful rubbing of the tablet. The inscription is in capitals, with quaint contraction-signs, which I indicate thus, ō and ŭ, —as the resources of my Printer enabled.

\* Children of the Vicar of Cranbrook: I speak somewhat uncertainly of the number, because in the MS copy of the 'Locustæ' discovered by us among the Harleian MSS—of which more in the sequel—there is as explained *in loco*, a short Latin dedication—erased but readable still—to a sister, who must have been another than Mrs. Atkin-

Church—and no doubt by him,—to ELIZABETH HOLLAND, on 25th of May, 1573. The third was married in the same year and place, to WILLIAM ATKINSON, Physician, who seems to have come from a distance, and taken his wife out of the Parish. The second—father of our Poets—was married to JOAN SHEAF or SHEAFFE on 16th of January, 1580 (O S=1581,)—the ‘fair ladye’ being daughter of a wealthy Clothier of the town.\* Their first-born† was our PHINEAS, who was bap-

son. for her Christian name was, as above, ‘Priscilla’.

The inscription is as follows: “Dedit S. King, jeus soror.” The Cranbrook Registers shew no marriage of a King to a Fletcher: but King is a very frequent name. In 1565 and 1566 a John King was Church-warden. in 1582-83 a Robert King: in 1597-98 a James King: and in 1626-27 a Richard King. These four Kings filled the office of Churchwarden. But this sistership, whether of blood or sister-in-law, remains unexplained: nor is it of any great moment. But it is noticeable that Fletcher should have thought of dedicating his Latin ‘Locustæ’ to a female.

\* I record here the *ipsissima verba* of this important entry: January, 1580, Mr. Gylis fletcher et Joan Sheaffe: I give here also the birthday of our Worthy: ‘Aprill 1582, Phynees fletcher filius DD., Egidij: [=Aegidius, i.e. Giles.]

† First-born: It shews the general ignorance of our FLETCHERS’ writings, that there should have been either

tised in Cranbrook Church on 8th April, 1582, or about fifteen months after the marriage. Thus little PHINEAS was privileged to play about the knee of his saintly grandfather. I do not doubt that it was a bright day in the Vicarage when the son-and-heir of the (then) home-staying son came. RICHARD in 1573-74 had been presented by Lord BUCKHURST the Poet, to the Vicarage of Rye in Sussex: and so was gone from CRANBROOK,—having there put his foot on the first rung of the ladder of his ecclesiastical Ascents. I am glad to have it in my power to add (*infra*) to the materials for the Bishop's 'Life,' by furnishing the names of three of his 'children' not hitherto known,—and who it must be remembered, were

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doubt or mistake about Phineas being the elder, *e. g.* besides the places already referred to, wherein the two brothers pay mutual tribute,—in his dedication of his father's 'De Literis' he subscribes himself 'Phinees Fletcher ejusdem natu *maximus*, sed earum omnium *minimus*:" and again, in the hitherto unpublished 'Epistle to Murray of Eton, prefixed to the MS. of his 'Locustæ' (in our second volume) he ends similarly, thus "E familia tibi maxime devinctâ, et devota, natu *maximus*." It is vexatious to find a man of the literary rank of DR. GEORGE MACDONALD, in his just-issued 'Antiphon' contentedly repeating the old blunder of Giles being the elder. More of 'Antiphon' in our 'Essay' onward.

the brothers and sisters of **JOHN FLETCHER** the Dramatist: himself it may be suggested in all likelihood named 'John' in memory of his father's child-brother, whose death in 1566 has already been chronicled.\*

Very covetable was the birth-place—nestling in the centre of the Weald, on the road leading from Maidstone towards Hawkhurst and Sussex—and sunshine not shadow must have lain on his cradle. Paternally there might not be 'wealth,' but certainly all home-comforts, and all sweet charities and fragrances of devotion and culture. Maternally, the new ties were of the best: the **SHEAFES**

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\* Mr. Dyce in his *Memour of the Fletchers* prefixed to Vol. 1st of his valuable edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, (p. xvi.) regrets that he could not furnish four of the names of the Bishop's children. It is singular that he did not think of searching at Cranbrook. The Cranbrook 'Register' gives the following, which is the missing, information. In 1574 a 1st child died: 20th December, 1579 John, born at Rye [so that the Dramatist and his cousin, our Poet, were not far apart in age]: September 29th, 1582, Thomas, born at Cranbrook, died January 10th, 1582 (O.S.): November 22nd, 1584, Anne, born at Cranbrook: November 19th, 1587, Elizabeth, born at Cranbrook. On December 22d, 1588, died Joan Fletcher at Cranbrook.

occupying a prominent position in the staple trade of the Town ; for to be a leading ' Clothier ' was a synonym of family-name and influence, as witness their living descendants and representatives, the BATHURSTS, ONGLEYS, COURTHOPES, MAPLESDENS, WESTONS, PLUMERS, AUSTENS—all of whom trace back to ' the grey coats of Kent. '\*

In after-Epistles Dedicatory and otherwise, our Poet is found addressing the head of the ROBERTS' house,—*the* family of the Town, if not of the County—as his ' most deare cousin,' and later, his ' Joy in Tribulation ' is addressed ' to the truly honovrable, my most honoured cousins, Sir Walter Roberts, Knight and Baronet, and to his gracious lady.' One allusion in the latter indicates relationship through the SHEAFES—unless the Vicar's

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\* Cf. Hasted's Kent under ' Cranbrook ' and Ireland's History of the County of Kent (4 vols. 8vo., 1829) *s. n.* It is greatly to be regretted that Dr. John Harris's History of Kent (vol. I., 1719) should still be without its fellow. He promised biographies of Kent names in his (proposed) second volume. Neither Hasted nor Ireland has a word on any of the Fletchers, a specimen of the unliterary fashion in which your big ambitious County History was formerly written. Nothing beneath an Esquire is to be reckoned: but wearily you have every ' tenth transmitter of a foolish face ' chronicled.



wife were a Roberts.\* It is as follows, after recognition of their 'ancient gentry' and their 'noblest (new) birth': "Now though I well know that the neare relation of fleshly alliance and bloud which is betwixt us (besides many other knots of

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\* It is much to be wished that the York paternal descent were traced, and also that of the wife of the Vicar. There being no mention of Mrs. RICHARD FLETCHER in the Cranbrook 'Registers,' it seems certain that the Vicar came here a widower: and so the province of York owns the birth-place of BISHOP FLETCHER and Dr. GILES FLETCHER: or perchance 'Dartford.' In the prosecution of my own Cranbrook researches I was gratified to learn that an American SHEAFE was zealously ferreting out everything bearing on his English ancestry. May he return, and 'many sheafes with him.' These ties to the old Land, the mother-and-home-Land, are stronger than steel. All praise and thanks for the pious reverence and garnered affection of the great Republic. Its citizens grudge neither money nor painstaking in genealogical researches, that give them root-hold on the 'old' Country. One can forgive a good deal of vulgar brag, in the knowledge of the softer and tenderer boast. By the way Anthony-a-Wood, *s. n.* notices Dr. THOMAS SHEAFE. He was most likely brother of Joan. His comments on the 'Will' of a SHEAFE whereby his 'monies' were left to 'laymen' are preposterous and unwarranted, as remarked in Giles' Memoir.

friendship) have tyed my heart long since unto you both, in all unfeyned affection, yet thy spirit-uall kindred is a much dearer and nearer linke.”\*

RICHARD SHEAFE—brother of Joan—was married January 8th 1569 to MARJORY ROBERTS—another of the Cranbrook ‘Register’ facts. Probably here was the tie.†

\* pages 1 and 4

† Sheafes : As the ‘mother’ of our FLETCHERS was a Sheafe, and so must have an abiding interest to every lover of the elder Worthies, I place on record here various *memorabilia* (hitherto unpublished) concerning the Family, that have accumulated in my Note-Book by the unfailing kindness mainly of Mr. W. ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A., of Cambridge, as before. First of all from the *Liber Protocolorum* of King’s College, Cambridge ; which as stated in the text onward, was Phineas’s College as it had been his father’s before him—we have these entries : Edmund Sefe. Aug. 24. 1580 : Edmundus Sefe ætatis xviiij annor. natus in Cra[n]brook in com. Cant. dioc. Cant’.bur : Thomas Sefe, ætatis 17 annor. natus in Cra[n]brook Com. Cant. dioc. Cant burie : 24 Aug. 1583. Admissio in Socios. Thomas Sefe, etatis xx. annor. natus [as before] : 24. Aug. 1590. Admissio in Scholaris, Hermanus Sheafe etatis xviii Annor. natus in Cranbroke, com. Cantuar, fest. Natal. Dñi : 24. Aug. 1593. Admissio in Socios. Hermanus Sheafe, etatis 21 : Annor natus [as before]. Next we have glimpses of ancient College discipline : 5 Sept. 1587. Thomas Sheafe convened before

Meadow and woodland—in many a fairy copse and clump of grand oaks, and flashing stream, and ancient Manor-house, and Parks with mementoes of the olden Sports, and Rook-groves

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the Provost and Deans, and deprived of a week, for having infringed the statute (*De habitu Sociorum[m] et Scholarium[m]*): ex evidentia facti in Pantleria Collij: 22 Feb. 1602. Mr. Hermanus Sheafe, with two others convened Quod nuper, viz, 17<sup>o</sup> die Februarii, in aula communi in conventu Sociorum publico contra decretum Præpositi cum assensu Seniorum, de reformandis abusibus in publicis conventibus, deliquissent nempe quod in suffragiis suis ferendis non ad ipsam quæstionem respondissent, sed aliud immiscere prosumpsissent. 22 Feb. 1602. Mr. Hermanus Sheafe. Increpatus a Præposito, quod ipse ut reliquorum auto-signanus, prædictum mandatum violansit ausus: Again: Pro inobedientiâ erga Præpositum: Again: Pro devillatione absque licentia [i.e. sleeping out of College.] Of the fore-going Hermannus Sheafe there is a slight notice by Newcourt (*Repertorium*, Vol. ii p 284 ed. 1710) under the head of Goldhanger cum Capella de Totham—parva Rectory. In the list of Rectors is Harman Sheafe, A.M., 31 Oct. 1617 per resig. Tunstall. Further, in the same 'Liber Protocolorum' no fewer than other three Sheafes appear: 24 Aug. 1614, Admissio in Scholares. Edmandus Sheafe, etatis 16 annor. natus in Marden in Com. Cant. in festo Pascho. 1 Sept. 1617. Admissio in Socios. Edmund Sheafe etatis 19 annor natus [as before:] 11 Aug. 1621, Admissio in

sacred as the Druids', and a Landscape altogether transfigured under the golden haze of historic Renown, lend beauty and undying interest to well-nigh every foot of bladed emerald whereon a lark might build its nest.

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Scholares. Johannes Sheafe, ætatis 17. annor. nat. in Cauty. in festo Paschæ: 11 Sept. 1626. Admissio in Marden in Com. Scholares Grindall Sheafe, ætatis 16. annor. natus in Welford. Com. Berc. in festo Purif. Still further, there are these notices of Thomas Sheafe of Cranbrook, already introduced in text and in this Note: 15 November, 1591. Diversio Mrōrum ad studium Sacr. Theolog. Thomas Sheafe. Bursar 1594. Thomas Sheafe, B.D., was Dean of Divinity and Librarian 1596 [after Mids<sup>r</sup> 1597 vacant]: Became B.D. after Mids<sup>r</sup>. 1595 Hermannus also re-appears: 7 Novr. 1598. Diversio Mror ad Studium Theolog. Sheafe [Hermannus]: M.A s declared for Theology, Law or Medicine. The two Sheafes took up Theology.

From *Alumni Etonensi* (Birmingham 1797 4to) take these notes on most of the preceding Sheafes: (1) Thomas Sheafe, D.D., son of Thomas Sheafe of Cranbroke, Kent, Rector of Welford, Berks, installed Canon of Windsor, 29 March, 1614; lived at Wickhambroke, Berks: wrote *Vindiciæ Senectutis*: Lond. 1639 8vo.: died 12 Dec. 1639: buried at Windsor in St. George's Chapel. (2) Edmund Sheafe went away Scholar. (3) Herman Sheafe, M.A., of Goldhanger in Essex. (4) Edmund, son of Edmund, (of 1580) died Fellow of King's, 1625, and was buried at the East

When little PHINEAS was born the visit of the 'great Queen' (Elizabeth) to the Town: when she walked to Coursehouse—a good mile—on the 'staple' broad-cloth—was a recent memory (1573.)\* He was in his 6th year when 'Mary, Queen of Scots' perished: and 'Uncle Richard' could not fail to tell the dreary

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end of the Chapel. (5) John Sheafe, brother of the last Edmund died a Junior Fellow: a young man of promising talents. (6) Grindall Sheafe, son of Thomas Sheafe was D.D.. in 1658: Rector of Coltshall and Horstead, which he signed, and became Canon of Wells: died very wealthy 28 April, 1680, and was buried in the Cathedral. I have failed to trace a copy of Dr. Thomas Sheafe's above-mentioned book '*Vindiciæ Senectutis.*' It is in none of the Oxford or Cambridge Libraries, nor in the British Museum, Williams &c., &c. Edmund Sheafe wrote Verses in *Lacrymæ Cantabrigiense* (1619) on death of Queen Anne of Denmark (p 31.) In the *Anthologia Cantabrigiensis* in *Regis exanthemata* (1632) are Verses by Gr. [*i. e.* above Grindal] Sheafe. Coll. Regal. Socius (p 31) Again at p 72 of the *Genethliacum Academiæ Cantabrigiensis* (1631) are Verses signed by 'G. Sheafe, Regal.' These hitherto uncollected *memoralilia* concerning the SHEAFES I give *in extenso* with more readiness because of the trans-Atlantic inquiries mentioned below.

\*Ireland's Kent as before, II. 355.

tragedy by the Cranbrook fire-side. I delight to picture small, toddling Master Phineas led o' grand-papa's finger into the great Church—triple-aisled and triple chancelled and having a forest of slender pillars and clustered shafts—and peering with round eyes of wonder, to hear of the patron-saint St. Dunstan or to gaze on the pyramid-monuments of his mother's ancestry, by marriage and inter-marriage. Later, CRANBROOK was to lie in more golden light than even the names enumerated shed on it: from the FLETCHERS themselves, and ABBOT, and SALTMARSH, and BLACKWOOD and holy TRAILL.

The Vicar's death did not sunder the home-ties. GILES the Poet of "Christ's Victorie" was no doubt born in London: which would indicate parental removal thither. But his mother seems to have made her native CRANBROOK her residence: in part doubtless necessitated thereto by the adventurous and far-away going career of her somewhat Ishmael-footed husband. He, educated at Eton—where he was admitted a 'scholar' in 1565—having passed to King's College, Cambridge from thence, took his degree of B.A. in 1569 and of LL.D. in 1581—between the two getting involved in the DR. GOAD 'riot' or petty-

rebellion\*—and immediately thereafter entered on service of the State under the quick-eyed patronage of ELIZABETH. He acted as 'Commissioner' on public affairs in Scotland, Germany, and the Low Countries. So early as 1580 he had been 'commissary' to DR. BRIDGEWATER, chancellor of the Diocese of Ely. Then—as before noticed—in 1588 he was despatched to RUSSIA, as ambassador for Elizabeth to IVAN VASILIEVITCH or as he is elsewhere called, THEODORE IVANOWICH† So that born in 1582 our little PHINEAS must have grown up very much under that best and holiest and supremest of all human care—his mother's. By 1588 he was only in his 7th year.

MR. BOND in his brief 'Memoir' of DR. GILES FLETCHER, in recounting his 'commissioner errands' regrets that he had not succeeded in obtaining either the dates, or particulars of the services. It is greatly to be wished,—and it may reasonably be hoped for, in these days of utilizing the National

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\* Letters of Dr. Giles Fletcher on this matter—very creditable to him—are preserved among the Lansdowne MSS in British Museum; xxiii art 18 et seqq.

† Consult Mr. Bond's Hakluyt volume, as before; also Strype's Annals, Vol iv. 374 (1824 edn.); Birch, History of Queen Elizabeth ii. 78.

‘Muniments’—that more light were shed on these early ‘embassages’ from England. Meantime I have to invite attention to a circumstance only before incidentally observed—viz., that in our Poet’s ‘Piscatorie Eclogs’—those rich-and-rare-fancied issues of his Muse—we have under the name of Thelgon [2nd and 4th Eclogues, ‘*et alibi*’] thinly-veiled reminiscences of those ‘journeyings oft’ of his Father, and passionate and intense complaints and complaints, of wrong, and hardship, and ‘spite,’ to which he was subjected, more especially by some one leading man, who is designated ‘Gripus.’

In various ways,—biographic and literary—this is of the last importance. I therefore proceed to the evidence, through extracts. It is to be kept in mind that the interlocutors are in the guise, that is disguise, of Fishermen in these ‘piscatorie Eclogs.’ In such character ‘Thelgon’ gathers up the outward Facts of his life, which literally agree with those of the Poet’s father, as will appear at once *e.g.*

“When the raw blossome of my youth was yet  
In my first childhood’s green enclosure bound,  
Of Aquadune I learnt to fold my net,  
And spread the sail, and beat the river round,



And withy labyrinths in straits to set,  
 And guide my boat where 'Thames' and Isis heire  
 By lowly Aeton slides and Windsor proudly fair.

. . . . .

But when my tender youth 'gan fairly blow,  
 I chang'd large Thames for Chamus' narrower seas :  
 There as my yeares, so skill with yeares did grow ;  
 And now my pipe the better sort did please ;  
 So that with Limnus and with Belgio  
 I durst to challenge all my fisher-peers,  
 That by learn'd Chamus banks did spend their  
 youthfull yeares."

There succeed to this, accusations of one 'Janus' (=two-faced or false) who is represented as 'depraving' (=depreciating) his 'songs', and extremely interesting and hitherto neglected indications of some of the themes of his Muse that had been published. We must here read the filial tribute, on which, when we have done so, I shall have something to say.

....."Janus' self, that oft with me compared,  
 With his oft losses rais'd my victory :  
 That afterward in song he never dared  
 Provoke my conquering pipe, but enviously  
 Deprave the songs which first his songs had marred ;  
 And closely bite, when now he durst not bark,  
 Hating all others' light, because himself was dark.

And whether nature joyn'd with art, had wrought me,  
 Or I too much beleev'd the fishers' praise ;  
 Or whether Phoebus' self or Muses taught me,  
 Too much enclin'd to verse, and musick-playes ;  
 So far credulitie and youth had brought me,  
     I sang Telethusa's frustrate plaint,  
 And rustick Daphnis wrong, and magick's vain  
     restraint ;

And then appeas'd young Myrtilus, repining  
 At generall contempt of shepherd's life :  
 And rais'd my rime to sing of Richard's climbing ;  
 And taught our Chame to end the old-bred strife,  
 Mythicus' claim to Nicias resigning :  
     The while his goodly Nymphs with song delighted,  
 My notes with choicest flowers and garlands sweet,  
     requited."

One allusion in these stanzas—independent of the subsequent account of the 'call' to the Court of ELIZABETH ('Basilissa) and of his various 'embassies'—determines that by 'Thelgon,' the father of our Poet was intended, and at the same time enables us to assign to him the authorship of three Latin 'Eclogues' originally published by Dr. DILLINGHAM as 'incerti Authoris,' and also of an anonymously-issued volume of English verse, as rare in poetic faculty as in its occurrence among books. The allusion is in this couplet :

“ And taught our Chame to end the old-bred strife  
Mythicus’ claim to Nicias resigning.”

which plainly points to his ‘De Literis,’ wherein, while celebrating the real, he dismisses the ‘mythical’ renown of his University of Cambridge. The allusion was the more inevitable from PHINEAS having only that year published the paternal ‘De Literis’ with his own ‘Sylva Poetica.’ The opening lines of ‘De Literis’ will suffice to establish the reference :

‘*Mythicus et Nicias* (quorum Isidis alter ad amnem,  
Alter ad irriguas Chami consederat undas)  
Certabant, ætate pares.’ .....

Along with the ‘De Literis’ the Poet names other ‘offspring’ of ‘Thelgon’s,’ that is, his father’s, ‘Muse’ :

..... ‘I sang Telethusa’s frustrate plaint  
And rustick Daphnis’ wrong, and magick’s vain restraint :  
And then appeased young Myrtilus, repining ;  
At generall contempt of shepherd’s life ;  
And rais’d my rime to sing of Richard’s climbing.”

The whole of these it is our good chance to be able to trace and verify. The ‘frustrate plaint’ of TELETHUSA, and the ‘rustick Daphnis wrong and magick’s vain restraint’ form the ‘burden’ of

the second Eclogue viz., ‘Querela [=plaint or complaining] Collegii Regalis’ wherein he sings of ‘Telethusa’ *e.g.*

‘Fluminæve movent plangentes littora! Nymphæ  
Grantigenas quantum nuper Telethusa per undas \*  
(p. 123: lines 27-28.)

The ‘appeasing’ of ‘young Myrtilus’

..... ‘repining  
At generall contempt of shepherd’s life’

is found in the first Eclogue, entitled ‘Contra Prædicatorum Contemptum’ wherein the interlocutors are ‘Celadon’ and ‘Myrtilus’ and both of whom are also introduced in the third Eclogue ‘De Morte Boneri’†

\* See the second ‘Eclogue’ for the ‘magic-plaint’ page 197 *et seqq.* “Et me &c., and then,” *Esto mihi* &c. Telethusa’s speech to the ‘magic’ gods, and her incantation and cry of “Solvite conjugii, nova vincula, solvite Daphin.” At p 199, 3rd line from bottom, you have our Poet’s very word for ‘*frustrate* plaint’ viz., ‘*frustra*.’ “Ah! what do I? *in vain* have we tried magic arts’: and again p 200, line 7th, Talia &c. ‘Such things in vain Telethusa poured out under the blind rock, and flooded her eye with big tears.’

†These Eclogues are contained in the following volume  
‘*Pœmata varii Argumenti, Partim e Georgio Herberto,*

The final allusion to the 'rime' of 'RICHARD's climbing'—especially after our verification of the previous references—gives new interest to a slender volume now before me, which is shewn

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Latine (utcumque) reddita, Partim conscripta, a Wilh. Dillingham, S. T. D. Cantabrigensi. Adscitis etiam aliis aliorum. Londini MDCLXXVIII. pp 185—207. Phineas Fletcher's 'Locustæ' follows, pp 208—234. In connection with the 'Eclogues,' more especially the 'Querela,' I beg to refer to Two Papers read before the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, and reprinted from the Journal of that Society, viz., 'Memoir and Correspondence of William Millington, D.D., First Provost of King's College, Cambridge. By GEORGE WILLIAMS, B.D., Senior Fellow of King's College, with Biographical Notices of Robert Woodlarke, DD.....By CHARLES HARDWICK, M.A. ....1858 8vo pp 52. See specially pp 36—40. Mr. Williams identifies 'Thelgon' with GILES FLETCHER senr., and also assigns, as we do, the 'Eclogues' to him. He has also unearthed another poem of the elder GILES. We hope ultimately to collect for our Fuller Worthies' Library, the whole of the paternal FLETCHER's inedited works to range with Bond's admirable edition of his 'Rvsse Commonwealth' and therein a fuller discussion of the above points and others cognate, will be in better place.] Meanwhile with reference to the Eclogue 'de Morte Boneri' there are some martyr-allusions that I should be glad to have elucidated, *e. g.* 'Tum vero, &c., which *currente calamo* I thus render "Then indeed the herds

by our Poet's mention of it to be likewise the production of the elder GILES FLETCHER. The unmistakeable title-page is as follows :

Licia

or

Poemes of Love in Ho

*nour of the*

admirable and singular vertues of

his Lady, *to the imitation of the*

*best Latin Poets, and others.*

*Whereunto is added the Rising to the*

Crowne of RICHARD the third.

*Auxit musarum numerum Sappho ad*

*dita musis*

*Fœlix si sævus, sic voluisset Amor.*

The 'Rising to the Crowne of Richard the Third' is self-evidently the 'rime' of 'Richard's climbing' indicated by our Poet as among his

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being abandoned, you might see the shepherds [=pastors] run beyond the deep, nor trust their native Land : or hide themselves trembling among thick woods astonied [=thunder-struck] by the sudden terror of such a monster. For not only did he imbue himself with the warm blood of the herds, or griping [dragging], spoiled the miserable fold, but also brought slaughter upon the pastors [keepers] themselves. For then I remember Myrtilus and Celadon fell with poured out blood—*hearts most dear to us*,—while they defend the fold, torn and trembling with fear. Ye

father's writings: and as the prefixed 'Epistles' (in prose) relate to the whole volume, it necessarily follows that 'Licia' also is his. References in the prefixed 'Epistles' harmonize with the outward facts. Thus in vindicating his devotion to 'Love-sonnets' he boasts of others who had shewn the same fealty, and takes the opportunity of lauding the University (of Cambridge) generally and his own College ('King's') in particular *e. g.* 'I can say thus much, that the Vniversitie wherein I lived (and as I thinke the other) hath so many wise, excellent, sufficient men, as setting their learning aside, wherein they are most excellent, yet in all habilliments of a gentleman they are equall to any besides. This woulde that worthie Sydney oft confesse, and Harington's Ariosto (which Madame was respected so much by you) sheweth that his abode was in Kinge's Colledge'. The authorship of this vivid and in various ways remarkable volume of (hitherto regarded) anonymous 'verse', being established, explains BENLOWES naming of

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live, O happy souls, now stars to us" . . . . . "And two known ones besides, Lycorus and Molus—both illustrious for their pens: the former ruled the fields where ancient Canterbury lifts its eaten-out walls: the other fed at the irriguous waters of the Thames."

the 'sire' of PHINEAS as a 'poet': and otherwise it is surely a valuable literary nugget.\*

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\* After I had myself wrought out the above identification of 'Thelgon' with Dr. GILES FLETCHER and the authorship of 'Licia' &c., I was delighted to have both my independently arrived-at conclusions strengthened by various authorities previously unconsulted by me. First of all in the 'New Illustrations of Shakespeare' by the late JOSEPH HUNTER (2 Vols 8vo., 1845) I found the 'rime' concerning 'Richard's climbing' (miscalled by him 'Rising to the Throne' instead of 'to the Crowne': II. 78) assigned to GILES FLETCHER. But Mr. Hunter betrays that he had not himself seen the volume, or at any rate gone beyond the title-page: and he altogether over-looked the 'Epistles'. Further I have since found in Mr. Dyce's 'Beaumont and Fletcher' (as before) the following note, which is for him, exceptionally blundering: "A poem called The Rising to the Crowne of Richard the Third, which is appended, with several other short poems, to Licia, or Poemes of Love &c., n. d. 4to. is unhesitatingly assigned by Mr. Hunter (New Illustr. of Shakespeare, II. 77) to the pen of Dr. Giles Fletcher, because in the First Piscat. Eclogue of his son Phineas, where he certainly is represented by the person called Thelgon, he is made to say

' And then appeas'd young Myrtilus, repining  
At generall contempt of shepherd's life  
And rais'd my rime to sing of Richard's climbing &c.

I suspect however that Mr. Hunter is mistaken. The volume in question was evidently intended for private



With reference to the title-page of 'Licia' it is noticeable incidentally, that as in his Eclogues

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circulation, having neither printer's nor publisher's name. I see no reason to doubt that all the pieces in it are by the same author. The Epistle Dedicatory to *Licia* is dated by the author "from my chamber. Sep. 4, 1593"; and assuredly the author of the amatory rhapsodies so entitled, was not Dr. Giles Fletcher" Vol. I., pp. xv-xvi

One must differ from Mr. Dyce with no less diffidence than reluctance but his conclusion being based on errors, falls with proof of these. Had Mr. Dyce read either of the 'Epistles' prefixed, he would have seen at once that he is mistaken in pronouncing the volume to have been 'evidently intended for private circulation.' So far from this there is an elaborate special 'Epistle' addressed 'to the Reader' who in the earlier to Lady Mollineux is called 'the indifferent reader' (=unbiased or general) and at the close of that to his patroness, he says explicitly, in reference to the printing of his verses 'well, let the Printer looke to grow not a beggar by such bargaynes, the Reader that he loose not his labour' &c. So that it is manifest the volume was designed for any 'reader' and was published in ordinary course. But what if it had been intended for private circulation—printed perchance at the expense of Lady Mollineux? That should in no wise have militated against the definite allusion of PHINEAS. Apart from this, Mr. Dyce on re-consideration must know well, that absence of 'printer's' or 'publisher's' name, is no evidence of 'private circulation.' There are hundreds of volumes of

our Poet accepts the paternal names of his interlocutors, so in his 'Elisa' he uses 'Alicia' also.

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the period similarly issued. As I write this note 'Christ's Bloodie Sweate' (1613) is before me as an instance.

Mr. Dyce describes the 'other [*not all*] short poems' as appended to 'Richard's Climbing.' This is incorrect: They form part of 'Licia' itself. Besides, it would have prevented so dogmatic a judgement on the authorship of the 'Love-sonnets' and so of 'Richard's Climbing,' had Mr. Dyce read these so-called 'amatory Rhapsodies.' The Epistle to the Reader reveals that the 'Love-sonnets' were a mere form and veil for something deeper. 'Amatory' is out of the question as addressed to a married 'Lady,' the much-praised patroness of the Poet. 'Rhapsodies' is an equally unfortunate word. The 'Verse' is laden with thought and brilliant in no common degree. To evidence the esoteric meaning, take these few lines: "If thou muse what my Licia is, take her to be some Diana, at the least chaste, or some Minerva, no Venus fairer farre: It may be she is Learning's image or some heavenlie wonder, which the precisest may not mislike: perhaps under that name I have shadowed Discipline. It may be I meane that kinde courtesie which I found at the Patronesse of these Poems; it may be some Colledge, it may be my conceit and pretende nothing.' Finally here, Mr. Dyce being ignorant of Phineas Fletcher's allusions to his father's other Writings—now conclusively established—was the more easily misled into rejection of an authorship certainly indubitable. Mr. COLLIER in

For its own sake and this, I gladly quote here a few of the rarely beautiful stanzas of this pre-eminently beautiful Poem :

‘Thou traitour Joy, that in prosperitie  
So lowdly vaunt’st ; whither, ah, whither fliest ?  
And thou that bragg’st néver from life to flie,  
False Hope, ah whither now so speedy hiest ?  
In vain thy wingèd feet so fast thou pliest :  
Hope, thou art dead, and Joy in Hope relying  
Bleeds in his hopelesse wounds, and in his death lies dying.

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his ‘ Bibliographical Catalogue, (n. 260-263) has an interesting description of and notes on ‘Licia’ &c., but while justly doubting Mr. Dyce’s notion that the volume was ‘private’ he too fails to notice what we have brought out, viz., that it is addressed to the ‘indifferent Reader’—whose welcome is earnestly sought—and published at the Printer’s risk. Mr. Collier does not seem to have gone beyond the opening Sonnet. I give another as a specimen : (Sonnet xii misheaded xiii.)

“ I wish sometimes, although a worthlesse thing,  
Spur’d by ambition, glad for to aspyre,  
Myselfe, a Monarch, or some mightie King :  
And then my thoughtes doe wish for to be hyer.  
But when I view what windes the Cedars tosse  
What stormes men feele that cøvet for renowne,  
I blame myselfe that I have wisht my losse,  
And scorne a kingdome, though it give a crowne.  
▲’ Licia thou, the wonder of my thought,  
My hearte’s content, procurer of my bliasse,

But then Alicia (in whose cheerfull eye  
 Comfort with Grief, Hope with Compassion lived)  
 Renews the fight ; If Joy and Comfort die,  
 The fault is yours : so much (too much) you grieved,  
 That Hope could never hope to be relieved.  
 If all your hopes to one poore hope you binde,  
 No marvel if one fled, not one remains behinde.

Fond hopes on life, so weak a threed, depending !  
 Weak, as the threed such knots so weakly tying :  
 But heav'nly joyes are circular, ne're ending,  
 Sure as the rock on which they grow ; and lying  
 In Heav'n, increase by losse, live best by dying.

Then let your hope on those sure joyes depend,  
 Which live and grow by death, and waste not when they  
 spend.'

Following the poetic references we have the  
 different ' Embassies ' of the elder FLETCHER very  
 distinctly pointed out, *e. g.*

" From thence a shepherd great, pleas'd with my song,  
 Drew me to Basilissa's courtly place :  
 Fair Basilissa, fairest maid among,

For whome a crowne, I doe esteeme as nought,  
 And Asia's wealth, too meane to buy a kisse.  
 Kisse me sweete love, this favour doe for me :  
 Then crownes and kingdomes shall I scorne for thee."

My transcript of this excessively rare volume is from  
 MALONE's copy, preserved in the Bodleian.

The nymphs that white-cliffe Albion's forrests grace.  
 Her errand drove my slender bark along  
     The seas which wash the fruitfull German's land  
 And swelling Rhene [Rhine] whose wines run swiftly  
     o're the sand.

But after-bold'ned with my first successe,  
 I durst assay the new-found paths, that led  
 To slavish Mosco's dullard sluggishnesse :  
 Whose slothfull sanne all Winter keep his bed,  
 But never sleeps in Summer's wakefulnesse :  
     Yet all for nought : another took the gain :  
 Faitours, that reapt the pleasure of another's pain !

And travelling along the Northern plains,  
 At her command I past the bounding Tweed,  
 And liv'd a while with Caledonian swains" :.....

In the second 'Eclog' there are similar explicit allusions :

"From thence [Cambridge] he furrow'd many a churlish  
     sea :

The viny Rhene, and Volgha's self did passe,  
 Who sleds doth suffer on his watry lea,  
 And horses trampling in his ycie face :  
 Where Phœbus prison'd in the frozen glasse,  
     All Winter cannot move his quenched light,  
     Who in the heat will drench his chariot bright  
 Thereby the tedious yeare is all one day and night."

Again the base and false 'Gripus' is anathematized :

“Yet little thank and lesse reward he got :  
He never learn'd to soothe the itching eare :  
One day (as chanc't) he spies that painted boat,  
Which once was his : though his of right it were,  
He bought it now again, and bought it deare.

But Chame to Gripus gave it once again,  
Gripus the basest and most dung-hil swain,  
That ever drew a net or fisht in fruitfull main.”

One works very much in the dark in absence of documents that will inevitably turn up some day : but even now we have in these lines, unquestionable light on the ‘Life’ of the elder Fletcher, and the family-feeling toward those in authority, who had injured him. There are numerous incidental touches that shew passionate and long-abiding sense of wrong.\*

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\*In Sir Henry Ellis’s collection of “Original Letters” of Eminent Literary men of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. With Notes and Illustrations” (Camden Society, 1843) will be found a very important Letter of Dr. GILES FLETCHER on his Russian Embassy as well as relative documents showing that it was the ‘Merchants’ whose ‘complaints’ based on their fears, led to the suppression of his too truthful book. See pp. 76—85. I may add here that Dr. Fletcher’s Account was re-published by PURCHAS vol. iii., p. 413, but modified in “the biting style which the author useth.” Fletcher’s letter to Cecil is docquetted by the secretary as received in September, 1589 : and so *his return must have been in that year.*

Throughout the 'embassies' of his father, whether remoter or nearer, our Poet's childhood and early boy-hood, were evidently passed in and around CRANBROOK, among his maternal relatives. His after-verse abounds with kindly reminiscences and yearnings after his 'native fields.' Even in Cambridge he is found sighing for "our long-long'd-for-Kent" and brooding wistfully over 'little Haddam' and 'Brenchley' and 'Maddingley' and other familiar spots. The wish of his heart was to be permanently nestled near the dear old home-scenes. Thus in his Lines "to my ever-honoured cousin, Walter Roberts, Esq.":

"Strange power of home, with how strong-twisted arms  
And Gordian-twin'd knot dost thou enchain me '  
Never might fair Calisto's doubled charms,  
Nor powerful Circe's whispering so detain me,  
Though all her heart she spent to entertain me:  
Their presence could not force a weak desire:  
But oh! thy powerfull absence breeds stall-growing fire."

Again:

....., "Would my luckie fortune so much grace me  
As in low Cranebrook or high Brenchly's hill,  
Or in some cabin neare thy dwelling place me:  
There would I gladly sport and sing my fill,  
And teach my tender Muse to raise her quill  
And that high Mantuan shepherd's self to dare.  
If ought with that high Mantuan shepherd might compare."

So throughout : as all who have studied the study-rewarding 'Eclogs' and 'Miscellanies' will find.

In all probability Master PHINEAS went to his first 'School' in CRANBROOK—one that has an interesting history, and which has been effectively told of late.\*

DR. GILES FLETCHER having returned [1589] from his 'Russe' embassy, seems to have felt as if he had been another Daniel 'delivered' from the lions' den. FULLER 'reports' that 'being safely arrived at London, he sent for his intimate friend Mr. Wayland, prebendary of St. Paul's and senior

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\* **An Historical Account of DENCE's School and Schoolmasters, from 1568 to 1865; with some Information respecting other Public Endowments, under the will of Alexander Dence, by William Tarbutt, as read by him before the Cranbrook Literary Association, on November the 30th, 1865. 8vo. 1866 (Cranbrook : Dennet) pp. 39.** The story of this venerable 'School,' and Dence's Endowments is a discreditable one to not a few concerned : and is only typical of many others, which it were well if Government authoritatively investigated. In the course of my own researches I have come on hundreds of old endowments for charity and education that have been allowed to lapse into the hands of Land-owners and others : and whose present representatives ought and might be compelled to disgorge. Mr. Tarbutt furnishes a few slight notices of the Vicar, Richard Fletcher, in his tractate.



fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge (tutor to my father, from whose mouth I received this report) with whom he heartily expressed his thankfulness to God for his safe return from so great a danger'.\* He immediately prepared and published his 'Account' of the 'Rvsse Commonwealth' but it was suppressed by the Government from certain political gibes, real or imaginary, which might offend the Czar. So "it is written:" and here probably is the secret of our Poet's stinging denunciations of 'Janus' and 'Gripus,' and the commencement of those sufferings from the "stings and arrows of outrageous Fortune" wherewith the life of this heroic and many-gifted man was marked. These interpret also the enforced leisure and plaint of 'Licia' and related poems, which fall in from their date, (1593) with this period.†

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\* Church-History: Kent *s. n.* Lloyd in his State-Worthies quotes above. Willmott is mistaken in his supposition that his (Lloyd's) is an additional testimony. He simply repeats what Fuller had stated, as a glance shews.

† As above, we are left somewhat in doubt at present, on the chronology of the different 'Embassies': but meantime in addition to what PHINEAS tells us, cf. the Piscatory

On 15th June, 1596, suddenly, died RICHARD FLETCHER, BISHOP OF LONDON. His 'Life' was a strangely-chequered one. It needeth not to be told here: but the 'end' had momentous bearing on our Poet's welfare, as of the whole Family. BISHOP FLETCHER left his 'widow' and '8 poore children' — one of them JOHN FLETCHER the Dramatist—in painfully necessitous circumstances: and his brother DR. GILES FLETCHER having become security for his 'debt to the exchequer for his first-fruits and tenths' was involved thereby in the most harassing 'supplications' and 'defences,' and ultimately was flung into prison—the latter calamity being in part through political rancour and calumny.\* The following pathetic Letter explains itself, and gives us sorrowful glimpses of our Poets' mother and the 'children'. For be it remembered, the 'poor wife' was JOAN SHEAFE of

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Eclogues *ante*, especially ii., stanza 13. From i., 13 we learn the Scottish mission followed that to Russia. See the second Eclogue, stanza 8th: his death was in 1610.

\* The fullest details concerning Bishop Fletcher and his ultimate impecuniosity and consequent family-difficulties, that I have met with, are to be found in Mr Dyce's *Beaumont and Fletcher*, as before, Vol. I., page vii.—xvi.

Cranbrook, and two of the 'many children,'  
PHINEAS and GILES, our 'sweet-singers.'—

'Right honourable,—

I humbly thank you for regarding the humble suit of my poor wyfe. Her poor estate and great distress and of so many children, do thus force me to mone my case, and to reveal unto your Honour my present state. My great charge and small revenue, with the executorship of my late brother, have made my debt exceed my estate, being undoon and worse than nought, by 500 pounds. For discharging hereof, I have no means but the present sale of my poor house wherein I dwell, and of my office, if I can assign it to some fitt man. At the quarter day I am to pay 200 pounds, upon forfeiture of double bonds. I have yet no means nor liberty to seek for means, for payment of it, and I am infirm through grief of mind for this restraint, and the affliction of my wife and children. How perplexed I am for them and they for me, I beseech your Honour (who art a father of so toward and happy children) to consider. Touching my fault, what shall I say? I have been abused by those fables and foolish lyes of the Earle's daunger by Sir Walter Raleigh. But my hart is untouched and

my hands clear of his wicked practices, which I know not of, nor should discern so great a mischief under such a colour. I will learn wisdom by this folly. My humble suit is that you will be pleased to be a mean for my discharge: or if not that, for my enlargement upon my bonds. To relieve a poor distressed family will please God, and bynde us all, besides other duties, to pray to God to bless you and yowr. So humbly take my leave. 14 of March, 1600. Your H[onour's] most humble suppliant. G. Fletcher.\*

We are far-off from the Facts, and our light is dim: but certain data allow us to assume that relief came from some quarter, spite of his friendship for Essex. The 'office' to which reference is made, was that of 'Master of Requests' to which he had been appointed only the same year: (1596)—But in 1597 he appears as Treasurer of St. Paul's: and probably other emoluments accrued. His last public service was in his former tried capacity of a 'commissioner' instructed by the company of 'Eastland Merchants' to treat with Dr. John Charisius, the King of Denmark's ambassador, about 'the required removal of the

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\* Bond's Hakluyt edition of 'Russe Commonwealth' as before, Vol. I. pp. cxxv.—vi.

trade from the towne of Crimpe (Krempe) by the mediation of John Rolt' dated November 1610. He died in the Parish of St. Catherine Coleman, Fenchurch Street, London, in February 1610-11.\*

It is our rare fortune to have noticed and recovered from our PHINEAS FLETCHER's over-looked (posthumous) "Father's Testament"†—out of which also we have gathered hitherto uncollected Translations and Verses by him—a fine bit of filial memorial that introduces us to the death-bed of his father. In presenting his book to his own children, he thus addresses them: "The great Legacy which I desire to confer upon you is that which my dying Father bequeathed unto me, and from him (through God's grace) descended upon me: whose last and parting words were these, 'My son, had I followed the course of this world, and would either have given or taken bribes, I might (happily [haply]) have made you rich: bnt now must leave you nothing but your education, which (I bless God) is such as I am well assured you chuse

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\* *Ibid*: and all the authorities: but I am able to give (for the first time) the exact 'Register' entry of burial: namely 'March 11th, 1610, Dr. Gylles Fletcher'.

† For full title-page, &c., see in its place in our translations, &c., taken from this treatise, in Vol. IIIId.

rather that I should dye in peace, than yourselves live in plenty. But know certainly that I your weak and dying father leave you to an ever-living and all-sufficient Father, and in Him, a never-fading inheritance: Who will not suffer you to want any good thing: Who hath been my God, and will be the God of my seed.' Thus he entered into peace and slept in Christ: leaving behind the fragrant perfume of a good name to all his acquaintance, leaving to us a prevalent example of an holy conversation, and that 'goodly heritage' where 'the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places,' (Psalm xi., 6.) and leaving us to His protection Who hath never failed us. This I desire, and as I am able, endeavour to bequeath unto you '\*—Radiant words! all honour to such a father, and such a son! It is clear that Misfortune (which is not always a 'miss-of-fortune') had mellowed the erewhile vehement, and eager, and speculative nature.† In the 'Eclogs'—which

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\* pp. 1—3.

† I use the word 'speculative' advisedly. He wrote a work on the 'Tartars' in relation to the 'Lost Tribes' of Israel, which shews a penetrative, speculative, and keenly-observant intellect. WHISTON reprinted it in his 'Memoirs.' The title-page of this remarkable book in so

have already yielded us interpretation — there is further praise, intense and strong. These 'Lines' will meetly close our notice of one of England's 'Worthies' who has been robbed of that niche in her great Temple of Fame to which surely he is entitled by words and work. 'THELGON,' as before explained, is our Poet's father: THOMALIN is TOMKINS of Cambridge; THIRSH, our poet himself.

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far as concerns FLETCHER, is as follows: "Israel Redux or the Restoration of Israel, exhibited in two short treatises. The first contains an Essay upon some probable grounds that the present Tartars near the Caspian Sea are the Posterity of the Ten Tribes of Israel. By GILES Fletcher, LL.D.".....(1677 12°). The other is by SAMUEL LEE, — a too little known writer now-a-days. Is he of the family of the M[aster] Lee gratefully spoken of in the 'Epistle' to Licia, &c.? If so, here is another link of evidence as to the authorship of Licia. It may be stated that the versified Latin rendering of the 'Lamentations' of Jeremiah by GILES FLETCHER, SRNR., referred to by WILLMOTT in his 'Lives' (1st edn., p. 33) while formerly, without question, in the Library of King's College has long been a-missing. In a Catalogue of the Library drawn up about 1738 it is not entered. It is somewhat suspicious that COLE who mentions it in his M.S. Collections, preserved in the British Museum, had rooms in College about 1732.

*Thomalin.*

‘ Ah Thelgon, poorest but the worthiest swain,  
 That ever grac’t unworthy povertie !  
 How ever here thou liv’dst in joylesse pain,  
 Prest down with grief and patient miserie ;  
 Yet shalt thou live when thy proudemie  
     Shall rot, with scorn and base contempt oppress.  
 Sure now in joy thou safe and glad dost rest  
 Smil’st at those eager foes, which here thee so molest.

*Thirsil.*

Thomalin, mourn not for him : he’s sweetly sleeping  
 In Neptune’s court, whom here he sought to please :—  
     While humming rivers by his cabin creeping  
     Rock soft his slumbering thoughts in quiet ease,—  
     Mourn for thy-self—here windes do never cease ;  
         Our dying life will better fit thy crying :  
         He softly sleeps, and blest, is quiet lying.  
 Who ever living dies, he better lives by dying’\*

The main ‘ Legacy ’ which DR. GILES FLETCHER  
 left his children, was their ‘ education.’ Otherwise

\* Eclog ii., 16, 17. It is to be noted further as bearing on and confirming the authorship of ‘ Licia ’ that in this and the other ‘ Eclogs,’ Phineas adopts the pastoral names of ‘ Dorus ’ and ‘ Myrtillus ’. They occur in the “ Miscellanies.” For further energetic and indignant allusions to ‘ Thelgon ’ see ‘ Piscatory Eclogs :’ Eclog iv. : particularly stanza 13, onward.



I fear the Widow and Family were in 'straits.' One 'provision' remained through Mrs. FLETCHER's father,—'Clothier' SHEAFE of CRANBROOK—as unexpectedly turns up in one of the invaluable 'Calendars' of 'State Papers.' Under date August 11th, 1611 is 'docquet' of a letter "to the Provost and fellows of King's Colledge in Cambridge, requiring them in the behalfe of Mres. Fletcher, late wife of Dr. Fletcher deceased, to make her the terme of tenne yeres, of the parsonage of Ringwood [misprinted in 'Calendar' Kingwood] in the County of Southon, whereof shee is already tennant". It is pleasant to find from a memorandum that the favour sought was procured by SIR THOMAS LAKE. So that thither in all probability the Family removed. Owing to the 'living' of Ringwood being at present vacant, I am unable to trace the connection of the Fletchers with it: but from the records of King's College it appears that Sheafe of Cranbrook, Clothier—father of Mrs. Fletcher—had 'purchased' the 'tenancy,' and transferred it to his son-in-law for the period of years allowed by Law, and that it was the unexhausted portion of the 'terme' his Widow sought and obtained. After-researches for a fuller Memoir of the elder Fletcher to be prefixed to reprint of his 'Licia'

and other Poetry as one of our Fuller Worthies' Library will probably shed light on this hitherto unknown Fact. Meanwhile it is to be noted that the Fletchers' 'home' would now be Ringwood.

That the death of FLETCHER senior, proved disastrous through successive years is, rendered all too clear by another (hitherto) overlooked and unknown document viz., an unpublished 'Epistle Dedicatory' of PHINEAS FLETCHER, prefixed—along with Verses, to Charles, Prince of Wales—to a first or scroll-copy in his own hand-writing of 'Locustæ.' This Manuscript is preserved among the Harleian MSS. of the British Museum. The 'Epistle'—which is addressed to the Provost of Eton, Thomas Murray—and the 'Verses' as well as 'various readings' of 'Locustæ' I give in their own places in the original Latin.\* But the personal allusions are of such pathetic biographic interest as to demand translation of the 'Epistle' and a portion of the 'Verses,' here—especially as they point back to the present period. The Latin is somewhat crabbed and obscure: but I offer as idiomatic a rendering as I could achieve, for the general Reader—referring others to the Original in its place. The Epistle runs thus:

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\* Vol II, pp. 5—11.

"To the very excellent and by me, ever-to-be cherished Thomas Murray: That which hath been the lot of some courtiers (and that not seldom) I perceive now, excellent Sir, hath this day, befallen me, a plain man of the country.\* Their boy-hood they devote to some heroine perchance; their youth to some grandee; their old age oftentimes to mendicity. This of a truth hath been my case, who from my very childhood serving Poetry with all fidelity, and when a young man, Theology,—empress of whatsoever Arts there be—am now compelled to entreat thy aid *and to resort to the arts of mendicants*. For [that] what comes to be lamented in the reward of Poetry applies also to the case of Theology, is never to be enough deplored. If any one is numbered among the Poets, who knows how publicly to dishonour the Muses by the foul construction of his

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\* Literally 'uplandish': frequently used by GEORGE CHAPMAN *e. g.* "the race of upland giants" ('*Batrachomyomachia*' line 414) and "my country and more-than-upland simplicity") ('*Epistle Dedicatory*' to Hesiod.) Like Fletcher, Chapman belonged to Kent. The word is=country as distinguished from the refinements of the city. Earlier accordingly, Alexander Barklay (of *Stultifera Navis*) has an 'Eclogue' of 'the citizen and uplandish man.'

stories, and learnedly to insult the Golden Ass with his blandishments; on him, with almost unanimous voice, the laurel and sumptuous rewards are bestowed. But if any Simonides yet survives, who mindful of God and heaven, dares to intermingle aught virtuous, he is consigned with sufficient haughtiness to the tender mercies of the gods (as that philosopher by Hiero of old) not without ridicule. So forsooth among Theologians, he who by sponging on the vices of a patron, manages to slip quietly into his regard, he who is wont to invent and skilfully to defend something new in the Faith, or to lounge in indolence, or grow torpid in luxury, or to do anything rather than the work of a Theologian and Pastor, he it is for the most part, whom the many admire, to whom liberty is given either to farm the revenues of the Church on favourable conditions (by-and-by letting them out to others), or more cheaply to purchase, or perchance to merit them by long obsequiousness or rather servitude. Those on the other hand who are ashamed boldly to vociferate or importunately to beg, who look not merely for a ladder erected at the fold, but for opened doors (not unmindful herein of Christ) we dismiss, not without reproof, as beggars too inert in their profession. Hence it is that there is none or very

slight expectation for me, who have never possessed that importunate voice, and whose manner has always been less shameless than the present age demands. *Nevertheless hard, even iron necessity, has driven me to have recourse to thee, a man known to me by face only and by fame, and whom I have seen but once, [and] bound to me by no claim—and timidly to solicit a donation, yet not without hope of success.* That father who alone could succour me, has been called away, in due season for himself, *prematurely for us*; one to whom (if I might express the truth) his country owed many things, he nothing to it—father of his country, if I might designate him so; *and now there is none of all men, upon whom I have any claim for help or aid.* Whatever gift then I have here to bestow (as is now necessary for us suppliants) I am resolved to bring to thee, even these Muses [= poems of mine] I say—pardon the expression—fellow-beggars with me. And may I be allowed, I pray thee, to address thee, happily the most prudent Censor of our budding, yea blossoming hope, in the same verses in which the Poet addressed his Censorinus :

‘I would present to thee, Censorinus,

Bowls and brazen vessels acceptable to my companions,

But neither have I the means, nor thou  
The need of such things, nor a mind in want of dainties.'

But if like him

'Thou delightest in songs, songs we can bestow  
And set a price on our gift.'

Nor is it to be denied that the verses themselves, if you look more narrowly, appear decked out with little of that care which is proper ; yea rather squalid and covered with dirt ; for indeed, *composed amid the sorrow of mine, and long buried in mustiness, they are now at length resuscitated in this my necessity*, stepping forth like the shades of the Muse into the unwonted light. For the verses are both ill-fashioned—nor ever returned a second time to the anvil ; and drawn up *amidst the pressure of much business*, (unfriendly to the Muses.) Whatever error there may be, I trust that you will kindly forgive, and take the verses themselves and their Author, into your protection and vassalage. So may God prosper thee and this our hope, auspiciously entrusted to thee ; so may our Charles (like the Divine child of old) grow daily in years, in virtues, in favour with God and man. Of a family bound and devoted to thee by many ties, the Eldest, Phinees Fletcher."

The italicized portions of this 'Epistle' speak for themselves: and tell of no common trials, before one so noble-minded could speak thus plaintively even 'mendicantly,' as he himself phrases it. THOMAS MURRAY, the Provost of Eton died in 1623, which explains the non-publication of the 'Epistle' with the 'Locustæ' when given to the world in 1627: but it is not improbable that the 'Appeal' of the Poet gained a response. The 'Verses' to Charles, Prince of Wales—to whom Murray was tutor—were most likely composed subsequently to the 'Epistle,' and they bring their writer before us as then resident, as it would seem, at Eton *s.g.* "If royal cares permit you any leisure, receive a gift, small indeed yet not without task of the mind, songs which the new reed of an unknown bard hath sung; and cherish a rising poet. One, not venturing (nor such the boldness of his Muse) to tune his songs that are scarce worthy of a worn-out reed, amid laurels sacred to Apollo and verdant palms: but repeats his miserable song amidst despised willows and the marshy sedge (willows hated by the Muses): and quenches the inborn fervors of his mind, where father Cam, rolling smoothly down his streams, scarce known among foreign rivers, *lures the royal gardens and worships the royal temples,*

*with its waves flowing beneath."* The closing words can only refer to Eton and neighbouring Windsor.

I have stated that their 'education' was the one paternal Legacy of the 'boys.' That, it now falls to us to trace in so far as concerns PHINEAS—GILES's, has been already told in our Memoir of him.\* PHINEAS like his father—proceeded to

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\* The 'magnificent' Nevile (Camden's epithet) was patron of Giles. With reference to WILLMOTT's correction of FULLER on Giles's alleged 'election' from Westminster School, I have been favoured by Dr. S. Prideaux Tregelles, of Plymouth, with these remarks: "Fuller is charged with a mistake on the authority of Mr. Willmott, when in fact Fuller was perfectly right; only Mr. Willmott did not know what an election from Westminster School was then (if things are changed now.) It was the custom for the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, to select alternately such youths as they chose, from Westminster School, who in due course would succeed to studentships of Christ Church, and Scholarships and Fellowships of Trinity College, Cambridge. It had nothing to do with competitive examinations, but only with the choice of the election." I may as well give a characteristic additional observation by this most patient and devout scholar, of the best type of English scholarship: "We are so used to the notion of popular election, that the word hardly seems



Eton. \* The dedication ' of ' De Literis ' pays all honour to ' Eton ' along with ' King's College,' being addressed ' florentissimis sororibusque Musis, Collegiis vere Regalibus, huic Cantabrigiensi illi Ætonensi : ' and in the Verses (Latin) which make a second Dedication, wherein he again places before them the ' camœnas ' of the ' best of

like the choice of an individual in our ears. And yet it need not mean choice by a plurality of votes. Thus Acts xiv 23 *χειροτονήσαντες* applies grammatically to Paul and Barnabas alone.' See our Memorial-Introduction to Giles Fletcher pp 8, 9.

\* The present eminent Provost of Eton has spared no labour to aid me in trying to elucidate the Eton period of the Fletchers' biography (father and son): but the Registers are imperfect and otherwise faulty, and the Records of her earlier distinguished sons extremely scanty. Certain extracts have been kindly sent me from a Catalogue of Provosts and Fellows, written apparently in the middle of the 17th century, and from a MS designated Allin's MS, and from Harwood's Alumni: but none is accurate, nor do they add to already mentioned Facts. His ' Sicelides ', and the Latin ' Poems ' edited by Dr. Dillingham, referred to in our Memoir, are preserved in Eton College Library. Allin's MS. says that Phineas Fletcher was entered ' Eton ' in 1600: but this is one of as many blunders as lines almost in it: for he was at King's College, in 1600, as onward.

parents' ('parentis optimi') he recalls his 'Eton' residence and education and poetic aspirations, much as in the 'Lines' prefixed to his 'Locustæ' (from which we have already quoted) to Charles, Prince of Wales. The opening lines, "O quæ Vinsori turres Aquaduna superbas," &c., again locate him, apparently, at Eton : which would seem to intimate that 'De Literis' had long before been prepared for the press. Be this as it may the Poet was depressed and restrained. The closing lines are pathetic :

"Ast ego tanta minor longe vestigia Patris  
Colligo, difficilisque sequor non passibus æquis.  
Hic ego perstreperos culices, udasque paludes  
Inter, et æterna tectum caligine cœlum  
Disperdo ætatem : *gelidus præcordia sanguis*  
*Occupat, et lætas abigit de pectore musas.*  
Hic mihi desuetæ torpent sub corde camoenæ  
Et solidam gracili vix optant voce salutem."

There are kindred allusions to and 'memories' of 'Eton' in his '*Sylva Poetica*.'

Like his father, Phineas Fletcher passed from Eton to King's College, Cambridge. His name first appears in the 'Commons Book' at Cambridge, in the ninth week after Midsummer, 1600, which corresponds with August 24th, 1600. This is ascertained from the book of Pro-

tocols. His last appearance is in the ninth week after Midsummer, 1616. This is confirmed by the Mundum books, from which it appears that he received his last quarterly payment of 10s., as Fellow, with the addition of 3s. 4d. as being in Priest's orders. The first payment of this latter sum was in Midsummer, 1611: so that he was probably ordained on Trinity Sunday. He passed his A.B. degree in 1604, and his M.A. in March, 1607-8, and later B.D. For the quarter ending Lady-Day, 1607, he received 5s. *pro lectione*: and for the quarter ending Christmas 1607, he received his last payment for the same.\*

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\* For these details I owe thanks to Mr. W. Aldis Wright, as before, and to Mr. Luard and Mr. Henry Bradshaw (of Cambridge), who have all most warmly seconded my researches in this as on other occasions, by examining all the remaining Registers and likely books. The details gained, follow: 'Phineas Fletcher, ætatis 15 annorum natus in Cranbroke in Comitatu Cantiae' admitted scholar of King's College 24th August 1600: then again, the same 'ætatis 18 annorum' admitted fellow of the same College, 25th August, 1603.' In each case the age is understated, as is certain from the Cranbrook 'Register' of the marriage of his parents in 1580 O. S. i. e. 1581 and of Phineas's own baptism in 1582 O. S. i. e. 1583. I am told that a certificate of baptism was

Our poet, like his brother GILES, must speedily have gained for himself a name at the University. In 'Sorrowe's Joy,'—poetic welcomes to King James as 'Phœbus' while mourning for 'Phœbe,' that is 'Elizabeth,'—he contributed the Verses which appear in their place in our III<sub>d</sub>. Volume. This was in 1603. Again in 'Threno-thriambeuticon' there are certain 'Lines.' This was also in 1603. Neither

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required when such entries were made: but it is plain that there must have been non-observance of the rule or a clerical mistake, in this instance. The marriage of the Father also bears a difficulty in it. He appears among the fellows of King's till the middle of September, 1581. He received his last payment as Fellow at Midsummer 1581: but was in commons for twelve weeks afterwards, that is till the week ending Friday, Sept. 15th. There must have been a period of grace or dispensation. The Cranbrook 'Register' is absolute authority. It is most carefully and regularly kept, and the Fletcher-entries made with special correctness. Moreover there is no question that Phineas was the '*eldest*' and no trace whatever of any earlier 'Phineas,' as indeed the dates do not admit of such—Phineas having been born only about fifteen months after his parents marriage. I have just noticed (and record here) another allusion by our Poet to his native 'Kent' in the 'Sylva Poetica'—"natale solum densatis Cantia sylvis" and again "mea Cantia rure" (p. 12.)

yields more than one or two happy epithets, and neither may be compared with GILES's remarkable 'Canto' in the former volume: but the fact is noticeable. A 'Fellow', he must also have been 'tutor.' He addresses E. C. in his 'Poeticall Miscellanies' as one who was his 'sonne by the University.'—I hazard a conjecture that this was EDWARD COURTHOPE of his native Kent: and that the W. C. of another poem in the same collection, was WILLIAM COURTHOPE. I quote a few sunny lines from the former:

"Me Kent holds fast with thousand sweet embraces.  
*(There mought I die with thee, there with thee live!)*  
All in the shades, the Nymphs and naked Graces  
Fresh joyes and still-succeeding pleasures give;  
So much we sport, we have no time to grieve.  
Here do we sit, and laugh white-headed Caring;  
And know no sorrow, simple pleasures marring."

Again:

"*Then do not marvel Kentish strong delights  
Stealing the time, do here so long detain me.*  
Not powerfull Circo with her Herate rites  
Nor pleasing Lotos thus could entertain me,  
As Kentish powerfull pleasures here enchain me.  
Meantime, the nymphs that in our Brenchly use  
Kindly salute your busy Cambridge Muse."

Very pleasant must it have been thus to relieve the severer work of the Student and Tutor with the

ever-fresh delights of home-scenes and early companionships. It was during these 'vacation' escapes to the green downs and breezy slopes of Kent, away from 'fenny Chame' that the Muses were wooed and won. The 'Epistle Dedicatory' to the 'Purple Island' describes even it—as well as the 'Eclogs' and 'Miscellanies'—as the 'raw Essayes' of his "very unripe yeares, and almost childhood" and a little on, as "the blooms" of his "first Spring." In accord with this are incidental allusions in his chief Poem e. g. he chides his "tender Muse"\* and speaks of his "callow wing, that's newly left the nest"† and of his "downy Muse".‡ All this must not be taken literally or as applicable to the whole, in their ultimate form. The anatomical and medical knowledge shewn—especially for that time—in 'The Purple Island,' clearly reveals considerable and prolonged study. He was in his 18th year when he proceeded in 1600 from Eton to Cambridge.||

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\* Purple Island i., 22.

† *Ibid* i., 59.

‡ *Ibid* vi., 24.

|| See foot-note *ante* corrective of the 'entry' in Book of the Protocols.

The recovered 'entries' from the Book of Protocols given for the first time by us (*ante*) inform us that he was 'in priest's orders' by 1611, and that contemporarily he was remunerated 'pro lecturâ.' With reference to his 'ordination', it was preceded by *the* fundamental change on which every true ministry must rest. As we saw in our Memoir of GILES he adoringly 'sang' of his 'new birth' as better than 'noble' lineage: and in like manner, and perchance indicative of coincident spiritual awakening and peace, our PHINEAS tells of his blessed heart-change. His words glow and swell responsive to the deep emotion out of which they evidently came. First of all in the opening of his great Poem, on being urged as 'Thirsil' to 'sing' of 'Cupid's spite'—which with dainty aptness he calls 'lovely spite and spiteful lovelinesse'—he refuses thus:

' Ah ! said the bashful boy, ' such wanton toyes,  
*A better mind and sacred vow destroys,*  
 Since in a higher love I settled all my joyes  
 New life new love &c. [c. i. stanza 7.]

More definitely onward :

" Great Prince of Shepherds, Thou *Who late didst deigne*  
 To lodge Thyself within this wretched breast,  
 Most wretched breast, such guest to entertain,

Yet, oh ! most happy lodge in such a guest !  
 Thou First and Last, inspire Thy sacred skill ;  
 Guide Thou my hand, grace Thou my artlesse quill :  
 So shall I first begin, so last shall end Thy will.”\*

Again :

“ Ah, dearest Lord ! does my rapt soul behold Thee ?  
 Am I awake ? and sure I do not dream ?  
 Do these thrice-blessed arms again infold Thee ?  
 Too much delight makes true things feignèd seem.  
 Thee, Thee, I see ; Thou, Thou thus folded art :  
 For deep Thy stamp is printed in my heart,  
 And thousand ne’re felt joyes stream in each melting  
 part.”†

Once more :

“ And Thou, dread Spirit ! Which at first didst spread  
 On those dark waters Thy all-opening light ;  
*Thou Who of late (of Thy great bounty-head)*  
*This nest of hellish fogges and Stygian night,*  
 With thy bright Orient Sunne *hast fair renew’d ;*  
 And with unwonted day hast it endu’d ;  
 Which late, both day and Thee, and most itself, eschew’d‡

Even more striking are the anagramatic ‘ Lines ’  
 found in the large-paper copies (only) of the

\* The Purple Island c i. st. 33.

† *Ibid* xii. 73.

‡ *Ibid* c vi. stanza 26.



quarto of 1633. It were like to tearing a 'pansy' to pieces to take mere lines: and so the flower-beautiful Verses must have place as a whole here: I italicize the pertinent and self-revealing lines:

Anag. { Edward Benlowes  
          { Sunwarde beloved

While panses sun-ward look, that glorious Light  
With gentle beames ent'ring their purple bowers  
Shedds there his Love, and heat, and fair to sight  
Prints his bright form within their golden flowers.  
Look in their leaves and see begotten there  
The Sune's lease sone glitt'ring in azure sphere.

*So when from shades of superstitious night  
Mine eye turn'd to the Sun, his heavenly powers  
Stampt on my new-born spirit his Image bright,  
And Love, Light, Life, into my bosome shewers,*

          This difference: they in themselves  
          have moving

*But his sweet Love mee dead and senseless proving,  
First loves, and draws to Love  
Then love's my soule for Loving.*

The Reformation was but a recent thing when young FLETCHER began to think, and it is just possible that more was meant than meets the eye, in the 'shades of superstitious night': that is, he may have had to fight his way to clear discernment of the Truth. Be this as it may, very

valuable to us—as to himself momentous—are these guileless and adoring personal memorials. That they should not have been before observed by his Biographers, notwithstanding their jeremiads over scanty materials, is remarkable.

It was by ‘constraint, not willingly’ our Poet finally left the University, and Cambridge. He evidently partook of the ‘wrong’ and ‘malice’ which his Father bore from ‘Gripus’—whoever he was. ‘Rivals’—whose emulation seems to have been barbed by hate and successful through unwarranted favour,—are scathed in not a few trenchant places. His wish was to abide but he might not: to go on ‘singing’ but he could not—rather must he hang his harp upon the willows, as olden exiles did ‘by Babel’s streams’. I cull from the ‘Eclogs’—again italicizing—some of these kindred and kindredly valuable and kindredly over-looked and unused autobiographic bits. ‘Thomalin’ as before explained is the poet’s ‘liefest lief,’ TOMKINS: ‘Thirsil,’ himself.\*

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\*On TOMKINS, see various interesting communications in Notes and Queries 3d Series ix. 259: xii. 155 *et alibi*. He was ‘organist’ of St. Paul’s Cathedral, afterwards Gentleman of the Chapel Royal and the (probable) author of a very striking Tragedy called ‘Albumazar.’ He died

‘ Myrtilus ’ has asked one ‘ Dorus ’ (which by the way was his cousin’s name for SPENSER in his peerless “ Faithful Shepherdess ”) in their character of Fishers, concerning Thirsil :

.....“ Tell me how Thirsil late our seas forswore  
*When forc’t he left our Chame, and desert shore.*”

Then follows :

....“ Thirsil with Thomalin I heard complain  
 Thomalin—who now goes sighing all the day—  
 Who thus ’gan tempt his friend with Chamish boyes  
 to stay.

*Thomalin :*

Thirsil, *what wicked chance or lucklesse starre*  
*From Chamus’ streams removes thy boat and minde ?*  
 Farre hence thy boat is bound, thy minde more farre :  
 More sweet or fruitful streams where cans’t thou  
 finde ?  
 Where fisher-lads or nymphs more faire or kinde ?  
*The Muses ’selves sit with the sliding Chame,*  
*Chame and the Muses ’selves do love thy name.*  
*Where thou art lov’d so dear, so much to hate is shame.”*

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it is believed in 1638, and ANTHONY-A-WOOD, though blundering thereon, instead of his usual heathenish ‘ gave way to fate ’ says of him ‘ At length being translated to the celestiall choir of angels ’ &c.....(Fasti i. 320)

To all this, 'Thirsil' answers sorrowfully and with deepening indignation :

"The Muses me forsake, not I the Muses ;  
Thomalin, thou know'st how I them honour'd ever :  
Not I my Chame, but me proud Chame refuses .

*His froward spites my strong affections sever ;*

*Else from his banks could I have parted never.*

But like his swannes, when now their fate is nigh,  
Where singing sweet they liv'd, there dead they lie ;  
So would I gladly live, so would I gladly die.

*His stubborn hands my net hath broken quite :*

My fish (the guerdon of my toil and pain)

He causelesse seiz'd, and with ungrateful spito

Bestow'd upon a lesse deserving swain :

*The cost and labour mine, his all the gain.*

My boat lies broke ; my oares crackt and gone :

Nought ha's he left me but my pipe alone,

Which with his sadder notes may help his master  
moan."

Then the 'son' resumes his 'plaint' of Thelgon—  
his Father—and of like ingratitude and 'spite'  
experienced by himself :

*Thomalin.*

"Ungrateful Chame ! how oft hath Thirsil crown'd  
With songs and garlands thy obscurer head ?  
That now thy name through Albion loud doth sound.  
Ah foolish Chame ! who now in Thirsil's stead

Shall chant thy praise *since Thelgon's lately dead?*  
 He whom thou lov'st can neither sing nor play;  
 His dainty pipe, scorn'd, broke, is cast away:  
 Ah foolish Chame! who now shall grace thy holy-day?

*Thirsil.*

Too fond my former hopes! I still expected.  
 With my desert his love should grow the more:  
*Ill can he love, who Thelgon's love rejected,*  
 Thelgon, who more hath grac'd his graceless shore,  
 Then any swain that ever sang before.  
*Yet Gripus he prefer'd, when Thelgon strove:*  
 I wish no other curse he ever prove:  
 Who Thelgon causeless hates, still may he Gripus  
 love."

Even more passionate is the sequel: and indeed these and his love-poems—which will fall to be examined immediately—shew, that our Singer would have out-done Carew and Lovelace in their peculiar realm if he had not chosen another.\*

*Thomalin.*

"Can Thirsil then our Chame abandon ever?  
 And never will our fishers see again?"

\*For the biographic and literary value of this, see our Introduction to 'Brittain's Ida' in the present Volume.

*Thirsil.*

Who 'gainst a raging stream doth vain endeavour  
 To drive his boat, gets labour for his pain :  
 When fates command to go, to lagge is vain.

As late upon the shore I chanc't to play,  
 I heard a voice, like thunder, lowdly say,  
 Thirsil, why idle liv'st ? Thirsil, away, away !

Thou God of seas, Thy voice I gladly heare ;  
 Thy voice (Thy voice I know) I glad obey :  
 Onely do Thou my wandring whirry steer ;  
 And when it erres, (as it will eas'ly stray)  
 Upon The Rock with hopefull anchour stay :

Then will I swimme, where's either sea or shore  
 Where never swain or boat was seen afore :  
 My trunk shall be my boat, my arm shall be my oare."

Thomalin, methinks I heare thy speaking eye  
 Woo me my posting journey to delay :  
 But let thy love yeeld to necessitie :

*With thee, my friend, too gladly would I stay  
 And live and die : were Thomalin away,*

(Though now I half unwilling leave his stream)  
 How ever Chame doth Thirsil lightly deem,  
 Yet would thy Thirsil lesse proud Chamus' scorns, esteem."

Thereupon 'Thomalin' vows that he too must  
 leave :

"Farewell : for Thomalin will seek a new  
 And more respectfull stream, ungrateful Chame adieu."

But the Poet-friend remonstrates : and very mournful, even to tragicalness, is the close of this altogether sad ' Eclog ' :

*Thirsil.*

"Thou proud Chame, which thus hast wrought me spite,  
Some greater river drown thy hatefull name :  
Let never myrtle on thy banks delight,  
But willows pale, the badge of spite and blame,  
Crown thy ungrateful shores with scorn and shame.

Let dirt and mud thy lazie waters seiso,  
Thy weeds still grow, thy waters still decrease :  
Nor let thy wretched love to Gripus ever cease.

Farewell ye streams, which once I lovèd deare ;  
Farewell ye boyes, which on your Chame do float :  
Muses farewell, if there be Muses here ;  
Farewell my nets, farewell my little boat :  
Come sadder pipe, farewell my merry note :

My Thomalin, with thee all sweetnesse dwell ;  
Think of thy Thirsil, Thirsil loves thee well.  
Thomalin, my dearest deare, my Thomalin, farewell.

*Dorus.*

Ah haplesse boy, the fishers' joy and pride !  
Ah wo is us we cannot help thy wo !  
Our pity vain : ill may that swain betide,  
Whose undeservèd spite hath wrong'd thee so.  
Thirsil with thee our joy and wishes go !

*Myrtil.*

Dorus, some greater power prevents thy curse :  
So vile, so basely lives that hatefull swain :

So base, so vile, that none can wish him worse.  
 But Thirsil much or better state doth gain,  
 For never will he finde so thanklesse main.”\*

That the Poet was represented by ‘Thirsil’ is certain, as in ‘The Purple Island’ he so designates himself throughout,† while at the close of ‘Christ’s Victorie’ GILES FLETCHER addresses him under this name. Hence with every allowance for the ‘license’ of the poet, it must be recognized that our ‘sweet Singer’ came to regard Cambridge very differently from his brother GILES: and from his own earlier feeling, as expressed in *The Apollyonists* (1627) *e.g.*

....“patron to my mother Cambridge, where  
 Thousand sweet Muses, thousand Graces dwell.”‡

It is not improbable that he flung himself into the quarrels as well as the defence of his Father. It was a bold thing to give such vehement and pungent invective to the Press, and so long after

\* The preceding quotations, in their order, are from *Eclog ii.*, stanzas 3, 4, 5, 6—7, 8—9, 18—20, 21, 23—26.

† Cf. *i.*, 4 *seqq.* v. 1 *et alibi*: and Note back a little.

‡ c. v., 14: *Locustæ* and *Apollyonists*, though not published, must have been composed and completed for the Press before 1623 at latest. Cf. prefatory Note to *Locustæ* and *The Apollyonists*.



its occasion. The ashes still held the 'hidden fire.' If later we have the loving and loveable, gentle and meek 'disciple,' earlier there was the very fierceness of John when he would fetch down not light but lightning.

Nor, as already indicated, is this all of 'suffering' that emerges in these 'Eclogs' and 'Miscellanies': which previous Biographers have so strangely left unread and unstudied. Beneath the disappointment of hopes, and sense of injury from the University, the 'Eclogs' give us glimpses of un-retained Love—earlier, as sharing and assuaging an apparently decided 'No' from some fair one to his friend TOMKINS—whose 'piscatorie' name of Thomalin it is relief to use in such a connection: for really unless the lady's were ignoble Smith, Brown, Robinson or Jones, or as that of the wife of the 'Essayist' JOHN FOSTER—'Snooks' or 'Snooke'—how could she be expected to sink it in so grimalkin a-one as 'TOMKINS'? and later, in his own person. Finely-touched and glinting with the light of Hesperus or as from a hand-covered soft-shadowed lamp—is the 'Eclog' devoted to the former. Fierce, accusing, most real in their unmistakeable personality of passion are our Poet's own Love-Verses. We must read them here, noting especially certain italicised lines.

## CONTEMNENTI.

"Continuall burning, yet no fire or fuel,  
 Chill icie frosts in midst of Summer's frying,  
*A Hell most pleasing, and a Heav'n most cruel,*  
 A death still living, and a life still dying,  
 And whatsoever pains poore hearts can prove,  
 I feel and utter—in one word I LOVE.

Two fires, of love and grief, each upon either,  
 And both upon one poore heart ever feeding :  
 Chill cold despair, most cold, yet cooling neither,  
 In midst of fires his ycie frosts is breeding :  
*So fires and frost to make a perfect Hell,*  
 Meet in one breast, in one house friendly dwell.

Tir'd in this toylsome way (*my deep affection*)  
 I ever forward runne, and never ease me :  
 I dare not swerve, *her eye is my direction* :  
 A heavie grief, and weighty love oppresse me.  
 Desire and hope, two spurres, that forth compell'd  
     me ;  
 But awfull fear, a bridle, still withheld me.

*Twice have I plunged, and flung, and strove to cast*  
 This double burden from my weary heart :  
 Fast though I runne, and stop, they sit as fast :  
*Her looks my bait, which she doth seld' impart.*  
 Thus fainting, still some inne I wish and crave ;  
*Either her maiden bosome, or my grave."*

Again :

### A VOW.

“ By hope and fear, by grief and joy opprest,  
 With deadly hate, more deadly love infected ;  
 Without, within, in body, soul, distress ;  
 Little by all, least by my self respected,  
*But most, most there, where most I lov'd, neglected ;*  
 Hated and hating life, to Death I call ;  
 Who scorns to take what is refus'd by all.

Whither, ah, whither then wilt thou betake thee,  
 Despisèd wretch, of friends, of all forlorn,  
 Since hope, and love, and life, and death forsake thee ?  
 Poore soul, thy own tormenter, others scorn !  
 Whither, poore soul, ah, whither wilt thou turn ?  
 What inne, what host (scorn'd wretch) wilt thou now  
     chuse thee ?  
 The common host, and inne, death, grave, refuse thee.

To thee, Great Love, to Thee I prostrate fall,  
 That right'st in love the heart *in false love swerved* :  
 On thee true Love, on Thee I weeping call :  
*I who am scorn'd, where with all truth I served,*  
 On Thee so wrong'd, where Thou hast so deserved ;  
 Disdain'd, where most I lov'd, to Thee I plain me,  
 Who truly lovest those, who (fools) disdain Thee.

Thou never-erring Way, in Thee direct me ;  
 Thou Death of death, oh, in Thy death engrave me :  
 Thou hated Love, with Thy firm love respect me ;  
 Thou freest Servant, from this yoke unslave me :

Glorious Salvation, for Thy glory save me.

So neither love, nor hate, scorn, death, shall move me;  
But with Thy love, great Love, I still shall love  
Thee."

Once more :

### ON WOMEN'S LIGHTNESS.

Who sowes the sand ? or ploughs the easie shore ?

Or strives in nets to prison in the winde ?

Yet I, (fond I) more fonde and senselesse more,

*Thought in sure love a woman's thought to binde.*

Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought in love to tie

One more inconstant then inconstancie !

Look as it is with some true April day,

Whose various weather stores the world with flowers ;

The sunne his glorious beams doth fair display,

Then rains, and shines again, and straight it lowres,

And twenty changes in one houre doth prove ;

So, and more changing is a woman's love.

Or as the hairs which deck their wanton heads,

Which loosely fly, and play with every winde,

And with each blast turn round their golden threads :

Such as their hair, such is their looser minde :

The difference this, their hair is often bound ;

But never bonds a woman might impound.

False is their flattering colour, false and fading ;

False is their flattering tongue, false every part :

Their hair is forg'd, their silver foreheads shading ;  
False are their eyes, but falsest is their heart :

Then this in consequence must needs ensue ;  
All must be false, when every part's untrue.

Fond then my thoughts which thought a thing so vain !  
Fond hopes, that anchor on so false a ground !

Fond love, *to love what could not love again !*

Fond heart, thus fir'd with love, in hope thus drown'd

Fond thoughts, fond heart, fond hope ; but fondest I,  
To grasp the winde, and love inconstancie !"

Let it be kept in mind here that 'fond' throughout, is used as meaning '*foolish*.'

The Reader whose sympathies are touched or at least interest roused, by these long-ago hot criminations and recriminations of the old-new new-old Story, will not fail to turn now to the attack 'on the Poet for his 'satire' by the fair M. S. or Lady Culpepper. Attack and reply will appear in their several places in our third Volume : as also all above.

The intensity, the eagerness, the fusing glow, the agitation, the caustic energy, the edged accusation, of the Love-verses adduced—with others as poignant in passion and as drastic in their avenging words remaining—reveal a whole world of Romance hitherto absolutely unmarked—reveal too, the earthly side of—'love'-experience

as common to our Worthy with his contemporary Poets. It is plain as day that 'fair women' had played on every 'string' of his many-stringed heart until it quivered with deeper trembling than ever did Æolian harp: and very plain too that his over and over recurring use of 'Hell' and 'Heaven' and other not at all Platonic love-words, to bear the 'burden' of his alternate misery and bliss, came out of conditions of 'flesh *and* spirit' that later would be a sorrow if not a terror to him. To this wildly passionate period belonged no doubt his "Brittain's Ida." Elsewhere,—in its own place in the present Volume,—I prove our Poet and not EDMUND SPENSER to have been the 'singer' of this luscious and lustrous love-Poem: and thither the Reader is referred. But I wish to rivet attention in this his 'Life' on the simple matter-of-fact that our Singer did for himself pass through the entire circles of human desire or love for woman, 'all' *i.e.* 'many' and 'one'—did for himself ascend and descend so as to demand the most burning words to utter what was in him—did for himself know 'contempt', 'scorn' 'denial,' 'rejection,' 'taunt,' laughter,' 'lightness' from lips that were spite of all 'divine' to him—did for himself SIN in kind and degree of longing. So that you have in "Brittain's Ida"

a love-Poem free in thought and word indeed, compared with 'The Purple Island' and other of his Verse, but not discrepant with the Facts or incongruous with the 'make' of the man at the period. Contrariwise you feel that it gathers into a focus those scattered rays or wildfires of passion that are found in the lesser love-Verses.

Beyond all question PHINEAS FLETCHER overcame the violence, the uproar, the exasperation and the 'lust'—stern but inevitable word if we are to be true—of his youth and early man-hood: and it is in accord with this that he suffered "Brittain's Ida" to wear the mask of 'Edmund Spenser' un-raised. But all that, was a central force in his 'Life,' and it had been untruthful to have passed it bye or veiled it. What Dr. DONNE and WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT became and gave in their 'Sermons' as compared with what they were in their not over-pure Poetry generally, and 'Satires,' 'Comedies,' and 'Tragi-comedies,' did our Worthy become: and what CAREW and LOVE-LACE remained 'unto the end,' notwithstanding loftier aspirations and resolves, he escaped from, realizing in his '*sacred* Muse' more than all their aspirations and resolves. One sighs over CAREW's fine and finely-put 'penitence' in his 'Lines' to

SANDYS : and as they were PHINEAS FLETCHER'S after-attainment, I give a few of them here :

“ Then I no more shall court the verdant Bay  
But the dry leavelesse trunke of Golgotha ;  
And rather strive to gaine from thence one thorne  
Then all the flourishing wreathes by Laureats worne.’

Passing inward from the wider sphere of poetic sensibility and responsiveness to all feminine influences, it is well to know that he not only worked the stream of his Love ‘ pure ’—in the grandest because Divinest sense—but that he proved less inexorable than his ‘ Vow ’ and that turning elsewhere for an Eve he gained not ‘ scorn ’ but ‘ love.’ Following—oddly enough—the very pronounced wooing and accusing ‘ Verses ’ comes a quaint little ‘ Valentine ’ to his——WIFE.

“ To my onely chosen Valentine and wife,

Ana. { MAYSTRESS ELIZABETH VINCENT }  
      { IS MY BRESTS CHASTE VALENTINE. } gram.



HINK not (fair love) that Chance my hand directed

To make my choice my chance ; blinde Chance  
and hands

Could never see what most my minde affected ;  
But Heav'n (that ever with chaste, true, love stands)  
Lent eyes to see what most my heart respected :



Then do not thou resist what Heav'n commands ;  
 Bnt yeeld thee his, who must be ever thine :  
 My heart thy altar is, my brest thy shrine ;  
 Thy name for ever is, *My brest's chaste Valentine.*"

One may be sure there was no little of Romance behind the 'meeting' as by chance, and the 'asking,' here daintily hinted at. This ELIZABETH VINCENT was probably met and 'won' in Norfolk—after he had left Cambridge She was sprung of a Family well-born, and related by marriage and inter-marriage with the local gentry. But your big, boastful 'county' History as usual, never deigns to inquire after the names one most wistfully seeks. BLOMEFIELD has 'endless genealogies' of folks Literature knows not : but you look in vain for our Fletcher or his 'valentine' and wife—save that he blunderingly describes the Rector of Hilgay as 'brother' instead of nephew of BISHOP FLETCHER.\* In the 'Sylva Poetica'

\*Vol vii. 369 : It is annoying that from the outset the scanty facts of our Poets' 'Lives' have been similarly blundered *e.g.* EDWARD PHILLIPS in *Theatrum Poetarum* (edn 1675, page 53) misnames the author of 'Christ's Victorie' as 'George,' and describes Phineas as brother of 'George : ' Winstanley is hopelessly incorrect, as he not only makes out a 'George' Fletcher as author of a

there is another anagramatic compliment to the  
‘Poet’s ‘lady-love’:

‘Ana- { Elisa Vincenta }  
          { Ne læsa vincit } gramma.

Vincentâ quòd sim victus victrice, placebat ;  
Quòd *ne læsa* quidem *vincit* Elisa, dolet.\*

This would seem to declare that at first Miss Vincent while she had ‘conquered’ the Poet’s heart, remained herself unwon. Thus I read it:

‘It pleased me being conquered by the  
conquering Vincent  
It grieves me that Elisa conquers,  
not even hurt.’

To impart unity to what else were scattered,  
I have intentionally anticipated events in our  
Narrative. We must now return upon the Facts.

‘Christ’s Victorie’ but another ‘Giles’ as author of such a poem, and Phineas as brother of both (‘Lives,’ edition 1687, p. 159.)

\* I may add here that from the Hilgay ‘Register’ it appears that there were two Vincents who were having children baptized there soon after Fletcher’s time e. g. Edward and Amy had a child called Beatrice baptized in 1654 and William and Anne a daughter named ‘Olley’ same year.

Our 'Protocol' entries (*ante*) show, that our Poet's last appearance in the University was on the ninth week after Midsummer, 1616\*—SHAKESPEARE HAD DIED 23RD APRIL IMMEDIATELY BEFORE—and certain data at the close of his 'Epistle Dedicatory' of his 'Way of Blessedness'† to his "most honoured, free and bovtiful Patron, Sir Henry Willovghby, Baronet, and to his most worthy Lady" enable us to fill up the immediately succeeding years. Thus: "Most worthy Patrone, I have beene bold to entitle you, and your worthy Lady to this labour, not onely in remembrance of your much loue and *my long courteous entertainment in your house (such as I never saw any gentleman giue unto their minister): or that first I initiated my weake minestrie in your familie and hamlet:* but especially because I acknowledge myselfe and whatsoever is mine, Yours in the Lord Jesus Christ." He thus officiated as family-chaplain and village-priest with the Willoughbys from 1616 to 1620-21. I have no doubt he found here rare opportunities for self-culture besides. In 1621 our Worthy found the final scene of his hallowed

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\* See dates, &c., *ante*.

† More of this hitherto over-passed prose treatise and another, 'Joy in Tribulation' in the sequel.

labours as a 'Pastor' and 'most faithful Preacher.' In that year—his brother GILES being then at neighbouring Alderton in Suffolk\*—he was presented by SIR HENRY WILLOUGHBY to the 'living' of Hilgay in Norfolk.

HILGAY, if not exemplifying the Lord's *πολις* (St. Matthew v. 14) was (and is) a Village 'set on an hill', on the south side of the river WISSEY, near its fall into the OUSE.

If our Poet relished not 'the fennes of Chame' I fear he found greater breadth of them here: but notwithstanding, there were fine bits of pastoral beauty, and the grand strong Sea thundering outside, not unvisited of the gleam of white sails. The Church, which is a Rectory, is dedicated to All Saints and consisted of two aisles covered with lead and a tower at the West end, built of rag-stone and having fine bells. Altogether a not unlovely place wherein to 'serve' The Master: very much still—on a smaller scale and inevitable omissions—in its appealing ruinousness and mossed neglect, what a living Singer paints elsewhere:

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\* See Memorial-Introduction to our edition of Giles Fletcher's 'Poems' p. 22 *seqq.*

“ A gray old Minster on the height  
Towers oe’r the trees and in the light;  
A grey old town along the ridge  
Slopes, winding downward to the bridge—  
A quaint, old, gabled place  
With Church stamped on its face.

The quiet Close, secluded, dim,  
The lettered scroll, the pillar slim,  
The armorial bearings on the wall,  
The very air you breathe, are all  
Full of Church memories,  
And the old sanctities.

And beautiful the gray old place  
With characters of antique grace,  
That tell the tale of pious work  
Beneath the spire and round the kirk  
And growth of Law and Right  
Where Christ had come with Light.

. . . . .  
A quaint old place—a minster gray  
And gray old town that winds away  
Through gardens, down the sloping ridge  
To river’s brim and ancient bridge,  
Where the still waters flow  
To the deep Sea below.”\*

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\* “The Bishop’s Walk and the Bishop’s Times.” By  
Orwell [= Rev. Walter C. Smith, Glasgow] 1861.  
[Macmillan] pp. 1, 2, 7.

Who would not 'turn aside' by many a goodly mile to visit the Church of PHINEAS FLETCHER. Who would say 'Nay' to the soft protest of Orwell.

....."It is well amid the whirr  
Of restless wheels and busy stir,  
To find a quiet spot where live  
Fond, pious thoughts conservative,  
That ring to an old chime  
And bear the moss of time."\*

A daughter of JEREMY TAYLOR was married in the Parish—another ray of 'sunshine in a shady place.'

Appointed to this not very onerous Parish—for the population was no more than now, large; our Worthy appears to have married his 'Elizabeth' thereupon. For in the 'Register' under date 'Anno Domini 1621' we find

"Elizabeth y<sup>e</sup> daughter of Phinees Fletcher and Elizabeth his wife, was baptized 16 of December pr. me Phin. Fletcher, Rector": the signature being dated 'May 1622,' before Visitation no doubt.

Domestically he had the blessing, in full measure, of the 128th Psalm "Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy

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\* *Ibid* p. 3.

children like olive-plants round about thy table." (v. 3). It may be as well to give at this point the additional 'entries' in the Register—the more especially as no previous Biographer seems ever to have 'searched' at HILGAY any more than at CRANBROOK.\*

An. Dom. 1623.

'Edmund, the sonne of Phinees Fletcher }  
and Elizabeth his wife, baptised } March 7.'

1626

'Phinees.....[as before] Sept. 3.'

1628

'William .....[ „ ] Oct. 12.'

[This 'William' designated 'gent' is entered as buried  
14th Decr., 1675]

1630—31

'Frances, daughter .....[ „ ] Nov. 5.'

1634

'Edward, sonne.....[ „ ] July 20.'

1636

'Sarah, daughter .....[ „ ] Sept. 14.'

\* For all the HILGAY entries here and hereafter, I am indebted to the present Rector (Rev. W. J. Parkes, M.A.) who has done everything in his power to facilitate and meet my inquiries. I am also indebted to his curate (Rev. J. H. Clark, M.A.) for willing co-operation.

One 'little grave' at least was dug in those years :  
for we read

An. Dom. 1638

'Edmund; sonne of Phinees Fletcher and Elizabeth his  
wife, buried Mar. 26. test. Phinees Fletcher, Rector.'

Many hopes were quenched there : he was in his  
16th year. His name-son PHINEAS FLETCHER,  
gave LEE the Manuscript of his grandfather's  
Treatise on the 'Ten Tribes,' as acknowledged in  
the Epistle to 'Israel Redux.' He is therein  
described as a 'worthy citizen of London' (1677).

Looking beyond the Rectory to his Work-proper,  
the after prose-books of our good Rector—in  
which he garners recollections of his 'Sermons'  
and conversations—prove him to have been twin-  
brother to GEORGE HERBERT of Bemerton, who  
was then hallowing his Parish 'for all Time'  
and who went up in the very year 'The Purple  
Island' was published : 1633. These altogether  
unused, if not unknown books, are in my Library :  
and they furnish fine insight, as will appear imm-  
ediately.

He published in 1627 his Latin 'Locustæ' and  
its accompanying English 'Apollyonists' : and  
their fervid, not to say wild onslaughts on the  
'Jesuit' Papists, involved him in a semi-public



controversy with a 'priest,' apparently within his Parish. More generally he alludes to this in his address to his "deere Parishioners of Hilgay in Norfolk" prefixed to his "Way of Blessedness" *c. g.* "[I have not] beene disheartned by the opposition of some instruments of Satan; but accounting their malicious and causeless quarreling, the second marke of God's effectual working by my infirmitie, I have with mine heart and cheerfulness, laboured in the worke of God." More specifically, after denouncing Hosius, he informs of a correspondence: "Nay, a priest in a controversie with myselfe, blasphemously averres, (which testimony of Jesuiticall doctrines I will ever keep by me) that the Scripture was not written by the command of God, nor of set purpose but by chance."

In our subsequent Essay on his Poetry, it will be seen that as MILTON read GILES FLETCHER'S 'Christ's Victorie,' so also he read the 'Locustæ'—rifling it tenderly as the Bees of HERBERT:

"Bees work for man, and yet they never bruise  
Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,  
As fair as ever, and as fit to use:

So both the flower doth stay, and honey run."  
that is, enriched himself, and in himself the hive of England's grandest Literature, with honour not hurt, to our Worthy.

We have spoken earlier of the hitherto unpublished 'Epistle and Verses' prefixed to a surviving Manuscript of 'Locustæ.' From allusions in it and in the 'Verses' to the Prince of Wales, it seems that he had before 1623—probably between 1611 and 1616—contemplated the collection of his Poetry and something loftier still. I adduce here the close of the 'Verses' to the Prince: "if there but remains to me some portion of my latter age to bear the report of thy deeds throughout the world, not Linus, not Orpheus, shall have excelled me in song. And he too, that mighty Bard of whom Mantua boasts, will own himself conquered in song, if now O Charles, you favour my infant Muse. Do then receive me trembling, and suffer these Phæbean laurels to flourish around thy temples, intertwined with the myrtle there. May the Lord of heaven therefore, be propitious to thy flourishing youth, that so in thy riper age, Rome, that harlot of Kings, may itself succumb to thy arms, and yielding her station on her seven hills, adorn thy triumphs, vanquished and not to rise again."

In 1628 "Brittain's Ida" stole forth under the guise of 'Edmund Spenser'—of which I have already spoken, and more remains in its own place. In 1631 was published 'anonymously'

his 'Sicelides': a Piscatory—which MILTON in like manner with 'Locustæ' turned to splendid account—as will appear: in 1632 his 'Joy in Tribulation' (12mo) and 'Way of Blessedness or Commentary on the first Psalm', (4to) and in 1633 his father's 'De Literis Britannæ' along with his own 'Sylva Poetica' (12mo): and in the same year those Poems whereon rests immoveably his pure Fame. His theological treatises and clerical office combined, made him hesitate before consenting to give 'The Purple Island' and the rest of the volume, to the world: and after all, while dating from Hilgay, and otherwise indicating his personality, only his initials 'P.F.' appear on the title-pages and to 'Epistles' BENLOWES *secundus* rallies the shy, reluctant Poet in not ill-thought 'Verses'. They must be adduced here, and I italicize noticeable biographic lines:

"To the learned Authour, sonne and brother to two learned Poets, himself the third not second to either.

*Grave father of this Muse, thou deem'st too light  
To wear thy name, 'cause of thy youthfull brain  
It seems a sportfull childe: resembling right  
Thy wittie childehood, not thy graver strain,  
Which now esteems these works of fancie vain.  
Let not thy childe, thee living, orphan be;  
Who when th' art dead will give a life to thee.*

How many barren wits would gladly own,  
 How few o' th' pregnantest own such another !  
 Thou father art, yet blushest to be known ;  
 And though 't may call the best of Muse's mother,  
*Yet thy severer judgement would it smother.*

O judge not thou, let others judge thy book :  
 Such catés should rather please the guest than cook.

*O but thou fear'st will stain the reverend gown  
 Thou wearest now ; nay then fear not to show it,  
 For were 't a stain 'twere nature's, not thine own :  
 For thou art poet born."*

Besides W. Benlowes, Edward Benlowes of 'Theophila'—to whom it is dedicated in an 'Epistle'—and Dr. Featley and Francis Quarles (three times over) bade a hearty 'God speed' to our Poet : and perhaps an incidental criticism of 'The Purple Island' by James Howell in his *Ho-Edianæ* 'Letters' a number of years afterwards, may be taken as a typical example of the reception accorded it. I do not know that this interesting early notice has hitherto been observed.

It thus runs :

"I much thank you for your visits, and other fair respects you shew me ; specially that you have enlarg'd my quarters 'mong these melancholy walks by sending me a whole Isle to walk in, I mean that delicate *Purple Island* I received from you, wher I meet with

*Apollo* himself and all his daughters, with other excellent Society; I stumble also ther often upon my self, and grow better acquainted with what I have within me and without me: Insomuch that you could not make choice of a fitter ground for a Prisoner, as I am, to passe over than of that *Purple Isle*, that *Isle of Man* you sent] me, which as the Ingenious Authour hath made it, is a far more dainty soil than that *Scarlet Island* which lies near the *Baltic Sea*.”\*

Earlier than this, in the ‘*Manuductio*’ of his very striking ‘*Sphinx Theologica*’ (1636)—a precious little book which I meet with none who knows—Edward Benlowes had thus ‘eternized’ his friend and his great Poem, with fine playing on his ‘arrow’ and ‘archer’ name :

“*Feliciori, mi Fletchere, emissus impetu,  
Tu flexum validis incurvas viribus Arcum :  
Hem, tua per cœlum nervo stridente sagitta  
Evolat,†—atque utinam, sicut olim illos arte tibi.*

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\* Howell’s *Famillar Letters*: Vol. ii., letter 66, (edn. 1678.) To E. Benlowes upon the receipt of a *Table of exquint Latin Poems*: dated Fleet 25th August, 1645. I am indebted to my friend Mr. W. Aldis Wright, as before, for this.

† Benlowes places ‘*Aeneidos*’ here in the margin: probably he intended to imitate and accomodate, *Aeneid* v. 500, &c.

*Cognomines sagittarios Aeneas honore prosecutus est—  
muneribus cumulans magnis; sic aliquis Tibi toxophilus  
ac musophilus, justus ingeniorum pensitator,*

*Ferre daret meriti monimentum et pignus Amoris.  
Nec vero opus est ut adjiciam,*

*—————cingat viridanti tempora Lauro :  
nam dum tua in virorum doctissimorum consortio legebantur,  
—————ingenti sonuerunt omnia plausu.*

*Sane hebes est qui non videt, quam sublimi ascensu in  
INSULA PURPUREA eveharis,*

*Lectorum afflatus rapiens super æthera mentes.”*

The turn given to the Aeneid-words and the ‘toxophilus ac musophilus’ (lover of arrows *i.e.* flechier and so ‘Fletcher’ arrow, and lover of the Muse,) would be very pleasing to our scholarly Poet—more so than even the praise italicized.

It marks the character of the Age, or at any rate of the immediate generation, that ‘The Purple Island’ found if ‘fit audience’ certainly

\* Page 2: The full title of BENLOWES’ thought-packed little volume—to be placed beside his delightful ‘Lusus Poeticus Poetis’ (1634) is ‘Sphinx Theologica sive Musica Templi ubi Discordia concors: in tres Decades totidemque Libros divisa. Cant. 1636 12o.—This title-page explains the reference in the hitherto inedited Verses of our Fletcher addressed to Edward Benlowes and which were prefixed to his ‘Theophila,’ as explained *in loco*.

'few.' The decade that followed was one of "sturt and strife" and I do not altogether wonder that the scream of Mar's eagle out-voiced the cooing of the ring-dove of Hilgay: while his siding with the Royalists could not fail to fling a shadow over the succeeding years. Nevertheless he has always had choice readers, and will, so long as our language lasts. I must repeat an inevitable remark in relation to GILES, that one JOHN MILTON outweighs the neglect of the mass.

**R**ETURNING upon the prose-Books of our Worthy, I would now glean, first of all, such extracts from them as illustrate his own conception and endeavoured realization, of the true 'pastor' and 'preacher': and thereafter as will exemplify his thought and style. Singularly enough, even WILLMOTT and DYCE were unaware of the existence of these prose-treatises: which indeed are of extreme rarity, though not so absolutely unique, as the copy of Giles's "Reward of the Faithfull" introduced in our Memorial-Introduction to his 'Poems.'

The most cursory Reader of these prose-volumes is struck with the fine Humility of the Writer. His ideal of the office of a 'Minister of the

Gospel,' its responsibilities and glories, made him 'lie low.' The whiteness of the Throne flashed revelation keen as flame if soft as light, on his own infinite short-comings: and hence a pathetic modesty that is very beautiful. Nevertheless you come on many a burning rebuke and remonstrance as from one 'having authority,'—from one who knew himself to be, however lowly, an 'ambasadour' of The King of Kings.

Turning to his 'Joy in Tribulation,' we learn from the Epistle 'to the Reader' that the motive for its publication was 'good' done by it. 'I have devised,' he says, 'to publish this little Treatise, *which God hath blessed to some in private*, that if He be pleased to glorify His power in great weaknesse, thy wounds may be suppld, if not cured: and to give occasion to some brother, who hath more gifts and lesse employment, to enlarge this excellent subject.'\* In the same spirit he inscribes his "Way of Blessedness" to Sir Henry Willoughby.—Speaking of the many "wanton, idle, and vaine pamphlets . . . which stand forth in every shop," he asks "Who would not rise up with them [who oppose new books] against the wicked," and proceeds: "But the



bookes by them censured, nay despised and derided, are such as tend to edification; and are scorned, either because they savour not of profound and deep learning or not bumbasted with multiplicities of reading, or not sticke thicke enough with the flowers of Rhetorike; when yet our owne experience makes us see these despised labours wonderfully to prosper in the Church: whether it bee that the Lord delights to glorifie His power in infirmitie, and takes no pleasure in the wisdom of words (which makes the crosse of Christ of no effect) or as light, so the word, is most cleere and powerfull, when least mixed." Then after wise, discriminating words on the place of great and 'special gifts,' he goes on to give reasons 'impelling' him 'to write' what 'before' he had 'spoken' and for allowing his 'private and weake meditations to looke out in publike upon so learned an age.' Summarily these are contained in two—the third and fourth "The profit of God's people, especially those committed to me by Christ' and because, "Though there be even innumerable lights in heauen yet is there not one in vaine." Enlarging on the latter, he says vividly "The very least and most obscure haue their use, their light and influence: yea those infinite little starres, which by us can-

not be discerned, by reason partly of their distance, partly of their smallnesse, yet doe they paue, embrighten and point out that Milkie Way in heaven. And I doubt not but this little and weak worke shall through His power Who brings light out of darkenesse, direct some, or further them in that blessed way to eternall life.\* And so in the “Joy of Tribulation” “*I am one—the least and lowest, yet one of these messengers*: and who are the Israel of God, and his true—suppose never so weak—servants, but those that desire to fear His name?” Similarly in referring to others as having before him, written on the First Psalm he adds admiringly and meekly “I willingly confesse it: yet I knowe not any more but one, even that eloquent Apollos, powerfull and mightie in the word [M. Bolton]; and am certaine that learned and religious man will not disdaine, that when hee from this living fountaine hath filled his siluer cisterne, I should also with my earthly pitcher draw, and poure out some of the same water of life unto the sheepe of my Master.”†

In the “Way of Blessedness” again, we have conscious integrity and gratitude, fidelity and appeal, blended very winningly: He is addressing

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\* Pages 2, 3, 4.† *Ibid*, p. p. 5, 6.

his "deare Parishioners of Hilgay in Norfolk." "Christian Brethren," he says "*my conscience, and He that is greater then the conscience beares me witnes, that I never spared any paines for your profit, either publike or private, but by prayer for you, and preaching to you, have laboured with all, nay above my strength,* to bring you to that true knowledge of God and our Lord Jesus Christ: and settle you in His grace. What is wrought in euery one's heart, God onely knowes. But (blessed be His name for ever) some fruit the Lord of the Harvest hath made me see springing, some even ripening, which hath encouraged me to publish this little worke: not onely that other Christians if it please the Lord, may receive some helpe, but especially that you of this flocke whom God hath called, may be further builded in your most holy faith; and others who have yet resisted, may either be recalled and brought home or else being convinced, haue a testimonie witnessing to their faces their rebellion, and justifying their condemnation both here, and in the day of the Lord."\*

In the Preface once more, he speaks as one fearless of contradiction between his 'preaching' and 'practice' "That guide," says he, "will best

conduct us, who not onely points out the way with his finger, but beats it with his foote and cheerefully calls us after him.”\* Then onward he gives us a glimpse into the method of his ‘ministry.’ Having characterized the Psalms generally, as exhibiting the Believer in all the experiences of human nature, he thus chattily reveals his own design. “This was the cause why having in the flock (over which the great Shepheard hath set me) for some yeers layed a foundation in the more contemplative and doctrinall parts of Scripture, I after desired to build on this ground, and lead them on to the practicall, here to learne of this holy Psalmist, how to doe that which they have there learnt must be done. In this little book this net hath not wholly beene in vaine; which hath perswaded me to let it downe into the sea. I have not fished for vaine-glory, or applause of men, nor used such trammels as may enclose any such game. He that hath spent most labour this way, hath tooke nothing but this prouerb: ‘He hath fished fair and caught a frog.’ But if Christ may receiue any glory from hence or any of his members profite: this is all my ambition; for which I will earnestly

sue to Him Who delights to glorifie His power in humane weakness, and teacheth the onely wisdom by this reputed foolishnes."\* Elsewhere in the Treatise itself, we have a sharp-lined 'portait' of the 'popular' and the genuine Preacher: "They must have preachers according to their owne, not God's heart. If he will spend an houre in the pulpit in vaine flourishes of humane wisdom, keepe off from their conscience, and two or three houres in the Ale-house or Wine-taverne, this is the good Churchman, nothing too deare for him. But if he be such as dares not please men least he be turned out of Christ, his service; who would rather seeke their good then their goodwill; if he bring home the rebuke of Christ to their hearts, labour to beat downe their rebellion, and draw them to the obedience of the Lord Jesus, they will not abide him, but devise an hundred slanderous discouragements, and use all, even the most wicked meanes, to stop his mouth."†

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\* Page 3.

† Page 57: With reference to the 'parson' being found in the Ale-house, our Preacher might have quoted from his cousin's 'Woman's Prize' (Act iii. scene iv.)

"———The Parson, Pedro, oh' the Parson,  
A little of his comfort, never so little'  
Twenty to one you find him at THE BUSH  
There's the best ALE."

Similarly onwards, among other courageous 'rebukes' of 'profaneness.' "How common this divellish profanenesse is, may easily be seene: first in fastning the odious name of Sectaries and Heretickes upon those which desire and endeavour to 'flee the corruption which is in the world through lust' and in truth of heart 'to follow after righteousness:' for if a man with feare and trembling striues to eschew evill and doe good, and hath set up his resolution to walke 'godlily, righteously, and soberly in this present world;' how soone is hee branded by worldly and wicked men with the name of a Puritane? which being ancient heretikes sheltering their ranke and stinking sinnes under that abuse of Scripture, 'to the pure all things are pure' pretended themselves to be cleane, pure, and holy inthe practise of all filthinesse."\* Onward still, we have another hand-sketch of the basely 'acceptable Preacher': "This unbeliefe is more apparent, because the more men urge and presse the Scripture on the conscience and practise of men (observing the spirit of his rule in preaching to edification, and labouring 'to beate

down whatsoever exalts itselfe against Christ, that everie thought may be subjected to his scepter') the lesse credit, estimation, and good opinion they gaine among men: the lesse their doctrine and persons regarded. But if neglecting the evidence of the Spirit, they sticke their sermons full of rhetoricall flowers and witty conceits of men: if they come in ostentation of much reading, stored with the citations of poets, Rabbies, Schoolmen, and with the sentences of ancient doctors (of whom there is no doubt very good, and much profit are in their reading) the more they goe on in this course, where the conscience is not stirr'd (as being altogether loose from man) the more are they admired, reputed and followed. Oh this Word of God is a sharp, two-edged, deep-cutting sword, whose downe-right blowes cleave the heart of our sinfull nature, when those vain flourishes neuer move us."\* So too again, "Even among us (to reserve their place for the Papists) the infinite and ambitious allegations of Fathers, Schoolmen, Rabbies, Poets, and all manner of humane testimonies, and especially with all this, the rare and thinne citations of the Word, shews at the best

much foolish ostentation and little desire of setting-up the Crosse of Christ in the hearts of the hearers. Certainly he is blind and hath little experience who hath not observed that studies of Divines entred upon, Schoolmen especially and other humane (though ecclesiasticall) authors, but without any constant meditation in the Word, and a ground taken from thence, hath beene the mother and nurse of so much errour, Poperie, Arminianisme and such sects.”\* Earlier we have sagacious ‘counsel’ in dealing with the ‘anxious,’ and admirable warning as to premature ‘consolation,’ such as lets us know his own practice: “I have knowne a soule beaten downe by the Word of God and caused to see his sinne, full of feare and trouble, repaire to a faithfull minister or brother: opens his heart to them and discovers his smarting wound: they being cunningly handled by Satan, begin to pittie his estate, and out of compassion think it a great sinne to persecute him whom God hath smitten, and add sorrow to such as He hath wounded. Hence setting aside the wine which would indeed cause some smart but purge the evill, they strait poure in the oyle of all spirituall comfort, and so dresse the wound that it is soone

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\* Page 217.



skinned: but after breakes forth with far more grieffe, and will aske much more time and labour to heale. Whereas if they had first thoroughly searched and ransacked the sore, with the knife of circumcision, and clenched it well with further reproofe, they might perhaps have made the orifice wider and the wound somewhat deeper, but much more soone and soundly have cured it."\* Here is a somewhat longer specimen of 'Reproof': "How sharply then are all scorneres to be rebuked, [such] as those who inwardly despise or outwardly deride God in His workes! Do but consider how generall this sin is by some few particulars: for how doth the pride of the rich and wealthy carry them in heart to despise the poor, and to expresse it in their words and actions! How basely do they account of them! as if they had no fellowship with them in the same nature and grace. Let a man converse with us who beares an high sail, whose lands, wealth, apparel, are fair, he hath all respect and curtesie from us, be he never so poor in grace, nay openly known to be a bond-slave to sin and Satan. But if a man of meane parentage and estate, though indeed a sonne of God, rich in grace and heire of glory, have anything to do with

us, we will hardly afford him a kind looke or word. How common is this vanitie to 'despise the wisdom of the poore' (Eccles. ix., 16). Though the wisdom of God hath openly testified 'the poore which walketh in his uprightness is a better man than the rich which perverteth his way' (Proverbs xxviii., 6) yet will not men believe it. For [though] the better man ought to haue more respect, we finde it by experience too true, that 'friends and brethren reject the poore, be they never so instant with them' (Proverbs xix., 7); and so generall is it that he ascribes it to all. What the cause of this contempt is, God Himselfe telleth us, 'the sinner despiseth his neighbour, but he that hath mercy on the poore is blessed' (Proverbs xiv., 31), where despising and shewing mercy being opposed by God, teacheth us, that when we withdraw our hand from doing them good, or oppresse them, then we despise them: and this despising is not onley sinfull but rises from grosse, customary sin: so that when we are hardened in rebellion, then we proceed to despise the poore and God in him. But oh thou vaine man, thou proud earth, art not the same clay of the same potter? and who hath separated thee? who maketh rich and poore? How presumest thou to despise the worke of God, being

thyselfe the worke of His hands? Looke to thy beginning and ending and spie out (if thou canst) any difference betwixt thee and the poorest! Art thou not servant to the same Lord? wearest not thou the same livery of skin and flesh? Dost thou not sleepe in the same dust and nakednesse? Wast thou borne with lands, treasures or scepters in thy hand? What difference in the grane betweene thy mace and his mattocke? Oh if thou hast so much light, looke a little into thy heart, and see there a farre more miserable and desperate povertie. How poore is thy understanding in spirituall light and treasures of knowledge! how poore thy heart in bowels of mercie! how needie art thou in faith, love, and those heavenly riches! Thou which are beggerly in the true canst thou despise the want of wicked riches? (Luke xvi., 11). Hast thou not received all from God? Art thou not His debtour? Why boastest thou of thy debts? of that of which thou art onely a steward and accountable to thy Master? Certainly as that earth which is replenished with precious mettals is altogether in the superficies, barren and unfruitful, so is it with earthly men, who when they are swolne up with worldly wealth are most miserable beggers in the true and desirable riches:

insomuch that the Truth Himselfe hath spoken it (Matthew xix., 24.)”\*

Surely none but an under-Shepherd day-by-day walking before ‘the Flock’ as a true ensample, could have ‘spoken’ and printed passages with the stamp of these : and it were easy to multiply them. Very pleasing is it to learn that the good ‘pastor’ saw fruit of his toil and vigilance and consecration: and as Fuller-mouthed EDWARD BOTELEER puts it “Men can do unworthily without a pattern : but they must be good indeed that make others good by the convincing power of their example.† Moreover the ring of his fervid utterance makes it plain that further words from the same striking Preacher must have held of him: “Though he was very humble, yet he knew how to be a man and no worm, as well as when to be a worm and no man : He knew when to lay his honour in the dust and when to let no dust lie upon his honour.”‡

Taken as a whole, apart from the extrinsic interest belonging to them, as having proceeded from the same brain as ‘The Purple Island’—the

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\* Pages 79, 80.

† The Worthy of Ephratath, page 34

‡ Pages 46, 47.

'Joy in Tribulation' and the 'Way of Blessedness' and his posthumous 'Father's Testament'—are of the school of RICHARD SIBBES in his 'Soul's Conflict' and 'Bruised Reed'. They have much of his tenderness and gentleness and ingenuity in suggesting relief, with occasionally more pungency, force and largeness of utterance. No more than in SIBBES have you either original or arresting thought, or that flower-like beauty of simile, or bird-like melody of wording, found in some of his Puritan contemporaries, while there is next to nothing of the solidity of doctrinal statement or exposition that belongs to OWEN or the GOODWINS,—as again there is very little of their digressive tediousness. They are 'Bread of Life' in basket-work of silver, and 'Living water' in pure white beechen cups, not without gleam of a golden rim. I would scarcely undertake to recommend their re-publication in full: yet personally I should miss them o' times from my Library. Whoever turns to either, will find himself brought near to a Barnabas, a son of Consolation, if he be in despondency or sorrow, and nearer to the Lord Himself, if he love Him.

Praise of this kind points to imperishable reward. I have no manner of doubt that the humble books did their own precious service in *their day*, if since displaced.

I purpose now to turn the leaves sympathetically, for such sentences as are characteristic and detachable from their context, and as have something noticeable in them. Some have the concinnity of THOMAS BROOKS and the playful antithesis of THOMAS FULLER. I arrange the whole in a series, and place a heading to each:—Speaking broadly in relation to these extracts and the substance of his books, he was a CALVINIST, somewhat bitterly opposed to ARMINIANISM, as this in the ‘Locustæ’ shews: Satan, *loquitur*:

“The Dutch shall yeeld us armes and men; there dwell Arminians, who from heaven halfe way fell:

A doubtful sect which hang ‘tween truth, lies, Heauen and Hell.” (c. iv., st, 24.)

#### I. From ‘JOY IN TRIBULATION’:

(1) *Sense of need.* “The most have most need of comfort, but no sense of their need” (p. 3)

(2) *Feeling of no-comfort.* “Others feelee much want of comfort, but want not so much as they feelee.” (page 4)

(3) *Help to bear.* “He [Jesus] takes it up first Himselfe, and either proportions the crosse to their strength or measures strength to them, according to the crosse which they beare.” (page 6.)

(4) *Comfort in sorrow* "As nothing is more vaine then to search for comfort against the sorrowes of this world in this world of sorrowes, so as fond were it for a Christian to rake out any comfort from the puddles of heathen and naturall men." (page 13)

(5) *Comfort everywhere.* "Veroly as the bee drawes honey from every herbe, even weeds and venemous plants; so the faithfull Christian may extract comfort from all things, even the most grievous and fearefull. If he looketh up to heaven it was made for him: here to light him, hereafter to harbor him: if downe to the earth, it is given to the sonnes of men, especially the sonnes of God, as a nurse of their temporall life, and a bed in death." (pages 18-19.)

(6) '*Troubles.*' "How soveraigne a cordiall is it to an afflicted spirit, when hee remembers that all his troubles are eyther such as the world layeth upon him to draw him from God to itselfe, or God layeth upon him, to draw him to Himselfe from the world " (page 47)

(7) *Outward and Inward.* "Neither should it too much trouble, nay in some respect it should cheere us, that we find inward terrors and grievances, doubts, desertions, buffeters of Satan. We apply outward medicines to infants and weake

ones, but inward physicke, as it is given by expert physicians to the strong, so it worketh more more strongly. Inward stripes worke on the bowels [affections] clense the inward man. This shaking rooteth our faith more strongly and this disease of doubting occasionally, setleth us in more fulnesse and assurance of faith." (pp. 55-56)

(8) '*To Christ*'! "Shall anything be unwelcome which bringeth You to me or carrieth me to You? Were it water, fire, were it Hell itselfe, should I not pass through it to attayne You? This light affliction bringeth with it a weight of glory: this momentary affliction, an eternall glory: this despised affliction, an excellent glory, and can then the root be so bitter as the fruit delightfull?" (page 59.)

(9) '*To be a son.*' "Onely Thou (oh my gracious God) Who scourgest every sonne whom Thou receivest, receive mee whom Thou scourgest. Thou who chastisest where Thou lovest, oh love this poore soule, which Thou chastisest! Thou who correctest not for Thy pleasure but for our profit, oh teach me to profit by Thy correction! Make my soule to partake of Thy Sonne's holinesse, and then lay on what measure Thou seest good of His affliction. Oh let me be conformed to His death and sufferings, that I



may bee conformed to His life and resurrection. Gracious Father, after Thou hast crowned mee with His thornes crowne mee also with His glory." (pp. 62-63)

(10) *'Vanity.'* "Children, if good [are] our continuall feares : if evill, our perpetuall griefes : and in a word, 'every man in his best earthly estate altogether vanity' (Psalm xxxix., 5) : life decreasing by the growth of it : the earth, yea even the heavens also passing away, but this blessed Word never passeth." (page 74)

(11) *Faith and Sense.* "Oh if my faith were as strong as my sense, I should taste much more sweetnesse in God's goodnesse than bitterness in His affliction." (page 105)

(12) *Holinesse.* "Men sweare by the greater, but because none is greater than God, therefore God sweareth by Himselfe, but in Himselfe, by nothing (that I remember) but His holinesse." (page 110)

(13) *Restoration of Loss.* "As the first Adam lost all his happinesse by his ambitious desires to bee like unto God in knowing good and evill, so the second Adam hath restored all happinesse, by satisfying our ambition, in making us like Himselfe, in loving good and hating evill." (page 117)

(14) *Prayer*. “Is there no time untimely in prayer, no season unseasonable : but the time of affliction the very set howre of audience ? (Ps. li., 15) and shall I not then take hold of this privilege and use it with cheerfulness ?” (page 136)

(15) *Glory of the world*. “Looke as in plants many little threeds grow up into a bigge roote, and that shoots forth into a strong and mighty body, which yet being divided into many armes and branches, at length endeth in small twigs : So is it with all the glory of this world : gloriously it seemeth to glitter for a short time in a fleshly eye, and to flame and glitter to the admiration of silly men, but as it is blowne up from a poore sparke, so it quickly sinketh into a little dust and ashes.” (pp 152, 153.)

(16) *Neutralisations*. “Where much love is, but small power, some but yet little good, can be expected : lesse where is great power, but no love : and if both concur yet if wisdom be not their counsellour, men kill with apish kindnesse, and smother with embracing.” (page 155)

(17) *Cursed blessings*. “This is an especial privilege of God’s children, that as the wicked are ever cursed even in their blessings (Mal. ii. 2) so the faithfull are ever blessed, even in earthly curses (Phil. i. 19 : Romans vii. 28.)” (page 159.)

(18) *Done and promised* "From his heavenly countrey Hee brought all good things unto us and in our countrey endured all our evils : yet promised us, that wee should be there from whence He came, and said 'I will that where I am they may be also with Me.' So wonderfull was His love that because Hee was with us in our habitations wee should be with Him in His mansions. Oh mortall man, what hath He promised thee that thou shalt live for ever : and dost thou not beleeeve Him ? Beleeeve, beleeeve. It is more that Hee hath already done then that which Hee hath promised. What hath Hee done ? Hee died for thee. What hath Hee promised ? that thou should'st live with Him. It is more incredible that the Eternall should once dye then that a mortall should live for ever. Now wee hold fast what is harder to beleeeve. If God dyed for man, shall not man live with God ? shall not a mortall live æternally for whom Hee dyed Who liveth æternally." (pp. 183-185)

(19) *Assurance*. "So his false Apostles, deceitfull workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ, joyne issue with Him, as knowing this doctrine [of Assurance] would not only quench their Purgatory, but which is worse, wonderfully coole their kitchen." (page 218)

(20) *Perseverance*. “Fully to confirme and setle thy soule in assurance of thy perseverance and infallible attaining that purchased possession

1. Remember that not onely God hath wrought that eternall mansion for thee, but also wrought thee for it. (2 Corinthians v. 1-5) 2. Build on that promise, that He that hath begotten thee to that incorruptible inheritance, not onely reserves it in heaven for thee but preserves and keeps thee by His power unto this salvation.” (1 Peter i. 3, 4, 5) (pp. 244-245)

(21) *Discerning*. “This spirit of discerning is not ordinarily given to infants in understanding. Looke, as the children of great princes (yet in their infancy) much rejoyce in their costly robes, coronets, &c., but have not yet discretion to gather thence their noble parentage and dignity to which they are borne : so Christian babes, though they see themselves richly adorned with those heavenly graces of God and doe not a little rejoyce in the present estate which they feele, yet cannot in this their infancy, by a reflected act of the judgement, gather thence their sure title and claime to all those precious promises of God, and their future glorie, which depend on the former.” (pp. 253, 254)

(22) *Hypocrisy*. “This cannot stand with

hypocrisie : because (as in a tombe) there must be a beautifull front without and a dead heart within. An hypocrite must have a shew, else he is an heathen : and but a shew, else a true beleever. But he is a neuter to both. Not a plaine infidell, for hee hath a forme of godlinesse : not faithfull indeed, for his heart still chuses to much sinfull filthinesse, and is not purified from the whorish love of some darling sinnes. Many things (as Herod) he may : all, not only he doth not, but he will not doe." (Page 266.)

(23) *False Joy.* "A false joy follows a false Hope." (Page 271.)

(24) *Unsanctified affliction.* "The hypocrite can thirst for Christ sometimes, when he is in the furnace : as iron, his heart for the present is softened, but as soone as it is out of the fiery triall, returns to his hardnesse and indeed was onely troubled, never changed." (Page 292.)

(25.) *Sin in the believer.* "Sin doth it in thee, thou doest it not in sinne." (Page 308.)

(26) *Damnation of sin.* "Hee certainly is a servant and member of Christ, who, pressed with sinfull weaknesse, would doe what hee cannot, and doth what hee can. Take a more through view of this truth in a familiar and confessed instance. Spaine is truly said to be under the dominion of

the Spanish king, because the people acknowledging themselves subjects, willingly live under his lawes : but Holland is as truly said not to be under his dominion, because having shaken off his yoake, they live not under his lawes nor will heare of his service. And although sometime in fight they are ouercomè, yet doe they renew their forces, and both openly professe and behave themselves as enemies." (pp. 310, 311).

## II. From "WAY OF BLESSEDNESS."

(27) *Divine condescension.* "Looke, as we teach our infants to speake, we meet them halfe-way by descending to their stammering speech: we speake like children that they may learne to speak like men ; wee frame our words and fit them to their tongues, we beate speech into them by a continuall and never weary repetition. Thus the Lord must deale with us." (Page 7)

(28) '*Stony hearts.*' "Verily that which the Heathens fained of their Amphion we finde true in ourselves by experience : that this heauenly musicke of our divine singer, gathers together stony hearts, quickens and fits them to the temple of God's Spirit." (Page 8)

(29) *Cursed state of human nature.* "The cursed state of man is laid downe negatively 'not so the wicked that is not blessed but cursed, not planted

but wilde, not watered but parched, not fruitfull but barren, not flourishing but withering and blasted, not prospering but confounded." (Page 19)

(30) *The Tempter*. "That malicious enemy of man is a cunning fowler: he hath ever his stalking horse by him, and when he hath taken any captive soule, he makes it a stall\* to invite others. Most forcibly he allures when he is least seene; therefore will he ever shroud himselfe there where he is least suspected: he will hide himselfe behind some good friend, who wishes us well: he will borrow Eve's hand to reach the apple to Adam and his wife's tongue to shake Job's patience; he will abuse his well-meaning friends by planting in repentance to roote out his faith." (Page 22)

(31) *Bug-bears*. "The fearfull Christian is to be rebuked who by vaine terrors and bug-bears is driven from his station. It hath been an old stratagem in war to set upon their beasts of carriage the boyes and skuls [— scullions] which followed the camp, and to place them in fit distance, so to detract the enemy and terrifie him with vaine numbers." (Page 35)

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\* *Stall* i. e. stale decoy Cf. Apollyonists c. ii. st. 32d. and Note in Additional Notes and Illustrations thereto, in Vol. II.

(32) *So-called losses.* “If we laugh at those that are scared with a vizard, how ridiculous to be amazed with such emptie shewes of evill? Awake and open thine eyes, and see the vanitie of these scarecrows. Thou loosest the pleasures of sinne, true: and is it not a pitifull thing for a swine to loose his tumbling in the mire? Thou loosest thy sinfull profits: and is this so woefull a matter to loose a millstone off thy necke when thou art now in a deepe water? Thou loosest thy credit and friends: no doubt a shrewd losse to misse his good word, who is himselfe stark naught, to lose a companion who will bring us to the gallowes. Summe up thy losse and thou shalt finde this is the totall: thou loosest death and hell.” (pp. 36, 37.)

(33) *Be helpers all.* “When Christ hath taken us by the hand, why doe wee not catch hold on others, such especially as are neere us? when Hee draweth us, why draw not wee those that are linked with us in kindred, friendship, acquaintance, and pull them after? Though the labourers reape and binde the sheaves, yet even children gleane and gather some handfulls to carry home. The minister is the workman hired by God to gather in His harvest, but the very weakest may by His helpe (Who delights to



glorifie His power in infirmitie) and ought in private to helpe forward and picke up some loose and straggling soules, as God giues them opportunitie." (Page 37.)

(34) *Time past.* "O but my time is past: I have not regarded God heretofore in His Word and now I am shut out forever! No time is past while thou hast any time. God hath not tied Himself unto thy times, but hath put them into His owne hand. So long as He lends His voyce to call, thy time is not lost." (Page 64, 65.)

(35) *Drunkenness.* "What place is there where this devill of drunkennesse hath not entred into the swine and carried them headlong into destruction." (page 61)

(36) *Postures.* "In some kindes it is not with sinfull dispositions as with these postures of the body: the body which walkes, neither stands nor sits; the body which stands, neither sits nor walke; and that which sits, neither walkes nor stands; but that soule which stands in the way of sinners walks in the counsell of the ungodly, and hee which sits with scornors, both walkes and stands with sinners." (page 77)

(37) *Infidels not Christians.* "That there should be Christians who mock Christianitie, that there should bee children of God who scoffe at

the brotherhood of Christ, let them beleewe who can : for myselfe I cannot see how the greatest charitie (which is alwayes joined with wisdom) can otherwise account of these men, then of most wretched infidels." (Page 84)

(38) *Despising*. " Boldly I dare affirm it, that he hath never felt his inward miserie who despiseth outward povertie." (Page 80)

(39) *True Deformity*. " A wry mouth, a squint eye, a splay foot, a blacke and sootie skinne, we abhorre ; but the distortion of sinne, a filthy tongue, an envious eye, an evill affection, and the very image of Satan, in hellish darknesse, never troubles us." (Page 186)

(40) *Mixture only*. " No circumstantiall accident or qualitie, but such as are inherent, can debase or vilifie any substance. Gold were it covered all over with dirt, not the lesse precious ; but any mixture of baser metall makes it of lesse worth. Thus neither povertie, contempt of men, weakness of body, are any just causes of despising . . . . .but sinne being once rooted in man is such an inherent qualitie as eats out of him whatsoever is perfectly good, as holiness." (Page 222)

III. From a " FATHER'S TESTAMENT."

(41) *Heathens*. " All their search was but of the Sodomites, groping for a door in a night of blindness." (page 23.)

(42) *Our bodies only houses.* "Our bodies are but the houses of our spirits and 'houses of clay.' (Job iv. 19.) As the house of a snail, it is moved and carried of the inhabitant. And as those snail-shells are some black and dusty, some glittering in divers colours: so is it with these shells of our spirits. Some, the hand of our Potter seems to frame of finer earth or at least tinfoyls them with more lovely paintings: some formed of more course dirty metal or (and being not leaded) have not that gloss and glittering." (Page 33)

(43) *Christ our shield.* "A shield saves us by its own gashes: we cannot be wounded till our Shield is pierced." (Page 5)

(44) *He is love.* "He is Love (1 John iv. 16) gracious (Exodus xxxiv. 6) loving before, above, contrary, to our deservings." (Page 77)

(45) *Two harlots.* "1. State of Rome. 2. "that daughter of old Pelagius, which by abusing the grace of God in God's election—binding His choice to the works of men—and advancing the power of man, in man's election—flattering him with false abilities of an unrenewed will—perverts the right ways of the Lord." (Page 108).

(46) *Christ's offers.* "He offers treaties, now entreaties of marriage." (Page 120)

(47) *Answer not again.* "Socrates pointing

to an asse, not remote from him, answered, if that asse kicked me, should I have sued him or vied kicks with him?" (page 144)

(48) *The hand.* "The hand is the bodie's steward, and faith is the soul's hand." (page 150)

(49) *Holiness.* "As there is nothing in man or angel so excellent, so nothing so necessary as Holiness. For this only gives us preeminence above other creatures. Consider it well and you shall easily find that every creature will justly challenge precedence and outgo man, without holiness. There is no qualitie in us, this only excepted—but other creatures in it farr surpass us. If we boast of longer time and durance than some other, the very stones in this outgo us. If we plead but with age we have life, even plants and trees outlive us. If we say we have sense also: how many beasts &c. in hearing, seeing, smelling, &c. go farr beyond us? Some perhaps will object we have understanding and discourse of reason, of which these are incapable: but in this alas! the worst of all creatures—the divels, claym a large superioritie and wonderfully exceed us. Know it certainly, without holiness you are inferiour to every creature, even the most abject and miserable." (page 160)

Such must suffice : and if I cannot say with ALEXANDER WILSON the Ornithologist's little boy on bringing in handfulls of the woodland wild-flowers 'The Woods are still full of them,' I may yet assure the Reader who is fortunate enough to secure either the 'Joy in Tribulation' or the 'Way of Blessedness' or the 'Father's Testament' that he will find besides these extracts, no little good thinking, wise counsel, substantive spiritual food, and Bible-light. In common with the theological Writings of the Period—and indeed before and after—these three prose treatises delight the student in two specific ways, over and above their merits otherwise : *First*, you get glimpses of local manners and customs, contemporary anecdotes and bits of rustic chat about the foremost names, of rarest value. Here I apprehend lies a whole mine unworked by our Historians' *Second*, you come on now obsolete or unfamiliar words that over and over serve to elucidate Shakespeare, Milton, and others of the mighties. Again therefore I would reiterate the appeal made in submitting my 'Glossaries' to the collective Works of DR. RICHARD SIBBES, THOMAS BROOKS, &c., and urge our Philologists to 'search' the early and later DIVINES of our Country. It will abundantly reward. Throughout these re-

prints in the FULLER WORTHIES' LIBRARY, I shall record every noticeable word : and thereby I hope aid in the work suggested. Take examples of these in the present instance. Here are two : one, a notice of Elizabeth strikingly declarative of that proud homage which she won from all true Englishmen, and another, giving an odd bit of Churchmanners or no-manners. (1) *Elizabeth* : "To passe by the unspeakable miseries of this Land since that time (wherein Popish ignorance began to creepe upon it) by Picts, Danes, Normans, and our owne civill armes : observe but the raigne of two sisters. The elder being a Papist, married a Popish, but a potent Prince ; overthrew the Gospell, persecuted the saints and burned many. Shee raigned a short time, lived ingloriously, dyed in great discontent, lost her territories, extreamly impoverished the Land, so that her successour found neither armour, navie, nor any defence for the kingdome, no not so much as any treasure to supply so many wants. Her younger sister succeeding, seemed to be left as a prey to any neighbour Prince who would first invade her. But no sooner did shee (which presently shee did) set herselfe and imploy her scepter to promote the Gospell and root Poperie, but all the blessings of a Nation were powred

upon her ; and though shee were all alone, without any associats, yet God made her a great helper to all her neighbours and terrour to her enemies ; insomuch that the most potent monarch of Christendome was utterly foiled by her and brought into great streights and difficulties : and so palpable even to the enemy was the blessing of God, that the proud Spaniard could not refraine from upbraiding Christ, that He was turned Lutheran.”\* (2) *Church-ways* : “Some put all their religion into their good meaning : some place it in the outward and formall performance of some duties. Many savoring strongly of the old leaven, imagine they doe not a little please God in abstaining from some meates in the time of Lent. They will serve God at home when they should be employed in His publike service, by reading some good booke, and saying some good prayers in their chimney-corner, *nay even in the place and season of hearing, they will be reading*, and so plucke down that curse on their heads ‘ He that turneth away his eare from hearing, even his prayer shall be abominable.’ (Prov. xxviii. 9.)†

Of noticeable words I specify these (1) From

• ‘Way of Blessedness’ page 162.

† *Ibid* page 102.

‘ Joy in Tribulation ’—‘ embrightens ’ (pp 15, 80)  
 ‘ embossed ’ hart (p 67)—‘ encombring ’ (p 80)—  
 ‘ acquieting ’ (p 246) ‘ legacied ’ (p 258) ‘ discom-  
 fortable ’ (p 285) (2) From ‘ Way of Blessedness ’  
 ‘ vnfraughts and, acquieteth ’ (p 1)—‘ indocible ’  
 (p 6, 8)—‘ spotted ’ (p 12)— skuls ’ = scullions  
 (p 35—‘ key-cold ’ (p 40) ‘ rich and poor running  
 a vie ’ (p 59)—‘ flesht ’ and ‘ bladderd ’ (p 69)—  
 ‘ coyne strange Gods to sweare by, the Masse,  
 Ladikin, or Lakin ’ (p 72)—‘ science ’ = graff  
 (p 128)—‘ bumbasted ’ (Epistle p 2).... Shake-  
 sperians will find in two of these, excellent examples  
 for illustrating the supreme Poet *e.g.* ‘ Ladikin ’ or  
 ‘ Lakin ’ reminds us of *The Tempest* “ Lakin—by’r  
 lakin, I can go no further ” (iii 3.) and of the  
*Midsummer Night’s Dream* : ‘ by’r lakin, a par-  
 lous fear (iii. 1) : in all these instances the word  
 being used as = ladykin, a term of endearment  
 applied to ‘ Our Lady ’ or the Virgin Mary ; and  
 hence Fletcher’s reprimand. ‘ A vie ’ again, reminds  
 of the Latin ‘ via ’ in the ‘ *Merry Wives of Wind-  
 sor* ’ : “ go to : via ” (ii. 2) and ‘ *Love’s Labour  
 Lost* ’ : ‘ in via, in way of explication ’ (iv. 2)  
 “ via, goodman Dull ” (v. 1) “ cried via ! we will  
 do’t ” (v. 2) and elsewhere :

Thus consecrate to his ‘ work ’ and his work  
 reflexly sanctifying him, PHINEAS FLETCHER moved



'out and in' within his Family and quiet, sequestered Parish, a 'man of God' in the deepest use of the deep word. Unless I very much mistake, the 'grace' of God did much for him. That is, he was naturally, I think, of an imperious, vehement make, of a warm sensuous temperament: but by self-repression and Divine masterdom, melted into a fine gentleness and ruth, without emasculating his intrepidity, in need of it. I am sure he carried sunshine with him wherever he went. I can picture him Christ-like laying a soft hand on the heads of 'little children' and passing simply and unostentatiously to the 'chimney-corner' of some hoary peasant waiting in serene trust on the door-step of Heaven. He was one who would have the 'fitting word' at the fitting time for every class: and cheer and help for any 'lad' who might reveal brain-power: even such a man as SAMUEL DANIEL long ago limned in his 'Duke of Devonshire'

"Mild, affable, and easy of access

He was; but with a due reservedness:

So that the passage to his favours lay

Not common to all Comers; nor yet was

So narrow, but it gave a gentle way

To such as fitly might, or ought to pass"

His books remain to attest the fulness and unreserve, the urgency and wistfulness, with which he 'preached' of the 'so great salvation' and at the same time how with him Religion's 'Ways' were 'Ways of PLEASANTNESS.' [Proverbs III, 17] He doubtless had his own trials as well as his own joys : for then as now it was true

" All things in two lines of glory run  
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid "

Throughout, his outward circumstances were of the type of Agur's prayer " neither poverty nor riches ". Earlier in his longings for his native Kent and home-scenes he had ' sung ' to Thomalin [Tomkins] under his disappointment

" But seeing Fate my happie wish refuses,  
Let me alone enjoy my low estate.  
Of all the gifts that fair Parnassus uses,  
*Onely scorn'd Povertie and Fortune's hate*  
Common I finde to me and to the Muses :  
But with the Muses, welcome poorest fate.  
Safe in my humble cottage will I rest :  
And lifting up from my untainted breast  
A quiet spirit to heav'n, securely live, and blest."

In the same " Miscellanies " too, we come on acquiescing sentiments that could not fail to give a ' silver lining ' to the murkiest cloud. Thus :

“ Against a rich man despising povertie’ he puts  
their differing cases well :

“ If well thou view’s us with no squinted eye  
No partiall judgement, thou wilt quickly rate  
Thy wealth no richer then my povertie ;  
My want no poorer then thy rich estate :  
Our ends and births alike ; in this as I,  
Poore thou wert born and poore again shalt die.”

“ *My little fills my little-wishing minde ;*  
Thou having more then much, yet seekest more :  
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks, to finde ;  
Who wishes, wants ; and who so wants, is poore :  
Then this must follow of necessitie :  
Poore are thy riches, rich my povertie

Though still thou gett’st, yet is thy want not spent,  
But as thy wealth, so growes thy wealthy itch :  
*But with my little I have much content ;*  
Content hath all ; and who hath all, is rich :  
Then this in reason thou must needs confesse,  
If I have little yet that thou hast lesse.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent  
And to His audit liable is ever,  
To reckon, how, and where, and when he spent :  
Then this thou bragg’st, thou art a great receiver :  
*Little my debt, when little is my store :*  
The more thou hast, thy debt still growes the mor<sup>e</sup>.

But seeing God Himself descended down  
T’enrich the poore by His rich povertie ;

His meat, His house, His grave, were not His own,  
Yet all is His from all eternitie :

Let me be like my Head, whom I adore :

Be thou great, wealthie, *I still base and poore.*"

Such seems to have been his 'Watchword' through life: and it is pleasant to find dear old ISAAC WALTON in his classic book thus quoting and solacing himself with the Lines "There came also into my mind," he says "at that time, certain verses in praise of a mean estate and an humble mind: they were written by P. F. an excellent Divine and Angler; in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind, and I wish mine to be like it."\* 'Poverty' is hardly the word for the Rector of Hilgay. The revenue—which is now £1730—must have been considerable. Later, in his posthumously-published "Father's Testament" — of which more already and anon—he thus addresses his children: "Even the sea-monsters draw out breast: they give suck to their young ones (Lamentations iv., 3) I know well my dear children, that it is the father's duty to 'lay up' for his posterity (2 Corinthians xii., 14). Nor am I ignorant or insensible of that heavie censure "If any provide not for his own, and specially

for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." (1 Timothy v. 8); *nor yet forgetful or careless—as God hath or shall enable me in the way of my calling—to provide for you the needful comforts of this life; yet I have learned that ‘one thing is needful’* (Luke x., 42) and that ‘life consists not in abundance’. (Luke xii., 15) Let me speak to you as those Apostles “*Silver and gold*” *I have little* “but such as I have I give you”. (Acts iii., 6) I have ever esteemed you the special blessing which God hath given me upon earth, *and desire to see you rather blessed than rich.* For even the most worldly, though lamentably blinded, affect riches for blessedness, and desire an overflowing wealth for no other end but that they may bathe and swim in a full tide of happiness.\* Again onward: “Much I desire, *if it please God to furnish me with means, and you with parts—to see you bred up in all humane literature, that you may not be (as too many) a burthen only to others, meer cyphers in the world, to fill it up with idle numbers: but much more do I longue to see you trained up in the School of Christ, to be taught of Him as the truth is in Jesus.*”†

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\* pp. 1—3. † Page 164.

These extracts from the “Father’s Testament” —another of his overlooked and absolutely unused prose-treatises — serve to shew the affectionate anxiety cherished by our Worthy for the best interests of his Family, and assure us that he would have said ‘Amen’ to golden-mouthed JEREMY TAYLOR’s sweetest of sweet words : “No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man’s heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges ; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.”\* This is more fully stated in the ‘Epistle’ prefixed from the pen of *clarum et venerabile nomen*—DR. JOHN ARROWSMITH. It is as follows : “The designe of the authour in this little book was at first the private use only and benefit of his own children and relations. Growing towards old age, and consequently sensible that shortly he must leave them in this wilderness state, wherein they would meet with more than one ignis-fatuus to lead them out of the right way to bliss—it being natural to all the children of men

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\* Sermons : ‘The Marriage-ring.’

to go astray after and take up their rest in, present enjoyments and the things of sense—he was willing therefore to point as with his finger, at those rocks and dangerous præcipes they might meet with here. And to chaulk out that narrow way that leadeth to the true, future and eternall happiness. So that having recourse to this small clue, which is spun out of and grounded upon the Word of Truth, it might be, through the good hand of God, a direction in their passage: being mindful therein of the duty of a parent, and knowing the dying words of a friend, specially of a father, hath many times a deep impression.” What succeeds by way of deprecation will excite a smile: “That he hath concluded each chapter with some poetick lines, I hope, will be no offence to any, ingenuous reader, nor reputed a blemish to the gravity of the profession of the Author. It may testifie thus much, that he was a lover of the Muses: to which none that knew him but will readily assent.” The erudite ARROWSMTH adds a few well-turned Lines, which may find place here:

“ Go little book and to the world present  
 Out of God’s two, one Father’s Testament:  
 Shew it a *Fletcher*, with his quiver full  
 Of David’s arrowes, labouring to beget  
 Each child again: the Muses in Christ’s School

Plainness and pains in one, witt and grace mett.  
Go challenge that which is deserv'd by few  
A poet's laurel with a preacher's due."

Our little life-Story is well-nigh told. I regret that after search and research utterly disproportionate to the result, the circumstances and date of his death remain uncertain. My predecessors have given—Archdeacon TODD in his MILTON '1649' and George Ellis in his "Specimens," and most '1650' for his death: but no evidence is adduced, and I do not see that it can be accurate. There is no entry of his death and interment at HILGAY: no memorial whatever of his having either died or been buried there; while the last 'record' by him in the Register is in '1648'. I fear the conclusion is inevitable that he was among the fugitives and a 'Sufferer' of the Church (of England), though WALKER who has [mis] chronicled so many other worthless names, names not him. There are also peculiarities in regard to his successor. BLOMEFIELD under the Rectors of Hilgay has the following:

"1650: Arthur Towers, admitted by the Committee for Plundered Ministers."\*

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\* vii., 369.



A fact questionless : but it is nowhere stated that FLETCHER was then dead or even that he had resigned : Moreover so late as 1658 in the Register, TOWERS signs the burial of his wife as ' clerk ' only : and not until 1660 as ' Rector ' (along with two churchwardens) : and in 1675 he was buried. I suspect that FLETCHER had to ' flee ' between 1648 and 1650 : and that he probably survived even The Restoration of 1660,—though it is hard to explain how in such case one ' so worthy ' did not emerge from the shadows of the sorrowful period. I am confirmed in my surmise of his prolonged life, not only by the absence of any ' entry ' of death or burial at Hilgay—where surely it was inevitable had he died there—but also by an expression of Dr. ARROWSMITH's in introducing his posthumous " Father's Testament." This golden volume was published in 1670, and these are the words of its Editor. " The original came into my hands not long after his decease which was *several years since* : and having lately been importuned by friends that have perused it, to publish it, at first found some reluctancy. But if that which was intended for private may be any way serviceable to the public, it will be sufficient satisfaction to me : and I am confident no way displeasing to his relatives. *And the*

*rather in that it may be instrumental to preserve the memory of the pious Author."* One can hardly imagine a scholar of Arrowsmith's accuracy using "several years since" to cover TWENTY YEARS: which it must do if 1649—1650 be accepted as the year of his death. I had hoped to have found him laid beside his father in St. Catherine Coleman, Fenchurch Street Church: but the Fire played havoc with the monuments and I have failed to trace him. Like another 'mighty name'—JOHN GOODWIN—he may have gone away out and contemporary to the Land of Light from amid the blackness and dolour of 'The Plague' of 1660. Be it so: as JAMES SHIRLEY puts it,

—————"He had not lived  
After the rate to fear another World."\*

or as he himself in his great Poem,

"... who in life have daily learn't to die,  
And dead to this, live to a life more high:  
Sweetly in Death they sleep, and slumb'ring quiet lie"

He would then be a white-headed old man. Perchance he found and felt himself ill-fitted to take part in the controversial animosities and

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\* Honoria and Mammon v. II. † Purple Island. XII. 38.

clangour of the age : and so withdrew quietly and meekly to some serene haven such as in his young prime he had yearned after. These dainty lines of JAMES MONTGOMERY seem to realize his course to us :

“ Almighty skill in Ocean’s caves  
Lends the light Nautilus a form  
To tilt along the Atlantic waves  
Fearless of rock or shoal or storm ;  
But should a breath of Danger sound  
With sails quick furl’d it dives profound  
*And far beneath the Tempest’s path  
In coral grots defies the foe  
That never brake, in heaviest wrath,  
The Sabbath of the deep below.”\**

As earlier suggested, passionate and strong as ST. JOHN was while young, like ST. JOHN also, my ideal of him is an ‘old man’ mellowed and softened venerably. His ‘Sylva Poetica’ unless I misinterpret certain Lines,—had flung out a sorry epigram against the member for Cambridge—one Oliver Cromwell [!]<sup>1</sup>—but even loyalist PHINEAS FLETCHER, if he survived the ‘Restoration’ could not but shudder over its

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\* Thoughts and Images: Poems p. 323, (collective edition, 1851.)

wild licence compared with the austere purity of the Puritan Commonwealth.\*

That he was not forgotten on 'dying,' that contrariwise 'friends' and 'relations' treasured his venerable memory, is evidenced by the posthumous publication of his 'Father's Testament.' But it chagrins one that with hundreds of 'Funeral Sermons' for insignificancies,—duly 'in print'—none should have been preached or at least published, on one so eminent as our Worthy: and equally so that wearily minute about others and other matters, none of his Puritan-associates recorded his 'end' and sepulture. The 'sweet dust' is in His great keeping.† His 'Widow' I cannot

\* I refer to the couplet 'In Nasutum' and the lines that follow "In homuncionem igniter atque insigniter nasutum." 'Homuncio' certainly is an extraordinary term for such a giant-man as was our great Oliver: but knowing the Royalist contemporary references to Cromwell's 'nose' I can't avoid the interpretation above. See more in 'Sylva Poetica' *in loco*.

† I have stated *ante*, that the last signature of Phineas Fletcher in the Hilgay 'Register' is in 1648. The following is an exact account. This signature—with the Christian name variously abbreviated—regularly occurs at the foot of every page from 1621 (where the first entry in his handwriting is of date 1 of November) until the page which ends 17 of October, 1645. This page is signed by

believe to be designated in this entry under '1654:' 'Elizabeth Fletcher, widdow. Buried Nov. 6.' One must doubt of such a bald 'notice' of (to say no more) the 'widdow' of a former clergyman of the Parish.\*

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him, and there are half-a-dozen entries in his hand on the following page, down to 12 April 1646: but the rest of the page is *not* in his writing and is not signed at all at the foot as usual. On the next page to this, Fletcher's own entries re-commence with 28 March, 1647, and the pages are signed as before 'Sic testor, Ph. Fletcher, rector.' Six more entries by him follow over the leaf, down to 'Mar[riages] Thomas Tawnie and Mary Dey, married December 27th' (1648). Here his writing ceases altogether unless the entry of "Old Goodman Lamson, buried Jan. 9th," be by him, after three entries by another hand, all dated January 7th, and not in that of 1646. It is right to state that the Hilgay 'Register' during several years of the Commonwealth-period is badly kept. *e.g.* the year 1651 has but two entries and the following only one. It is therefore not impossible that Phineas Fletcher may have died and been buried at Hilgay and no entry have been made: yet not very probable surely? The entries too are some of them put in out of their chronological order as if inserted at a later period.

\* It will be noticed, however, that this 'widow' bears the same Christian name with the Poet's wife. If this were his 'widow', then he must have died before 1654: and putting the absence of his Register-signatures and

The Register and church-yard of HILGAY, shew that some of the Family married in the district. Thus, on September 21st 1676 'Francis Dey' is married to a 'Katherine Fletcher.' On July 3rd, 1682, a son 'William' was married to 'Jane Kidd' and on January 31st 1683, they have a daughter 'Margaret' baptized, and later (1685) 'William' and still later 'Elizabeth.' Again, on November 5th, 1690 we have a baptism 'Fletcher, ye son of George Dearsly and Margaret his wife': this 'George Dearsly,' having probably been a yeoman of some substance, as he held the office of Churchwarden in 1696, 1703, and other years. On June 24th, 1716 there is a marriage 'Richard Saunders and Anne Fletcher' and on September 27th, 1762 the marriage of that Fletcher Dearsly whose marriage is given above, to Elizabeth Kinne 'both of Hilgay.' On February 7th, 1768 was buried this 'Elizabeth' and in 1770 'William Fletcher' and 'Fletcher Dearsley'. The last has a special interest for us. Over his grave lies an old stone which, with Old-Mortality-like reverence, the present Rector of Hilgay (Rev. J. W. Parkes,

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entries from 1648 and Tower's accession in 1650 together, in such case his death falls between 1648 and 1650. But until further light come I must hold as in text above.

M.A.)—to whom and his Curate (Rev. John H. Clark, M.A.) I am also indebted for these details—has deciphered for me. It runs thus:

TO THE MEMORY OF  
FLETCHER DERSLEY [sic] AND  
ELIZABETH HIS WIFE:  
HE WAS GRANDSON OF PHINEAS FLETCHER  
SOME TIME RECTOR OF THIS PARISH  
AND UPWARDS OF FORTY YEARS CLERK  
AN HONEST INOFFENSIVE MAN  
AND AS SUCH  
VALUED BY ALL HIS NEIGHBOURS.  
HE DIED DEC. 7, 1770, AGED 80  
SHE • JULY 5, 1768. • 69.

The dates suggest our understanding 'great-grandson' by the 'grandson' in this inscription.

The DEARSLEYS are still represented in the Parish. The last occurrence of the name of Fletcher in the Hilgay 'Register' is '1794'. Elizab<sup>th</sup> Fletcher, daughter [of] J<sup>no</sup> and Jane Fletcher, Baptized March 29 '\*.

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\* Since my Memoir was written, I have received from the present excellent Curate of Hilgay (as before) further information relating to the descendants of our Post. I give an extract from his last letter (10th October, 1868)

Thus somewhat lowlily perhaps, but not unworthily, closes our memorial of PHINEAS FLETCHER. Almost literally does winsome Isaak's ending of his Memoir of GEORGE HERBERT hold of our 'pastor' and 'sweet-singer' and so I end mine with it: "I have

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"I have seen two old people here who both consider themselves to be great-grand-daughters of Fletcher Dearsley: but who utterly ignore any consanguinity, and are both alike in never having heard of the fame of Phineas Fletcher. I think myself, that there is little doubt that they are of the same descent, and probably the one branch springs from Thomas and the other from William, sons of Fletcher Dearsley, the Parish clerk. The latter family—descended from a William Dearsley who was Parish clerk, and probably succeeded his father—is better to do in the world than the other. An old lady of this branch to whom I have just been speaking says, that a nephew of hers would have been christened Fletcher but for the strong objection his mother had to the name. On the other hand the poorer branch who are only in the labouring class, assert most strongly that Fletcher Dearsley was their ancestor. I think therefore it may be safely concluded, that if the gravestone of Fletcher Dearsley is true or mainly true [of which there can be no doubt. G.] we have many descendants of the Poet still among us. His reputation as a Poet was perhaps scarcely known to his own parishioners: so that the absence of tradition on this point need not go for much."



given thee only these linements of his mind, and thou mayst fully serve thyself of this book, in what virtue of his thy soul longeth after. His practice it was, and his character it is: his, as Author and his as object: yet lo! the humility of this gracious man! He had small esteem of this Book, and but very little of his Poems. Though God had magnified him with extraordinary gifts, yet said he, ‘God has broken into my Study, and taken off my chariot wheels: I have nothing worthy of God.’ And even this lowliness in his own eyes doth more advance their worth and his virtues”. And so he went to his Rest and Reward:

—————“’twere happy  
If I may find a lodging there at last  
Though my poore soul get thither upon crutches.”\*

Turn the leaf now gentle Reader for an Essay on the Poetry of the FLETCHERS:

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

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\* Shirley, The Duke's Mistress, Act V., scene iv.



## Essay on the Poetry of the Fletchers.

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**I** DO not know that I owe an Apology for gathering into an Essay, such remarks, elucidatory and critical, as have occurred to me, concerning the Poetry of the 'Two Brothers'—PHINEAS and GILES FLETCHER—now for the first time collected and edited in anything approaching completeness and accurate reproduction of the original text, or in worthy form. But while to the (necessarily) select circle of those to whom the *Fuller Memorial Library* comes, the Works themselves might suffice—each reader being left to search out what of rare and vivid, beautiful and memorable, is to be found therein, —it nevertheless is my hope that some little service may be rendered even to them—as to others—if from many-yeared loving and reverent familiarity with these fine old Singers, I illustrate their characteristics, estimate, or give materials for estimate, of their distinctive worth, and trace

their influence, contemporary and later: and so help to vindicate their too-long withheld claim, to a high place in the roll of the Poets of England. With the exception of WILLMOTT, in his golden 'Lives' of the Sacred Poets,—but he only in relation to GILES FLETCHER—extant criticism has been based on the merest 'shreds and patches'—'purple patches' I allow—of extracts, and second-hand traditionary common-places of quotation. For example—and they are typical—you have on the one hand HENRY HEADLY (in his 'Select Specimens') telling us that 'Christ's Victorie' is a "rich and picturesque poem *unlivened by IMPERSONATION*"—the antithesis of the fact as will appear: and more recently such-an-one as S. C. HALL (in his 'Book of Gems') lavishing (apparently) well-weighed epithets in laudation of 'Elegies' that have no existence, and confirming his own verdict on the 'Piscatory Eclogues' with learning from COLERIDGE, on another altogether, in a way that self-convicts him of never having read them, inasmuch as though their title be 'Piscatory' they have nothing whatever to do with angling, save in their slight framework and title. His condemnation of classical names and allusions brought together at random from scattered

stanzas manifests amazing if also amusing ignorance, alike of them and the Poem.\*

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\* I may give the criticism in a foot-note, *in extenso* : “Of Christ’s Victory we may speak in terms of the highest praise. The Poet has exhibited a fertility of invention and a rich store of fancy, worthy of the sublime subject. The style is lofty and energetic, the descriptions natural and graphic, and the construction of the verse graceful and harmonious. But unhappily he has introduced among his sacred themes—the birth, temptation, passion, resurrection and ascension of the Saviour—so many characters from and allusions to profane history, as often to jar upon the sense and to render the poet justly liable to the charges of bad taste and inconsistency. Giles Fletcher indeed had no power in selecting his thoughts, or his reputation might have equalled his genius. He refers to the Graces, Mount Olympus, the Trojan boy, the Titans, ‘wild Pentheus,’ ‘staring Orestes,’ Orpheus, Deucalion, Bacchus, Pan, Adonis, Arcady, Mount Ida, and the honey of Hybla—references that bear us away from the solemn grandeur of his great theme.”

What would become of ‘Lycidas’ if its classical names and allusions were thus at hap-hazard thrown together? Our readers will find in our Essay nearly all the passages containing our Poet’s classical references : and it may safely be left to them to make their own vindication from criticism of this type. How any man could place between quotation-marks, ‘wild Pentheus’ and ‘staring Orestes’ ‘Ida’ and pronounce against the supremely grand text

Our 'Memoirs' have shown that PHINEAS—not GILES as usually supposed—was the elder of our two Poets : but as the quaint Puritan Preachers were wont quaintly to play on the ancient story of Esau and Jacob, the younger gat the 'blessing'

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which contains them, is something to be placed in the 'Curiosities of Criticism' if a second D'Israeli ever be found to prepare such a volume. The Coleridge confirming references are intended to account for the coldness of 'Piscatories', which coldness (alleged) is explained from their subject being the 'cold' (blooded I suppose) fishes : intimating thereby that 'fishes' and 'fishing' form the staple of Fletcher's 'Piscatory Eclogues' which they don't.

Further, on PHINEAS FLETCHER : "Among his miscellaneous pieces the reader will find many of rare beauty : and in his Elegies there is a tone of deep sadness admirably in keeping with the solemnity of the subjects." The only 'Elegy' of Phineas Fletcher is that called 'Elisa.' Can 'Elegies' be a misprint for 'Eclogues' ? [The Book of Gems : The Poets and Artists of Great Britain. By S. C. Hall 3 vols. 8vo. 1848] On such criticism as this of Mr. S. C. Hall's, I gladly avail myself of a good *bit* in Dr. MACDONALD'S 'Antiphon'—all the more readily, that I must handle 'Antiphon' somewhat roughly onward :—"As regards classical allusions in connexion with sacred things, I would remind my reader of the great reverence our ancestors had for the classics, from the great influence they had in reviving the literature of the country." (p 153

from the First-born: or in plainer prose, published his chief poem long before his brother's appeared —albeit without one touch of '*supplanting*,' for never was there more winsome friendship than theirs. Hence it seems desirable to speak of GILES FLETCHER first.

Turning then to 'Christ's Victorie and Triumph in Heauen and Earth, over and after Death,' it is due to the Poet to keep in mind its date, viz. 1610. Preceding thus, even in publication, and much more in composition by upwards of half-a-century 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained' it has the distinction of having been the first 'sacred' poem of any considerable length, that has left its mark on English Literature. I am very well aware that prior to '1610' Antiquarianism has dug out (so-called) religious verse: but comparison therewith were preposterous. You may cull from some of them a radiant metaphor, a melodious couplet, a finely-touched epithet, a pregnant thought: but you have no other single Poem before 'Christ's Victorie' whose whole warp and woof, substance and adornment, are 'sacred': so that in the outset, as the pioneer of England's religious Poetry in Epic or semi-Epic form, GILES FLETCHER demands grateful recognition. We can only surmise the deduction that

might have been called for from this, had we the lost treasure of SPENSER's 'Ecclesiastes', 'Canticum Canticorum', 'Hours of Our Lord' and the 'Sacrifice of a Sinner.' WITHER and QUARLES, HERBERT and CRASHAW and Vaughan, followed not preceded him. SOUTHWELL's 'St. Peter's Complaint' is too short to be named with 'Christ's Victorie'.

Cognate with this honour of firstness—if the word be allowable—among the 'sacred' Singers of our Country, is the simple, idiomatic, capital English, of 'Christ's Victorie'. Hitherto your editors and compilers have with stupid and uncritical supererogation modernized the orthography of this great Poem.\* Never was the unhallowed process less called for: never so like to rough-handed brushing off the exquisite powder from a moth's wing or the meal from an auricula. Our text—as in every case—is from the Poet's

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\* Few—I suspect—are aware, that even GEORGE HERBERT, at this day,—notwithstanding well-nigh countless editions,—has never been truthfully produced. The beautiful ones, as books, variously published by Pickering and re-issued by Bell and Daldy, are ALL *modernized* in the orthography and otherwise uncritical—all indeed for philological ends worthless, and equally for the study of the inner life of our national Literature.

own, and the most hasty perusal will satisfy, that the great body of the wording is pure un-archaic English, easily intelligible, terse, compact, musical. With all one's allegiance to SPENSER, it is trying to feel, much more to think, one's way through the tropically thorny luxuriance of his language. And yet Master GILES FLETCHER was a 'growing lad' when 'dear Colin' was laid softly in Westminster. Comparing 'Christ's Victorie' with earlier and later Poems, I think it deserves no common praise for the naturalness, spontaneousness, inevitableness, of its English. The stanza is a modification of what is called the Spenserian, and it is astonishing how little of the contortion of the Sybil there is with the flood-tide of her inspiration, how much of the naked strength and disdainful greenness of the old English oak, without its nodosities. The perfection of the thought is equalled by the perfection of its utterance. There is the grand simplicity about it of our English Bible of 1611. And hence a familiar, sweetly 'common' sound in its every line almost. I open a chance page: and how vital, how modern-like are these stanzas that first meet my eye! He is describing 'the faire Idea' of God as 'Mercie.'



If any aske why roses please the sight?  
 Because their leaues vpon thy cheekes doe bowre:  
 If any aske why lilhes are so white?  
 Because their blossoms in thy hand doe flowre:  
 Or why sweet plants so gratefull odours shoure?  
 It is because Thy breath so like they be:  
 Or why the Orient sunne so bright we see?  
 What reason can we giue, but from Thine eies, and  
 The?

Ros'd all in liuely crimson as Thy cheeks,  
 Whear beawties indeflourishing abide,  
 And, as to passe his fellowe either seekes,  
 Seemes both doe blush at one another's pride,  
 And on Thine eyelids, waiting Thee beside  
 Ten thousand Graces sit, and when they moone  
 To Earth their amorous belgards from aboue,  
 They flie from Heau'n, and on their wings conuey Thy  
 loue

All of discolour'd plumes their wings ar made,  
 And with so wondrous art the quills ar wrought,  
 That whensoere they cut the ayrie glade,  
 The winde into their hollow pipes is caught:  
 As seemes the spheres with them they down haue  
 brought:

Like to the seauenfold reede of Arcadie,  
 Which Pan of Syrinx made, when she did flie  
 To Ladon sands, and at his sighs sung merily.

As melting hony, dropping from the combe,  
 So still the words, that spring between Thy lipps:  
 Thy lippes, whear smiling Sweetnesse keepes her home,

And heau'nly Eloquence pure manna sipps :  
 He that his pen but in that fountaine dipps,  
     How nimbly will the golden phrases flie,  
     And shed forth streames of choycest rhetorie,  
 Welling celestially torrents out of poesie !

Like as the thirstie land in Summer's heat,  
 Calls to the cloudes, and gapes at euerie showre,  
 As though her hungry clifts all heau'n would eat,  
 Which if high God into her bosom powre,  
 Though much refresht, yet more she could deuoure ;  
     So hang the greedie ears of angels sweete,  
     And euery breath a thousand Cupids meete,  
 Some flying in, some out, and all about her feet.\*

#### Again of CHRIST :

' He is a path, if any be misled,  
 He is a robe, if any naked bee ;  
 If any chaunce to hunger, He is bread,  
 If any be a bondman, He is free,  
 If any be but weake, howe strong is Hee !  
     To dead men life He is, to sicke men health,  
     To blinde men sight, and to the needie wealth,  
 A pleasure without losse, a treasure without stealth.†

Subsequent appropriations have vulgarized and made (now) trite the illustrations here : but this only the more calls for our appreciation of their

\* Our edition pp 111—113 c l. 45—49.

† *Ibid*, page 126, c l. 77.

*original.* By the way, the dainty fancies of the 'portraicture' of 'Mercie' have always reminded me of THOMAS CAREW's 'Song (1642)

'Aske me no more where Love bestowes  
When Iune is past, the fading rose :  
For in your beautie's orient deep  
These flowers, as in their causes, sleepe '\*

The light-hearted 'Sewer in Ordinary to his Majesty' had a deeper and more serious vein : and I think it were not difficult to produce other reminiscences of our Poet unconsciously taken—as the flavour of musk or rose-attar is by mere contact. I say more of CAREW in the preceding Memoir.

Another noticeable thing about 'Christ's Victorie' as in the mightier 'Paradise Lost' is the atmosphere of personal devoutness which surrounds it. While contemporaries were invoking after the Pagan fashion, the 'Muses' and other shadowy Patronesses, and seeking at most the refreshment of Helicon not 'Siloa's brook,' GILES FLETCHER with adoring faith, and glowing gratitude for what 'the grace of God' had done for

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\* Poems by Thomas Carew, Esquire . . . . . 2d. edn. 1642, page 180.

him, turns to the Giver of every good and perfect gift and looks to Him for inspiration and 'fit words.' A penetrative Critic, already named, has remarked hereon: "Milton's invocation to the Holy Spirit in *Paradise Lost* is considered by Mr. Dunster 'supremely beautiful': it does not surpass the solemn and enraptured piety of Fletcher."\* Another has made the same comparison and doubted whether MILTON "equals this splendid and massive invocation."† We may read this earlier Introduction and 'Invocation', which it will be remembered we saw to be of profound biographic value:

'The birth of Him that no beginning knewe,  
Yet giues beginning to all that are borne;  
And how the Infinite farre greater grew  
By growing lesse, and how the rising Morne  
That shot from heau'n did† backe to heau'n retourne:

\* Willmott's 'Lives' as before: 1st. edn. page 42: 'Paradise Regained' is by oversight referred to for *Paradise Lost*.

† Review of Willmott in *Frazer's Magazine*, October 1839 Vol xx p 401.

‡ In our edition of GILES FLETCHER we note that CHALMERS and SOUTHEY misprint here 'and' for 'did': and so throw the fine opening stanza into (grammatical) confusion. See our Preface in the present Volume for more on this.

The obsequies of Him that could not die,  
 And death of life, ende of eternitie :  
 How worthily He died, that died vnworthily ;—

How God and man did both embrace each other,  
 Met in one person, Heau'n and Earth did kiss ;  
 And how a virgin did become a mother,  
 And bare that Sonne Who the world's Father is,  
 And maker of His mother ; and how bliss  
 Descended from the bosome of the High,  
 To cloath Himself in naked miserie,  
 Sayling at length to Heau'n, in Earth, triumphantly,\*

\* In this place of 'Christ's Victorie,' I refer to Palmr's 'Christian Paradoxes' (our edition of Giles Fletcher p. 92). Besides Fletcher himself, I have met with kindred 'Paradoxes' elsewhere, indeed abundantly. I note here the gentle SOUTHWELL in his "Nativity of Christ" published along with "St. Peter's Complaint" in 1634, and so long subsequent to our Poet :

"Behold the father is his daughter's son  
 The bird that built the nest is hatch'd therein.  
 The old of years an hour hath not outrun,  
 Eternal life to live doth now begin,  
 The Word is dumb, the mouth of heaven doth weep,  
 Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep."  
 So too CRASHAW, later still, in his 'Steps to the Temple'  
 (1646) :

Welcome all wonders in one sight !  
 Eternity shut in a span !  
 Summer in Winter ! day in night !

Is the first flame wherewith my whiter Muse  
 Doth burne in heavenly loue, such loue to tell :  
 O THOU THAT DIDST THIS HOLY FIRE INFUSE,  
 AND TAUGHT'ST THIS BREST—BUT LATE THE GRAVE  
 OF HELL,  
 WHEREIN A BLIND AND DEAD HEART LIU'D—TO SWELL  
 WITH BETTER THOUGHTS, SEND DOWNE THOSE LIGHTS  
 THAT LEND  
 KNOWLEDGE, HOW TO BEGIN, AND HOW TO END  
 THE LOUE, THAT NEUER WAS, NOR EUER CAN BE  
 PEN'D.\*

I grant, if it be pressed, that there is in the  
 outset somewhat of the 'conceits' of a later age

Heaven in earth! and God in man!  
 Great little one, Whose all-embracing birth  
 Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth."

(*'Hymn of the Nativity'*: Works, p. 37.)

Cf. also his *Sospetto d'Herode*, stanzas 21—24. I am  
 obliged to quote from Turnbull's editions of Southwell  
 and Crashaw: but I must protest against his moderniza-  
 tion of the orthography and careless readings in not a few  
 places. Mr. J. R. Smith's otherwise beautiful and accept-  
 able *'Library of Old Authors'* I must reluctantly state,  
 is rendered of no value to the student by this uncritical  
 treatment of the orthography. As such books are too  
 good to be appreciated by other than the book-lover and  
 student, it seems a pity to cater to the half-instructed.

\* Our edition pp. 91, 92, c. i., 1—3.

(curiously enough): but the informing 'ideas' are grand and as stated *ante*, they found subsequently larger utterance in the 'Christian Paradoxes' of HERBERT PALMER, that were deep and wise enough to usurp unchallenged for two centuries, the great name of BACON. The 'conceits' in them are in kind with the 'clothing-adornments' male and female, of the Period: fantastic ruff, but of the 'finest linen', oddly-shapen head-dress, bosom-dress, foot-dress: but gleaming with jewels of the first water: stiff, cumbrous, awkward altogether, yet the vesture of foremost, steep-browed men and 'ladies fair.'

The intensity of the Poet's own Love and Faith, Hope and Graciousness lies over his Poem—like a bar of sunlight—as one has seen such shattering itself in dazzling glory against a heath-purpled mountain-side. In unexpected turns, in equally unexpected places, you are reminded that you have no mere Singer working artistically but a 'Saint'—in the Bible not Mediæval-Papistical meaning—pouring out the glad Worship of his whole nature—a nature rich of faculty in itself and enriched with celestial riches. This inworking into the very 'stuff' of his Poem, of his own personality, imparts a tender human-ness to it:

and came of that brave self-estimate or in another sense fine naturalness, which belongs to the greatest of our great names among those who have insight,—SHAKESPEARE, and touchingly BACON, MILTON, SIR THOMAS BROWNE. Approve or condemn, accept or reject, it is something to feel as you read that a man's own warm blood not the mere ink of his pen, flows and thrills through his book. I apprehend that everything immortal in Literature has had this basis of reality and personalness. Thus I explain the abidingness of your lilt of a Song when the ambitious outside-fashioned great Poem has passed into forgetfulness. WILLIAM COWPER and ERASMUS DARWIN were contemporaries : but how has the lowlier russet outlasted the glittering Bal-masque costume, a genuine human heart beneath the one, a piece of mechanism, like a skeleton-clock, within the other : the one pure, true, beating, the other movement without life, energy without appliance. The bearing of this on our Poet—and in his favour—needs not to be pointed out.

Passing now to the subject and plan of 'Christ's Victorie' the former must be admitted to have been well and definitely chosen : and the latter if it have disadvantages has also rare advantages to one of the cast of genius of GILES FLETCHER.



With respect to his subject, as we have seen, it sprung very much out of the Poet's heart-wish to 'magnify' his Saviour, to exalt His 'triumph' and to command allegiance by commending Him as the potent but gentle, gentle but potent Conqueror. With respect again, to the plan of the Poem, while the more carefully and vigilantly comparison is made, it will be found that the Personifications of 'Christ's Victorie' hold their own against those of 'The Fairie Queen' it must be conceded that the ground-idea of a succession of such Personifications is to be traced to SACKVILLE in his 'Induction' to the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, and to SPENSER. SACKVILLE, LORD BRICKHURST, would be none the less dear to FLETCHER, that 'uncle RICHARD'—afterwards Bishop—had obtained from him his first Living—as seen in the *Memoir of Phineas*—and both the brothers take every opportunity of paying homage to SPENSER—as will appear more fully in our examination of PHINEAS'S Poetry. In the 'Epistle' to 'the Reader' of our GILES, it will be remembered he thus speaks "our—I know no name more glorious then his own—Mr. Edmund Spencer."

Thus 'led' of his master to elect Personification as the medium whereby he would give 'form

and pressure' to his thick-coming conceptions, very magnificent is the Gallery of 'portraits' into which he introduces us, some having the sharp-defined lines and 'breathing' expression of Sculpture, and some the glow, the radiance, the life, of the ancient Masters of portrait-painting, and not a few of those accessories of landscape back-ground and clouded or luminous sky, for which they are scarcely less remarkable.

It was not at all difficult to so opulent a mind as our Poet's to discern the fitness of such a subject as 'Christ's Victorie' for such a treatment as self-evidently, he designed from the commencement. Looking at the first part which sings of the 'Victorie' in Heaven, there were at once all the attributes of the ALMIGHTY God to hinder the 'salvation' of fallen and guilty Man, and these in apparent conflict. And so there rose up before the creative imagination of the Singer his splendid 'Personifications' of JUSTICE and MERCY, and in association with them and in the same large, grand mould, REPENTANCE and FAITH, and subsidiary to each, attendants admitting of equally striking Personification. Looking at the second part or the 'Victorie' of Christ on Earth, there was The Temptation—afterwards selected by MILTON for 'Paradise Regained'—with its three-fold 'lures'

to DESPAIR, PRESUMPTION and VAIN-GLORY, with their varying elements and contrivances: than which it is scarcely possible to conceive more apt materials for his purpose of Personification, or more affluent in circumstance or more suggestive in agencies, inviting thereto. Given the 'temptation' to DESPAIR, how real does it make the whole, to have Christ face-to-face with a Being in his 'cave' of dolour and darkness: given the 'temptation' to PRESUMPTION, how most actual is it to have her taking the Lord to her 'pavilion' of phantom and insecure attainment: and given the 'temptation' to VAINGLORY, how life-like to find her in the gorgeous 'Garden,' and in that Garden, LUXURY and AMBITION, LUST and AVARICE. Looking at the third part, or the 'Victorie' of Christ over Death and the fourth part, or his 'Victorie' after Death, the Personifications in them have the same character of inevitableness. Throughout—much more than in SPENSER and equal to the 'Induction'—the Personifications are substantive not shadowy, intensely even awfully real Beings, wherewith you are haunted as by the 'characters'—shall I say?—in JOHN BUNYAN's immortal Allegory. The Personifications of COLLINS and GRAY are bloodless, bodiless, beside the outstanding creations of GILES

FLETCHER. The later Poets describe, the earlier makes appear, the former give you a felicitous epithet, the latter acts, that make the blackness or brightness of the personality fall across his page and your spirit. It may be treason to traditional criticism to say so : nevertheless I must say that the Personifications of the 'Ode to the Passions' and the 'Progress of Poetry' grow thin and ghostly beside the great Personalities of SPENSER and SACKVILLE and the FLETCHERS. There is a *dilettantism* about COLLINS and GRAY's imaginative Poetry that to me is decisive of the question of 'genius' as distinguished from talent and artistic skill. The 'Ode' to the memory of THOMSON and the 'Elegy,' belong to a different region altogether.

Returning upon this matter of the Personifications of 'Christ's Victorie' : which,—as the chosen medium whereby he would reveal his poetic genius and whereon he lavished his most cunning workmanship,—is *the* distinguishing characteristic of the Poem, I would now present a few examples. For power such as MICHAEL ANGELO alone among men has shewn in his 'wizard sphere', JUSTICE stands out preëminent, as for loveliness does MERCY : and these two may suffice. Mercy is introduced as 'pleading' with God the Father for MAN : but JUSTICE stands forth, and her

interposition is grandly conceived. I italicize some lines for after-reference.

“ But IUSTICE had no sooner MERCY seen  
 Smoothing the wrinkles of her Father's browe,  
 But vp she starts, and throwes herselfe betweene :  
*As when a vapour, from a moory slough,*  
*Meeting with fresh Eoüs, that but now*  
*Open'd the world, which all in darknesse lay,*  
*Doth heau'ns bright face of his rayes disaray,*  
*And sads the smiling Orient of the springing day.*

She was a virgin of austere regard ;  
 Not as the world esteemes her, deafe and blind ;  
*But as the eagle, that hath oft compar'd*  
*Her eye with heau'n's : so, and more brightlg shin'd*  
*Her lamping sight ; for she the same could winde*  
 Into the solid heart, and with her eares  
 The silence of the thought loude speaking heares,  
*And in one hand a paire of euen scoals [scales] she weares.*

No riot of affection reuell kept  
 Within her brest, but a still apathy  
 Possessèd all her soule, which softly slept  
 Securely, without tempest ; no sad crie  
 Awakes her pittie, but wrong'd pouertie,  
 Sending her eyes to heau'n swimming in teares,  
 With hideous clamours euer struck her eares,  
*Whetting the blazing sword, that in her hand she beares.*

The winged Lightning is her Mercury,  
 And round about her mightie thunders sound :  
 Impatient of himselfe lies pining by

Pale Sicknes with his kercher'd head vpwound,  
And thousand noysome plagues attend her round ;  
    And if her clowdie browe but once growe foule,  
    The flints doe melt, and rocks to water rowle,  
And ayrie mountaines shake, and frighted shadowes  
    howle.

Famine, and bloodles Care, and bloodie Warre,  
Want, and the want of knowledge how to vse  
Abundance, Age, and *Feare, that runnes afarre*  
*Before his fellowe Greefe, that aye pursues*  
*His winged steps ;* for who would not refuse  
    Greefe's companie, a dull and rawebon'd spright,  
    That lankes the cheekes, and pales the freshest sight,  
Vnbosoming the cheereful brest of all delight.

Before this cursed throng, goes Ignorance,  
That needes will leade the way he cannot see :  
And, after all, *Death, doeth his flag aduance,*  
And, in the midst, Strife still would roaging be,  
Whose ragged flesh and cloaths did well agree :  
    *And round about amazed Horror flies,*  
    And ouer all, Shame veiles his guiltie eyes,  
And vnderneath Hell's hungrie throat still yawning lies.

Vpon two stonie tables, spread before her,  
She lean'd her bosome, more then stonie hard ;  
There slept th' vnpartiall Iudge, and strict restorer  
Of wrong or right, with paine or with reward ;  
There hung the skore of all our debts, the card  
    Whear good, and bad, and life, and death were  
    painted :

Was neuer heart of mortall so vntainted,  
But when that scroule was read, with thousand terrors  
fainted.

Witnes the thunder that mount Sinai heard,  
When all the hill with fire clouds did flame,  
And wandring Israel with the sight afeard,  
*Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,  
But like a wood of shaking leaues became.*

On this dead\* Justice, she, the Liuing Lawe  
Bowing herselfe with a majestique awe,  
*All heau'n, to heare her speech, did into silence drawe. †*

Then follows the address of JUSTICE—somewhat unequal but frequently sublime and impressive—and its effect is thus magnificently given :

\* In our text of the Poem I read 'dread' here, regarding 'dead' as the Author's misprint. But Dr. GEORGE MACDONALD suggests in a pleasant letter to myself, that 'dead' seems to express the contrast between the 'tables of the law' or '*dead* justice' and the Living Law. I still hesitate: but certainly an Author's own text is preferable.

† Our edn. pp. 95-98, c. i. 9—16. SOUTHWELL later, puts the whole into a couplet in his delightful little poem, 'At home in Heaven'—though mis-directed from Christ to Mary's 'beauty':

"It made the rigor of His justice yield  
And crownèd Mercy, Empresse of the field."  
Works by Turnbull, (1856) p. 73, misreads 'vigour'.

Sh eended, and the heau'nly Hierarchies,  
 Burning in zeale, thickly imbranded weare ;  
 Like to an armie that allarum cries,  
 And euery one shakes his ydraded speare,  
 And the Almighty's Selfe, as He would teare  
     The Earth and her firme basis quite in sunder,  
     Flam'd all in iust reuenge and mightie thunder  
 Heau'n stole it selfe from Earth by clouds that moisterd  
     vnder.\*

‘The awful grandeur of the celestial indignation’ observes WILLMOTT, ‘seems to lift itself up in the majesty of these lines. The sudden preparation of the heavenly warriors, the clangor of arms and the uprising of the Deity himself, are splendid images, which are known to the reader of *Paradise Lost* not to have escaped the notice of MILTON. The pause at the beginning of the stanza is a note of solemn preparation.’†

Surely this long—not too long—and sustained passage from a poem dating in publication 1610, and in composition probably ten years if not more prior, were sufficient to vindicate for GILES FLETCHER a far superior recognition to that which he has met. The gifted Biographer of the ‘Sacred

\* Our edn. p 109, c l. 40.

† Lives as before, Vol. i. p. 74.



Poets' it will be noticed, recalls that MILTON had  
 'read' 'Christ's Victorie.' There can be no ques-  
 tion that both the FLETCHERS added to the splendid  
 'spoils' from all books, of the great Poet. This  
 indebtedness to the 'Purple Island' and 'Locustæ'  
 and 'Apollyonists' and other lesser obligations,  
 I shall shew, when we come to examine PHINEAS  
 FLETCHER'S Poetry. But meanwhile glancing back  
 upon the delineation of JUSTICE interposing between  
 the Almighty and MERCY, the fine image of the Eagle  
 is transferred to the 'Arcopagitica': the 'Scales'  
 of one hand re-appears in 'Paradise Lost' and  
 the hush and stillness of the entire Universe wait-  
 ing in awe for the opening of Justice's lips is  
 reproduced in 'Paradise Regained,' when at the  
 conclusion of the address of the Eternal Father  
 to the angel Gabriel

. . . . . 'all heaven  
 Admiring stood a space, then into hymns  
 Burst forth' [B 1. v 170]

The happy phrase 'blinded with seeing' is one  
 of many similar, over which MILTON evidently  
 lingered admiringly. 'Dark with excess of bright'  
 cannot be said to surpass it. The whetted 'bla-  
 zing sword,' the marshalling of the 'Shadows,'  
 the Figure of 'Fear' on his swift far race, the

whirling, centrifugal 'Horror,' the 'wood of shaking leaves' as in the outset, the 'vapours from the moory slough' will arrest the most stone-eyed reader.

From out the tumult and terror of celestial wrath, when JUSTICE had spoken, Mercy steps 'like Morning brought by Night' or as in Frazer 'like a rainbow in the storm.'

"As when the cheerfull Sunne, elamping wide,  
 Glads all the world with his vprising raye,  
 And wooes the widow'd Earth afresh to pride,  
 And paints her bosome with the flowrie Maye,  
 His silent sister steales him quite away,  
 Wrap't in a sable clowde, from mortall eyes ;  
 The hastie starres at noone begin to rise,  
 And headlong to his early roost the sparrowe flies.

But soone as he againe dishadowed is,  
 Restoring the blind world his blemish't sight,—  
*As though another day wear newly ris,*  
 The cooz'ned birds busily take their flight,  
 And wonder at the shortnesse of the night :

So Mercie once again her selfe displayes,  
 Out from her sister's cloud, and OPEN LAYES  
 THOSE SUNSHINE LOOKES, WHOSE BEAMES WOULD DIM  
 A THOUSAND DAYES."

Then dazzled by the vision of his own creation, the Poet exclaims,

'How may a worme, that crawles along the dust,  
*Clamber the azure mountaines, thrown so high,*  
 And fetch from thence thy faire Idea just,  
*That in those sunny courts doth hidden lie,*  
*Cloath'd with such light, as blinde the angels' eye;*  
 How may weake mortall ever hope to file  
 His vnsmooth tongue, and his deprostrate stile?  
 O raise Thou from his corse Thy now entomb'd exile!"\*

Earlier in our Essay we have introduced the  
 'portrait' of Mercy that follows this. I add  
 here the rich-worked delineation of her 'kind  
 offices to man.'

"If any wander, Thou doest call him backe;  
 If any be not forward, Thou incit'st him;  
 Thou doest expect, if any should grow slacke;  
 If any seeme but willing, Thou inuit'st him,  
 Or if he doe offend Thee, Thou acquit'st him;  
 Thou fill'st the lost, and follow'st him that flies,  
 Healing the sicke, and quick'ning him that dies:  
 Thou art the lame man's friendly staffe, the blind man's  
 eyes.

So faire Thou art that all would Thee behold,  
 But none can Thee behold, Thou art so faire-  
 Pardon, O pardon then Thy vassal bold,  
 That with poore shadowes strives Thee to compare,  
 And match the things, which he knowes matchlesse  
 are,

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\* Our edition, p cxi, c 1 41—43.

O thou vive mirrhour of celestiall grace,  
 How can fraile colours pourtraict out Thy face,  
 Or paint in flesh Thy beawtie in such semblance  
 base ?”\*

Mercy now pleads with God the Father, with the noble passion sprung of compassion, and presents the ‘Holy Child.’ Very matterfull and melodious is this ‘intercession’, with its great cry :

“ Oh let not Iustice yron sceptre breake  
 A heart alreadie broke ; that lowe doth creep,  
 And with prone humblesse her feets’ dust doth  
 sweep :

Must all goe by desert ? is nothing free ?  
 Ah ! if but those that onely woorthy be,  
 None should Thee euer see, none should Thee euer see. ’†

The result is to daring thus told :

“ With that the mightie thunder dropt away  
 From God’s vnwarie arme, now milder growne,  
 And melted into teares : as if to pray  
 For pardon, and for pittie, it had knowne,  
 That should haue been for sacred vengeance throwne :  
 Thereto the armies angelique devo’wd  
 Their former rage, and all to Mercie bow’d ;  
 Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly strow’d. ’‡

\* Our edn. pp. 114—115, c. i., 51—52.

† Our edition p. 125, c. i., 75.

‡ Our edn p. 129, c. i., 84.

Then turning her look toward the Earth,  
 where—as one of our Poet's finest lines puts it—  
 to guide the Shepherds to the manger-cradle

‘ A Star comes dauncing up the Orient

in words that might have been interwoven in his  
 cousin's “ Faithful Shepherdess,” or ‘ Comus ’  
 itself, the infant Jesus is thus welcomed by  
 MERCY :

‘ Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flaskets,  
 Painted with euery choicest flowre that growes,  
 That I may soone vnflow'r your fragrant baskets,  
 To strowe the fields with odours whear He goes,  
 Let what so e're He treads on be a rose.

So downe shee let her eyelids fall, to shine  
 Vpon the rivers of bright Palestine,  
 Whose woods drop honie, and her rivers skip with wine.” \*

Place beside this, Crashaw's later ‘ welcome ’ in  
 his ‘ Hymn of Nativity ’:

——‘ when young April's husband showr's  
 Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,  
 We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,  
 To kiss Thy feet, and crown Thy head.  
 To Thee, dread Lamb ! Whose love must keep  
 The shepherds while they feed their sheep.

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\* Our edn. p. 130, c. i., 85.

To Thee meek Majesty, soft King  
 Of simple Graces and sweet Loves!  
 Each of us his lamb will bring,  
 Each his pair of silver doves!  
 At last, in fire of thy fair eyes,  
 Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.”\*

Reverting to the striking account of Mercy’s ‘prevalence’ with God (the Father,) it is very clear from text and context alike, especially the parallels of ‘the Earth’ and ‘the Air’ and ‘the Sea’ and ‘the third Heaven’ in their relation to Mercy,—that THOMAS FULLER drew his inspiration thence in his vivid ‘intercession’ of ‘The Lamb’ with ‘The Father’ in David’s behalf. These two stanzas out of many will prove this :

“ Strait from His throne the Prince of Peace arose  
 And with embraces did His Father binde,  
 Imprisoning His armes, He did so close  
 (As loving iye on an oake did winde  
 And with her curling flexures it betraile)  
 His Father glad to finde His force to fayle  
 Strugel’d as one not willing to prevaile:

Thus then began the Spotlesse Lamb to speake  
 One word of Whom would rend the sturdy rocke,  
 Make hammer-scorning adamant to breake,

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\* Works by Turnbull, p. 41.

And vnto sense perswade the senselesse stocke,  
Yea God Himselfe that knowes not to repent :  
Is made by His petitions penitent  
His Justice made with Mercy to relent.)”\*

Besides these figures of larger mould that we have thus far adduced, there are companion lesser ones, grouped around them as the ‘Twelve’ stand around THORWALSDEN’S ‘Christ.’ These will be ‘sought out’ by every reader who has one particle of poetic sympathy. MICHAEL ANGELO’S chisel never smote the marble into a more sternly-grand ‘creation’ than one of these, namely ‘Judas’ in his weird remorse, with its spectral back-ground and haunting voices. I can only spare space for a small portion of this supreme portraiture :

“As when wild Pentheus growne madde with fear,  
Whole troupes of hellish haggs about him spies ;  
Two bloodie suns stalking the duskie sphere,  
And two fold Thebes runs rowling in his eyes ;  
Or through the scene staring Orestes flies  
With eyes flung back vpon his mother’s ghost,

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\* Our edition of Fuller’s ‘Poems’ p. 56. On our Poet’s Personification of Justice and Mercy, Dr. GEORGE MACDONALD in his ‘Antiphon’ has made certain Theological-critical remarks, which I feel constrained to traverse. See Note A at the close of this Essay.

That, with infernall serpents all embost,  
And torches quencht in blood, doth her stern sonne  
accost :

Such horrid Gorgons, and misformèd formes  
Of damnèd fiends, flew dauncing in his heart,  
That, now, vnable to endure their stormes,  
Flie, flie' he cries, ' thyselfe, what ere thou art,  
Hell, hell, already burnes in eu'ry part.'

So downe into his torturer's armes he fell,  
That readie stood his funeralls to yell,  
And in a clowd of night to waft him quick to Hell.

Yet oft he snatch't, and started as he hung :  
So when the senses halfe enslumb'red lie,  
The headlong bodie, readie to be flung  
By the deluding phansie, from some high  
And craggie rock, recovers greedily,  
And clasps the yeelding pillow, halfe asleep  
And, as from heav'n it tumbled to the deepe,  
Feeles a cold sweat through euery trembling member  
creepe.

Thear let him hang, embowellèd in blood,  
Thear neuer any gentle shepheard feed  
His blessed flocks, nor euer heavn'ly flood  
Fall on the cursed ground, nor holesome seed,  
That may the least delight or pleasure breed :  
Let neuer Spring visit his habitation,  
But nettles, kixe,\* and all the weedie nation,  
With empty elders growe : and signes of desolation !

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\* In its place in our edition of GILES FLETCHER I have explained this to be the 'wild plum'. This I have since



Whear let the Dragon keep his habitanee,  
 And stinking karcasses be throwne avaunt,  
 Faunes, Sylvars, and deformèd Satyrs daunce,  
 Wild-cats, wolues, toads, and skreech-owles direly  
 chaunt,  
 Thear euer let some restles spirit haunt  
 With hollow sound, and clashing cheynes, to scarr  
 The passenger, and eyes like to the starr  
 That sparkles in the crest of angrie Mars afarr.\*

The scholarly critic already quoted, has remarked here, 'Euripides might have written these stanzas in the season of his solemn inspiration. In the 'staring Orestes' we seem to behold the wretched mourner burst from the enfolding arms of the weeping Electra, and fleeing in horror from the furies surrounding his couch'—† The English Poet by no means suffers from comparison with the classical original:

OP. ὦ μητερ, ἱκετευω σε μητισει εμοι  
 Τας αιματωπους καὶ δρακοντωδεις κορας  
 Αυται γαρ αυται πλησιον θρωσκουσι μου

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found to be a mistake. By 'kixe' is intended 'hemlock'. Dr. Tregelles, as before, informs me, that in Welsh and the ancient Cornwall, the word is *cegyx*, the *c* being hard *k*.

\* Our edition, pp 186—188 c iii. 47—51.

† WILLMOTT, Lives, as before, vol. i., p. 84.

Ω φοιβ' αποκτενουσι ὡ αἱ κυνωπιδες

Γοργωπες, ενερων ιεριαι δειναι θειαι.

[Orestes ll. 250—255.]

In sweet contrast with this dark Figure is the 'Joseph of Arimathea' by the Cross—pathetic as any 'Saint' of FRANCIA :

.... "Long he stood, in his faint arms vphoulding  
The fairest spoile heau'n euer forfeited,  
With such a silent passion grieffe vnfoulding  
*That, had the sheete but on himselfe beene spread,*  
*He for the corse might haue been buried' ....\**

How soft as the dropping of Innocence's white tears, the 'lament' of the Mourners ! How suggestive these thick-coming questions !

"Are theas the eyes that made all others blind ?  
Ah ! why ar they themselues now blemishèd ?  
Is this the face, in which all beawtie shin'd ?  
What blast hath thus His flowers debellishèd ?  
Ar these the feete that on the watry head  
Of the vnfaithfull ocean passage found ?  
Why goe they now so lowely vnder ground ?  
Wash't with our woorthless tears, and their owne precious wound ?

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\* Our edition, p 189 c iii. 54.

One hem but of the garments that He wore  
 Could medicine whole countries of their paine ,  
 One touch of this pale hand could life restore ,  
 One word but of these cold lips revivue the shine  
 Well, the blinde man, Thy Godhead might maintaine .

What, though the sullen Pharises repin'd ?

He that should both compare, at length would finde  
 The blinde man onely sawe, the seers all wear blinde.\*

Then 'the end':

..... "Here burie we  
 This heau'nly earth ; here let it softly sleepe,  
 The fairest Sheaphcard of the fairest sheep :  
 So all the bodie kist, and homeward went to weepe."†

We have seen that the subject of the second part or canto of 'Christ's Victorie' is 'The Temptation': and that interpreting the three 'snares' as 'tempting' the Saviour successively to Despair, Presumption and Vainglory, the Poet brings each before us as a Personality, and with circumstance and surrounding suited to them.

From this portion of the Poem I will only select two typical specimens, viz: the descriptions of the Cave of Despair and of the 'enchanted

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\* Our edition, pages 191—192, c. iii. 59—60

† Our edition, p. 192, c. iii., 64.

Garden'. Accompanying the Saviour is the disguised 'Tempter', who leads Him to 'Desperation' who is 'character'd by his place':

"Ere long they came neere to a balefull bowre,  
Much like the mouth of that infernall caue,  
That gaping stood, all commers to deuour.

"Darke, dolefull, dreary,—like a dreary graue,  
That still for carrion carkasses doth craue:"

The ground no hearbs but venomous, did beare,  
Nor ragged trees did leaue, but euery whear  
Dead bones and skulls wear cast, and bodies hanged wear.

Vpon the rooffe, the bird of sorrowe sat  
Elonging ioyfull day with her sad note,  
And through the shady aire, the fluttring bat  
Did waue her leather sayles, and blindely flote:  
While with her wings the fatall skreech-owle smote

Th' vnblest house; thear, on a craggy stone,  
Celeno hung, and made his direfull mone,  
And all about the murdered ghosts did shreek and grone.

Like clowdie moonshine, in some shadowie groue,  
Such was the light in which Despaire did dwell;  
But he himselfe with night for darknesse stroue.

His black uncombèd locks dishevell'd fell  
About his face; through which, as brands of Hell,  
Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glowe,  
That made him deadly looke: their glimpse did showe  
Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poyson throwe.

His cloaths wear ragged clouts, with thornes pind fast;  
And, as he musing lay, to stonie fright

A thousand wild Chimeras would him cast :  
 As when a fearefull dreame, in mid'st of night,  
 Skips to the braine, and phansies to the sight  
     Some wingèd furie, strait the hasty foot,  
     Eger to flie, cannot plucke vp his root,  
 The voyce dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without  
     boot.

Now he would dreame that he from heauen fell,  
 And then would snatch the ayre, afraid to fall;  
 And now he thought he sinking was to Hell,  
 And then would grasp the earth; and now his stall  
 Him seemèd Hell, and then he out woulde crawle;  
     And euer, as he crept, would squint aside,  
     Lest him, perhaps, some furie had espide,  
 And then, alas! he would in chaines for euer bide.

Therefore he softly shrunke, and stole away,  
 Ne euer durst to drawe his breath for feare,  
 Till to the doore he came, and thear he lay  
 Panting for breath, as though he dying were;  
 And still he thought he felt their craples teare  
     Him by the heels backe to his ougly denne;  
     Or faine he would haue leap't abroad, but then  
 The Heau'n, as Hell he fear'd, that punish guilty men."\*

HEADLEY—who has been, as a critic, ignorantly  
 over-praised—having quoted the above, has the  
 audacity to say of it, 'the most material

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\* Our edn. pp 143—145, c II. 23—28.

features of this description, are taken from SPENSER's 'Fairy Queen' lib. i., canto 9, stanzas 33, 36' and adds 'This is a curious instance of plagiarism, and seems to show us how little ceremony the poets of that day laboured under in pilfering from each other.' The criticism is a more 'curious instance' of pert presuming on the ignorance of general readers: and I do not marvel that even the gentle WILLMOTT in his 'Lives' is roused to retort 'if GILES FLETCHER had been living, he would probably have thought the critics of this day laboured under very little ceremony in accusing the "poets of that day" of thefts, without sufficiently examining their extent.'\*

Any one on turning to the two stanzas alleged from SPENSER will see that from the {former, two lines are taken *verbatim*, viz:

'Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,  
That still for carrion carkasses doth crave'

and therefore intentionally, as a quotation from his 'dear Master' and only by oversight of the Printer probably, forgotten to be marked as such—as similarly, lines from Spenser's 'Ruines of

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\* As before, vol. i., p.

'Time' in 'The Purple Island' are inadvertently unmarked. And what of the 'material features' remain to be designated 'plagiarism'? Only the 'ragged clouts' and the 'thorns' that fastened them! Who but a man with nose for 'plagiarism' as eager-nostrilled as that of your 'orthodox' hunter after 'heresy', will deem these of any moment? It is to be remembered also that SPENSER owes a great deal more than trifles like these to Sackville and Ariosto and *Amadis de Gaul*: also that our Singer was dead before a second edition of his Poem was published, and so such petty oversights might readily be left uncorrected.

I take this opportunity of observing, that whoever compares thoughtfully and penetratively the after-conceptions and delineations of GILES FLETCHER will readily distinguish the 'influence' of the Master on his reverent scholar from any vulgar charge of 'plagiarism' and discern those ineffable touches of light and shadow that reveal an original mind working on existent materials, precisely as each new, genuine Poet, looks on the same old ever-now world of Nature, and transfigures it with his own mystic insight, through his own open-lidded eyes. I shall have more to say of this in relation to PHINEAS FLETCHER and 'The Purple Island'.

Following the Cave of Despair is the 'Garden of Delight' created in the cold white altitude of the mountains. One very remarkable line felicitously indicates the supernatural suddenness and loveliness of the scene

'As if the snow had melted into flow'rs'

14

and then succeeds such rich classical allusions and 'large utterance', as might have come from the golden mouth of MILTON. These four stanzas for brilliance, quaint beauty, daintiness of colour and richness of imagination, will not easily be matched:

"All suddenly the hill his snowe deuours,  
In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew,  
As if the snow had melted into flow'rs, )  
Which their sweet breath in subtile vapours threw,  
That all about perfumèd spirits flew :  
For what so euer might aggrate the sense,  
In all the world, or please the appetite,  
Heer it was powred out in lavish affluence.

Not louely Ida might with this compare,  
Though many streames his banks besiluered ;  
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bare,  
\* Nor Hibla, though his thyme depasturèd  
As fast againe with honie blossomèd ;  
Ne Rhodope, ne Tempe's flow'ry playne :  
Adonis' garden was to this but vayne,  
Though Plato on his beds a flood of praise did rayne.



For in all these, some one thing most did grow,  
 But in this one, grew all things else beside ;  
 For sweet Varietie herselfe did throw  
 To euery banke : here all the ground she dide  
 In lillie white ; there pinks oblazed wide ;  
     And damask't all the earth , and here shee shed  
     Blew violets, and there came roses red ;  
 And euery sight the yeelding sense, as captiue led.

The garden like a ladie faire was cut,  
 That lay as if shee slumber'd in delight,  
 And to the open skies her eyes did shut :  
 The azure fields of heau'n were 'sembled right  
 In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light :  
     The flow'r's-de-luce, and the round sparks of deaw,  
     That hung vpon the azure leaues, did shew  
 Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in th' eau'ning blew."\*

The weird eye of Edgar Allan Poe of America, melted before the loveliness of the last stanza : and he placed it as a motto to his own brilliant Essay, 'The Landscape Garden.'†

'Paradise Regained' reflects the vision of Vain-delight conjured up by the 'wicked spirits' for the Temptation. The 'Wooing Song'—a commonplace of quotation as an example of our Poet—

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\* Our edition pp 150—151 c. ii. 39—41.

† Works, Vol. iv p 336 (edn. New York, 4 Vols. 1856)

preceded ROBERT HERRICK's delicious 'Gather the rosebuds' song.

I differ *toto cælo* from WILLMORT in his criticism on the delineation of 'the Person' of Christ Himself in this Canto. He is most unfortunate in condemning FLETCHER for 'want of judgment' herein, on the ground that such (so-called) 'fantastical colouring' in a 'sacred poem' is displeasing, for as he himself stultifyingly admits, the 'portrait' is principally drawn from the 'Canticles'—which, in our ignorance, we have been wont to regard as a 'sacred poem'. Moreover as the margin-references shew, traits are fetched from Genesis and Isaiah and the Psalms, and elsewhere.

( There are exquisite things in the delineation :

"His haire was blacke, and in small curls did twine,  
*As though it wear the shadowe of some light,*  
*And vnderneath, His face, as day, did shine,*  
 But sure the day shinèd not halfe so bright,  
*Nor the sunne's shadowe made so darke a night.*

Vnder His louely locks, her head to shroude,  
 Did make Humilitie her selfe growe proude,  
*Hither, to light their lamps, did all the Graces croude."*

[Our edition p 136. c. ii. 8]

The comparison of the 'raven' locks and the beaming Face of Jesus, to 'the shadowe of some light' and 'the shining Day' seem to me surpass-

ingly beautiful : and I think that every reader will agree that in the last line, which is to be linked on to the prior naming of Christ 'the Sun', we have the prototype of one of MILTON's choice gems in 'Paradise Lost' [VII., 364, 365]

' Hither as to their Fountain other Starrs  
Repairing, in their golden Urns draw Light'.

Very musically begins c. 3rd :

" So downe the siluer streames of Eridan,  
On either side bank't with a lilly wall,  
Whiter then both, rides the triumphant swan,  
And sings his dirge, and prophesies his fall,  
Diuing into his watrie funerall :

But Eridan to Cedron must submit  
His flowry shore ; nor can he enuie it,  
If when Apollo sings, his swans doe silent sit.

That heau'nly voice I more delight to heare,  
Then gentle ayres to breath, or swelling waues  
Against the sounding rocks their bosomes teare,  
Or whistling reeds, that ruddy Iordan laues,  
And with their verdure his white head embraues,  
To chide the windes, or huiuing bees, that flie  
About the laughing bloosms of sallowie,  
Rocking asleepe the idle groomes that lazie lie."\*

[Our edition, pp 165—166, stanzas 1, 2.]

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\* With reference to these stanzas (1st and 2nd) I gladly avail myself of the notes on the places by Dr. Macdonald in 'Antiphon.' On 'Eridan and the swan', he

I must here content myself with these vivid opening lines of the third Part of our Poem, as

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annotates "The Eridan is the Po—As regards classical allusions in connexion with sacred things, I would remind my reader of the great reverence our ancestors had for the classics, from the influence they had in reviving the literature of the country.—I need hardly remind him of the commonly-received fancy that the swan does sing once—just as his death draws nigh. Does this come from the legend of Cynus changed into a swan while lamenting the death of his friend Phaëton? or was that legend founded on the yet older fancy? The glorious bird looks as if he ought to sing." On last line of stanza 1st "If when Apollo sings, his swans do silent sit," he says "The poet refers to the singing of the hymn before our Lord went to the garden by the brook Cedron." On stanza 2nd., 1—3, he remarks "The construction is obscure just from the insertion of the *to* before *breath*, where it ought not to be after the verb *hear*. The poet does not mean that he delights to hear that voice more than to breathe gentle airs, but more than to hear gentle airs (to) breathe. *To hear*, understood, governs all the infinitives that follow: among the rest, *the winds (to) chide*." On 'rutty' st. 2nd., line 4th, there is this: "*Rut* is used for the sound of the tide in Cheshire. (See *Halliwel's Dictionary*.) Does *rutty* mean *roaring*? or does it describe the deep, rugged shores of the Jordan?" (p. 153) *O si sic omnia!*— On *rutty* cf. our edition of 'Christ's Victorie' in loco p. 165.

it has already furnished illustrative passages. I pass to the conclusion—'Christ's Triumph after Death.' If our quotations thus far, have mainly shewn the power of our Poet to conceive, and that calm, steady-gazing eye to look and describe,—such as belonged to Rubens when unblenchingly, as the tradition runs, he slowly painted his 'Crucifixion' from a criminal slowly crucified before him—abundant evidence remains behind that while the rugged and terrible, the stern and awful, were perhaps most congenial to him, he could change to the gentle from the fearful, from the appalling to the winsome, with swift versatility and wide sweep. It is as though one walked in a fair Garden a-gathering flowers to read the last 'Triumph' How consummately lovely are these—taken almost with 'prick of pin', as the old Puritans were wont to say and do in selecting their texts. The commencement has the flush of colour, and the melody of notes, rather than simple words :

" But now the second morning, from her bowre  
Began to glister in her beames, and nowe  
The roses of the Day began to flowre  
In th' easterne garden, for heau'ns smiling browe  
Halfe insolent for ioy begunne to shewe "

The early sunne came luely dauncing out,  
And the bragge lambs ranne wantoning about,  
That heau'n and earth might seeme in tryumph both to  
shout .

Th' engladdèd Spring, forgettfull now to weepe,  
 Began t' eblazon from her leaue bed ;  
 The waking swallowe broke her halfe-yeare's sleepe,  
 And euerie bush lay deeply purpurèd  
 With violets ; the wood's late-winttry head  
     Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,  
     And his bald trees put on their greene attire,  
 Among whose infant leaues the ioyeous birds conspire".\*

Not less rich are these :

" Ye primroses and purple violets,  
 Tell me, why blaze ye from your leaue bed,  
 And wooe mens' hands to rent you from your sets,  
 As though you would somewhear be carrièd,  
 With fresh perfumes and velvets garnishèd ?  
     But ah ! I neede not aske, t'is surely so,  
     You all would to your Sauour's triumphs goe :  
 There would ye all waite and humble homage doe.

Thear should the Earth herselfe with garlands newe  
 And louely flowr's embellished, adore :  
 Such roses neuer in her garland grewe,  
 Such lillies neuer in her brest she wore,  
 Like beautie neuer yet did shine before :  
     Thear should the sunne another sunne behold,  
     From whence himselfe borrowes his locks of gold,  
 That kinde heau'n, and earth with beauties manifold."†

\* Our edn. p 199—200 st. 1—2.

† Our edn. p 202, c iv. 7—8.

Rising from Earth to the Sky, take this lustrous 'picture' :

"So fairest Phosphor, the bright morning starre,  
But neewely washt in the greene element,  
Before the drouzie Night is halfe aware,  
Shooting his flaming locks with deaw besprent,  
Springs liuely vp into the Orient,  
And the bright droue, fleec't in gold, he chaces  
To drinke, that on the Olympique mountain grazes,  
The while the minor planets forfeit all their faces."\*

JEREMY TAYLOR has not more orient 'eloquence' or more majestic march of comparison of the excelling glory of Heaven, than this :

"Gaze but vpon the house whear man embowr's;  
With flowr's and rushes paued is his way,  
Whear all the creatures ar his seruiturs;  
The windes do sweep his chambers euery day;  
And cloudes doe wash his rooms; the seeling gay,  
Starred aloft, the guilded knobsembraue:  
If such a house God to another gaue,  
How shine those glittering courts, He for Himselfe will  
haue?

And if a sullen eloud, as sad as night,  
In which the sunne may seeme embodied,  
Depur'd of all his drosse, we see so white  
Burning in melted gold his wat'rie head,

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\* *Ibid* p 204, c iv. 12.

Or round with yuorie edges siluered,  
 What lustre super-excellent will He  
 Lighten on those that His sunneshine shall see,  
 In that all-glorious court in which all glories be ?

If but one sunne with his diffusive fires,  
 Can paint the starres, and the whole world with light,  
 And ioy, and life into each heart inspires,  
 And eu'ry saint shall shine in heau'n, as bright  
 As doth the sunne in his transcendent might,  
 (As faith may well beleue what Truth once sayes)  
 What shall so many sunnes' united rayes,  
 But dazle all the eyes that nowe in heau'n we praise ?"\*

Then in Heaven itself you have a radiant, exultant 'vision' of the redeemed Multitudes. Dr. J. M. NEALE pronounces the 'string of pearls' of his selected stanzas from this final 'Triumph' to be 'unsurpassed in the whole range of English sacred Poetry.' I can only give one peerless stanza :

"No sorrowe nowe hangs clowding on their browe,  
 No bloodles maladie empales their face,  
 No age drops on their hayrs his siluer snowe,  
 No nakednesse their bodies doeth embase,  
 No pouertie themselues and theirs disgrace,  
 No feare of death the ioy of life deuours,

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\* Our edition pp. 211—212, c. iv., 27—29.



No vnchast alespe their precious time deflowre,  
 No losse, no griefe, no change, wait on their winged  
 hours."\*

As illustrating the fine mysticism and profounder  
 'thought' of our Poet—and there is a mass of  
 pure thought underneath all—I cannot withhold  
 his 'Beatificall Idea,' stately as MILTON and  
 anticipating HENRY MORE and JOHN NORRIS in  
 verse, and EVERARD and PETER STERRY in prose.

'About the holy citie rowles a flood  
 Of moulten chrystall, like a sea of glasse ;  
 On which weake streame a strong foundation stood :  
 On huing diamounds the building was,  
 That all things else, besides itself, did passe :  
     Her streetes, instead of stones, the starres did paue,  
     And little pearles, for dust, it seem'd to haue ;  
 On which soft-streaming manna, like pure snows, did wave.

In midst of this citie caelestiall,  
 Whear the Eternall Temple should haue rose,  
 Light'ned the Idea Beatificall :  
 End, and beginning of each thing that growes,  
 Whose selfe no end, nor yet beginning knowes ;  
     That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to heare ;  
     Yet sees, and heares, and is all-eye, all-eare ;  
 That nowhear is contain'd, and yet is euery whear :

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\* *Ibid* pp 214—215 c rv. 35.

Changer of all things, yet immutable ;  
 Before and after all, the first and last ;  
 That, moouing all, is yet immoueable :  
 Great without quantitie ; in Whose forecast  
 Things past are present, things to come are past ;  
     Swift without motion ; to Whose open eye  
     The hearts of wicked men vnbreasted lie ;  
 At once absent and present to them, farre and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light ;  
 No sweet concent, or well-tim'd harmonie :  
 Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,  
 Or flowrie odour, mixt with spicerie ;  
 No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily ;  
     And yet it is a kinde of inwarde feast,  
     A harmony, that sounds within the brest,  
 An odour, light, embrace, in which the soule doth rest.

A heav'nly feast no hunger can consume ;  
 A light vnseen yet shines in euery place ;  
 A sound, no time can steale ; a sweet perfume  
 No winds can scatter ; an intire embrace  
 That no satiety can ere vnlace :  
     Ingrac't into so high a fauonr, thear  
     The saints, with their beawpeers whole worl out-  
         wear ;  
 And things vnseene doe see, and things vnheard doe  
     hear."\*

\* Our edition pp. 216—218, c. iv., 38—42.

Throughout, as distinguished from these fuller passages, the most cursory reader will ever and anon come on vivid epithet, or arresting metaphor, or quaint fancy, or suggestive allusion, or felicitously-vowelled lines—ringing out from the centre of a stately stanza, like the softened sound of distant vesper-bells. But it were endless to point these out. Let them be ‘searched’ for. Even in his youthful ‘Canto’ on Elizabeth you have this unforgettable description :

—————‘ So let the hissing snake  
Sliding with shrinking silence never take  
Th’ unwary foot.’\*

Finally, I would briefly call attention to the influence of our FLETCHER—as of his brother—on MILTON. With genius so supreme as SHAKESPEARE’S and MILTON’S, any charge of plagiarism were simply an outrage, and even ludicrous. For their’s is the magnificent appropriation that conqueror-like, being superior to all, places all under contribution, and that to enrich themselves only that they may enrich their kingdom—all taken too with no more consciousness of despoiling than in taking from God, as with eye ‘in a fine frenzy

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\* Our edition, p. 234.

rolling' they glance 'from heaven to earth' and fetch thence tribute to their creations. I disavow therefore, any idea of paltry reading-after our immortal Poet in order to convict him of plagiarism, and equally would I avoid confounding of coincidence therewith. But it cannot fail to interest the thoughtful if I can shew, that to 'Christ's Victorie' MILTON turned over and over as to a classic: a fact sufficient to give renown to any Poem.

Our previous references incidentally and our foot-notes in their places, have already put the vigilant reader on the alert: but I propose to adduce a few specific examples. Take these:—

In Paradise Lost, Book v., line 44, we read of Eve

—————' *Heaven wakes with all his eyes*  
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?

The Commentators brought together by the indefatigable if cumbrous TODD, have found the source of this in SPENSER's Fairy Queen—iii. xi., 45 :

—————' With how many eyes  
High Heaven beholds.

but how much nearer is this in 'Christ's Victorie,' part i., st. 78.

———' *Heaven awaken'd all his eyes*  
*'To see another sunne at midnight rise'*

and it must be remembered that this long preceded CRASHAW: remembered that MARINO and CRASHAW alike, were anticipated by the Fletchers in some of their grandest and most often-quoted conceptions. Again: in *Paradise Lost*, Book viii., lines 577-578, we have

'A broad and ample road, *whose dust is gold,*  
*And pavement stars*''

and elsewhere 'star-paved' (P. L. iv., 976.)

Many years before 'Parthenia Sacra' (1633) and Giustiniano (1620) and Holyday (1618) and Drummond of Hawthornden (1616) and Sylvester's du-Bartas (1621) and all the usual authorities and parallels was our Poet's description of the 'Holy City':

'Her streetes, instead of stones, *the starres did pave*  
*And little pearles, for dust it seemed to haue.'*

[c. iv., 38.]

The representation of The Tempter under the guise of an 'aged man' or hermit, is found in nearly all the Mediæval 'Preachers' and in early Art: but whosoever compares MILTON's description in 'Paradise Regained' with our Fletcher's,

will readily see that 'Christ's Victorie' and not rude 'prints' was before the great Poet: so that he is found in his old age returning to his youthful favorite. That this particular conception of the Tempter of our Fletcher, had deeply impressed Milton, seems additionally confirmed by the reappearance of one choice word in this scene, in 'Lycidas' *e.g.*

'Next Camus, reverend sire, went *footing slow*'

which is the echo of.

.....'an aged sire, farre off He saw  
Come *slowly-footing*.' (c. II., 15)

Similarly, the student will read Fletcher's and Milton's account of the effect of our Lord's presence on the wild-beasts.\* Even more unmistakeable is the original of the famous objurgation of the 'herd of the people' by the Poet-Republican—here most anti-Democratic—read in the light of our Poet's vehement rebuke of the changeful multitude,† Not less unmistakeable is the

\* See P. R., Book i., lines 310—314 and C. V., Part ii., 4—5.

† See P. R. Book iii., lines 46—56, and C. V., Part iii., st. 31. Cf. also earlier, Sackville, Lord Buckhurst's

'Circe' of Comus placed beside the 'Circe' transformation in Fletcher's 'Bower of Vaine Delight.'\*

One magnificent conception, perhaps the very grandest in all 'Paradise Regained' is that of the 'globe' of angels descending at the close of The Temptation to 'minister' to the Saviour: [B iv. lines 581-582.]

'So Satan fell: and straight a *fiery globe*  
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh'.

Once more 'Christ's Victorie' anticipates this:

..... 'Out thear flies  
A *globe of winged angels*, swift as thought' (c iv. 13.)

'Paradise Lost' (B ii., line 512) had before employed it:

..... 'Him round  
A globe of fiery Seraphim enclos'd'

Virgil's 'globus' (Aeneid x., 373) to which with pedantry rather than genuine scholarship, Bishop NEWTON refers, is as a child's marble to the 'globe' itself: and equally so to Fletcher's splendid image. It also arrested Dr. JOSEPH BEAUMONT:

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'Induction' and Legend of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, pp. 147 *seqq.* (Works by R. W. S. West, 1859.)

\* See Comus 50—53 and C. V., part ii., stanza 49.

for in his 'Psyche or Love's Mystery' (1648—1702) you have this, in the story of the Annunciation :

“ As we for joy at these strange tidings started,  
Behold, *a sudden globe of pliant Light*  
Into a stranger apparition parted,  
And with new mervails entertain'd our sight :  
For at a diamond Table fair and wide  
A numerous quire of Angels we descry'd.”

[c vii. st. 217.]\*

Another of the *memorabilia* of MILTON is the Lady's pure and nobly disdainful speech in 'Comus,' and especially its close, wherein one seems to catch the shiver and crash of the idle pageant-vessels of Sin :

\* I ought to have noticed in its place *ante* (p. 213) the parallel passages containing Milton's and our Fletcher's conception of Satan as a 'monk , or ' aged Sire'. See *Paradise Regained*, b. i., lines 314—320 and *Christ's Victorie*, part ii., st. 15—18. It may be noted here that in the "English Metrical Homilies from Manuscripts of the 14th century" edited with rare painstaking by the cultured Librarian of the University of Edinburgh (John Small, M.A.). Satan appears not in the guise of a Monk, but as 'tempting' the Monks in the guise of a Physician. See Mr. Small's Introduction, pp. viii.—x. (1 vol. 4to, 1862.)



'The brute Earth will lend her nerves, and shake  
Till all thy magick structures, rear'd so high  
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head'

(lines 797—799)

'Christ's Victorie' brings before us the 'Sorceresse' endeavouring to enslave our Lord in precisely the same manner as Comus does the Lady. The effect of her Song was, that

..... 'He her charms dispersèd into winde  
And her of insolence admonishèd  
*And all her optique glasses shattered'* (c II. 60.)

In their places in 'Christ's Victorie' I have noted various Miltonic words there-from. How grand is this of the 'dead Christ'

"One touch of this PALE HAND could life restore"

(c. III., 60) These are some others :

... .. 'the thicken'd sky  
Like as a dark cieling stood'.

[Paradise Lost : B. XI., 742-3]

FLETCHER had long previously written of the sky similarly 'the seeling (=ceiling) gay, starred aloft' : [c. IV. st. 27]—translating the Latin *cælum* no doubt. MILTON in his 'Hymn on the Nativity' grandly sings 'the oracles are dumb' as in 'Paradise Regained', later, 'henceforth oracles are ceas't.' (B. I., l. 456.)

CRASHAW has it :

‘ He saw the falling idols all confess  
A coming Deity ”

(Works by Turnbull, p. 47)

Fletcher before either, had written

‘ The Angells caroll’d lowd their song of peace  
*The cursed oracles were stricken dumb* ’

(c. I., st. 82)

Milton clothes Jordan’s banks with ‘whispering reeds’ (P. R., B I., l 26) : Fletcher has ‘whistling reeds’ there also (c. III., st. 2). Milton in ‘Comus’ exhibits the polluted crew in ‘*swill’d* insolence’ (line 178) : Fletcher in like manner had exhibited his vile herd :

.... ‘ Others within their arbours *swilling* sat,  
With laughing Bacchus ’.

(c. II., st. 51)

Milton in that marvellous piece of ‘dulcet music’ the Song to ‘Sabrina fair’ places Ligea sitting on ‘diamond rocks’ (p 881) : but Fletcher anterior to Peacham’s ‘Period of Mourning’ (1613) as to Habington’s ‘Castara’ (1635) had his ‘maine rocks of diamound’ (I. st. 61.)

It were easy to multiply examples : but I will only add that the ‘preface’ to *Sampson Agon-*

*notes* reveals in its authorities cited, recent reading of our Fletcher's 'Epistle' to the Reader in vindication of sacred Poetry: while one line in Phineas Fletcher's Verses to his brother, prefixed to 'Christ's Victorie' shews, that even they were not overlooked by MILTON. He in 'Paradise Regained', in the celebrated passage already referred to in condemning the 'democracy' says

'Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise'  
(B. III., 156)

PHINEAS FLETCHER similarly in his filial tribute had before comforted his brother as against the fault-finding of some 'adversary,'

'His praise dispraises, his dispraises praise'

QUARLES, HERBICK and FULLER, GRAY and COLLINS, and others easily recognized, equally studied and turned to account our Fletchers.\*

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\* The first-named—Quarles—has inadvertently omitted to place within quotation-marks, two lines taken almost bodily 'from 'Christ's Victorie' in his 'Emblems'—the first edition of which was not published until 1635 or twenty five years subsequent to our Giles Fletcher's Poem. The lines are these

"Ah' if but only those that active be  
None should Thy glory see, none should Thy glory see."

Altogether I pronounce GILES FLETCHER to be a true 'Maker' in the full, creative sense, and a 'Singer' inevitable as a bird, and 'Christ's Victorie' in its four-fold wholeness, a complete Poem and as a work of art, a 'perfect chrysolite'. Some of the fascets—to pursue the second figure—may perchance be unskilfully cut, and the light broken in consequence: but the consummate jewel is there 'shooting its sparks at Phoebus.' It is original and definite in its conception. Its conception is noble. Its execution fulfills (fills-full) its conception. Throughout, it is marked by compression: compressed, purged thought, compressed learning, compressed imagination. Everywhere you have the sense of power in reserve, resources undrawn on. With few exceptions, he is sustained in his loftiest flights. He has rarely 'conceits'—those phantasms of 'conceptions'—as a whole he is melodious in rhythm and rhyme, if exceptional dissonance do not permit us to say of

So in "Christ's Victorie" (l. st. 75)

"Ah! if but those that onely worthy be

None should Thee euer see, none should Thee euer see."

A friend suggests that surely our Poet intended to say

'None should Thee euer seek, none should Thee euer see.'

him what WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT said of BEN JONSON :

"Nor would'st thou venture it unto the ear,  
Until the file would not make smooth but wear."\*

We have amply evidenced his magnificent faculty of impersonation. Would that Dorè had his cunning genius turned to 'Christ's Victorie'! What I very earnestly desire for our Poet is brooding study. It only requires that he be KNOWN, to win for him that larger estimate and study he deserves. 'Christ's Victorie' can never die save with the language: but our generation would profit by familiarity with it. It will live on and be unhurt: neglecters of it lose. †

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\* Poems 1651, page 313.

† I place here the appreciative words of a scholar ripe and good and a critic of fine taste (Hugh James Rose, B.D.) and the verdict of a standard authority, the 'Encyclopedia Britannica'. First, Rose in his Biographical Dictionary : s.v. "Christ's Victory is a poem of singular beauty." Next the 'Encyclopedia' (probably the cultured MACVEY NAPIER(?)) : "Christ's Victory is a kind of narrative of the Redemption of man, reminding us to some extent of MILTON's Epic, and bearing in *form* at least, a still more striking resemblance to that of SPENSER. The animation of the narrative, the liveliness of the fancy and the deep pathos that pervades the whole work, contribute to make



TURNING now to PHINEAS FLETCHER, one is struck in the outset with the more than filial resemblances of the two brothers. Our Memoirs have shown a beautiful and touching affection between them, a fine emulation in honour and even reverence of each other, the more noticeable that the 'elder' (Phineas) 'serves' the 'younger' (Giles), with unjealous admiration. But their minds were cast in much the same mould, and their tastes were kindred. 'Christ's Victorie' preceded the 'Purple Island' in publication: but they were probably composed contemporaneously as well as all the 'Poeticall Miscellanies': and you find parallel thoughts, metaphors, verbal collocations, throughout each. It is interesting to mark these as you go along, though my waning available space forbids examples.

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it in its totality one of the most beautiful religious poems in any language, and as Southey remarks 'will preserve the author's name while there is any praise.' It has been complained that it abounds too much in allegory: and though the charge may be partly true, the interest of the poem is admirably maintained to the last'. It is to be regretted that the same Critic pronounces very foolishly and at second-hand on "The Purple Island" and that as with HALLAM he was unaware of the existence of PHINEAS FLETCHER's other Poetry.

Thus of like cast of genius, it is only what we might expect to find PHINEAS FLETCHER a 'disciple' of SPENSER.\* MILTON and COWLEY earlier, and GRAY and CHATTERTON later, rejoiced to own their allegiance to their 'dear Master': and it was inevitable that with the purple light of his recent setting still around them—as boys they might have thrown their pens with the rest into his grave at Westminster—our Poets should have stooped over his gorgeous pages. Accordingly we have seen GILES naming EDMUND SPENSER and deeming his name in its simpleness enough: and in PHINEAS, the tributes are of co-equal depth of homage and with the pathos of a personal anguish over the deep-shadowed close of the great Poet's life. Thus in the 'Purple Island,' in rebuking the 'iron daies' wherein he was 'singing' not without stinging touch of a later Bæviad and Mæviad—because of then popular Bæviuses and Mæviuses, he exclaims:

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\* This Essay was ready for press before my discovery of the Fletcher and non-Spenser authorship of "Brittain's Ida". I do not introduce it therefore. But see the Introduction to the Poem—in the present Volume—where the evidence is given in full, and characteristic traits. Thither I refer my readers.

“Witnesse our Colin ; whom though all the Graces,  
 And all the Muses nurst ; whose well taught song  
 Parnassus self, and Glorian embraces,  
 And all the learn’d, and all the shepherds throng :  
 Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits deni’d ;  
 Discourag’d, scorn’d, his writings vilifi’d :  
 Poorly (poore man) he liv’d ; poorly (poore man) he di’d.

And had not that great Hart, (whose honour’d head  
 Ah lies full low) piti’d thy wofull plight,  
 There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,  
 Unblest, nor grac’t with any common rite :  
 Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe shall sink  
 Beneath his mountain tombe, whose fame shall stink ;  
 And Time his blacker name shall blurre with blackest ink.

O let th’ Iambick Muse revenge that wrong,  
 Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead :  
 Let thy abused honour crie as long  
 As there be quills to write, or eyes to reade :  
 On his rank name let thine own votes be turn’d,  
 Oh may that man that hath the Muses scorn’d,  
 Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn’d !”

The closing stanza recals Scott’s passionate lines :

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
     This is my own, my native Land !  
 Whose heart hath ne’er within him burn’d,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turn’d,  
     From wandering on a foreign strand !  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;



For him no minstrel raptures swell,  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentred all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down,  
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

[*'Lay of the Last Minstrel'* c. vi. 1]

Again in the *'Purple Island'* he turns aside to pay generous praise to his darling *'COLIN'*—the winsome name from Sydney onward.

"Two shepherds most I love with just adoring;  
 That Mantuan swain who chang'd his slender reed,  
 To trumpet's martial voice, and Warre's loud roaring,  
 From Corydon to Turnus derring deed; [Virgil]  
 And next our home-bred Colin's sweetest firing;  
 Their steps not following close, but farre admiring  
 To lackey one of these, is all my pride's aspiring"

[vi. 5]

We have still another allusion to SPENSER's misfortunes in the same canto (st. 52):

"There shall our Colin live for ever blest  
 Spite of those thousand spites, which living him oppress"

Even more definitely and with modest refusal of over-praise tendered to himself, he thus addresses

his 'beloved Thenot, in answer of his verse' who is invited by our Poet to his retirement with this caveat :

'But if my Thenot love my humble vein  
 (Too lowly vein) *ne're let him Colin call me ;*  
 He, while he was, was (ah !) the choicest swain  
 That ever grac'd a reed : what e're befall me,  
 Or Myrtill (so 'fore Fusca fair did thrall me,  
 Most was I known) or now poor Thirsil name me,  
 Thirsil, for so my poor Fusca pleases frame me :  
 But never mounting Colin ; Colin's high stile will  
 shame me."

and after a repetition of his choice of 'two' as in our second quotation from 'The Purple Island' above, he adds

——'Next our nearer Colin's sweetest strain ;  
 Most, where he most his Rosalind doth plain :  
 WELL MAY I AFTER LOOK, BUT FOLLOW ALL IN VAIN.'\*

\* I am indebted to Mr. W. C. Hazlitt for the following additional 'praise' of our Poet as SPENSER revived. It occurs in 'Witts Recreations' 1640 : sign F, recto :

"Phineas Fletcher

Anagr.

*Hath Spencer life ?*

*Or Spencer hath life.*

That *Spencer* liveth, none can ignorant be,  
 That reads his works (Fletcher) or knoweth thee."

These repeated recognitions and un-miggard honour to SPENSER by our Poet, render it all the more imperative, that the hasty generalization concerning him—by those who betray that they never really had read 'The Purple Island' or his other poetry,—should be shewn to be utterly unwarranted. Starting with HEADLEY, and reaching to CAMPBELL in his "Specimens"—a mere piece of task-work for the Booksellers and a thing of scissors and paste, save the fine Introduction and half-a-dozen of the little Memoirs—it is vulgarly imagined that PHINEAS FLETCHER is a simple imitator if not copyist, of SPENSER. Never was there more ignorant and egregious representation. Like GILES he had a splendid faculty of IMPERSONATION, and by the requirements of the ground-idea of his 'Purple Island' these play a frequent and controlling part in his great Poem: but unless you are to make SPENSER the inventor of Impersonation and Allegory, and ignore his translating into English of the classic mythology and of Ariosto and of other predecessors, you must allow that the selection of Impersonation and Allegory by our Fletchers, as the vehicle for the expression of their thick-coming thoughts and fancies, in nowise involves Spenserian or other 'imitation': while a thoughtful, as distinguished from a superficial,

study of the successive re-conceptions of Impersonations and Allegories old as Time itself almost, reveals creative power, originality and independence : and workmanship, all through the details, personal and self-felt. I cannot enlarge hereon : but earnestly ask all those who wish to mark the difference between a living, articulate voice, and a ghostly, quavering, meagre-sounding echo : or between a real bird-song in its own sylvan hermitage beneath the azure sky and a mocking-bird imitation out of a cage, of “ everything by turns and nothing long ”, to accompany me in an examination of so-called ‘ copyings ’ paraded by HEADLEY and accepted in unenquiring indolence by subsequent writers, and I promise that in ‘ The Purple Island ’ we have the voice not the echo, the ‘ native wood-notes wild ’ and not the ‘ mocking : in fine a true Poet with brain compact, heart a-flame, and a nature sensitively open to celestial inspiration and influence. I shall notice ALL the alleged ‘ imitations ’ or ‘ copies ’ or ‘ parallels ’—as with varying euphemism and unvarying stupidity, they have been called.

First of all, as being that usually thrust into the foreground, take SPENSER’S ‘ Gluttony ’ and FLETCHER’S ‘ Gluttonie ’ :—

First of all SPENSER's ('Fairy Queen', Book 1. canto 3, stanzas 21—23): my text throughout being Mr. COLLIER's:

' . . . by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,  
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne.  
His belly was upblowne with luxury,  
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;  
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne,  
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,  
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:  
And all the way most like a brutish beast,  
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,  
For other clothes he could not weare for heate;  
And on his head an yvie girland had,  
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat.  
Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,  
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,  
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat  
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can:  
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,  
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;  
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,  
Whose minde in meat and drink was drownèd so,  
That from his frend he seldome knew his fo.

Full of diseases was his carcas blew,  
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,  
Which by misdiet daily greater grew.  
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.'

Look now on Fletcher's 'Gluttonie':

" With Methos, Gluttonie, his gutling brother,  
Twinne parallels, drawn from the self-same line ;  
So foully like was either to the other, .  
And both most like a monstrous-panched swine :  
His life was either a continu'd feast,  
Whose surfets upon surfets him opprest ;  
Or heavie sleep, that helps so great a load digest.

Mean time his soul, weigh'd down with muddie chains,  
Can neither work, nor move in captive bands ;  
But dull'd in vaprous fogges, all carelesse reignes,  
Or rather serves strong appetites commands :

That when he now was gorg'd with cramm'd-down store,  
And porter wanting room had shut the doore,  
The glutton sigh'd that he could gurmandize no more.

*His crane-like neck was long, unlac'd ; his breast,  
His gowtie limbes, like to a circle round,  
As broad as long ; and for his spear in rest  
Oft with his staffe he beats the yeelding ground ;  
Wherewith his hands did help his feet to bear,  
Els would they ill so huge a burthen stear :  
His clothes were all of leaves, no armour could he wear.*

Onely a target light upon his arm  
He carelesse bore, on which old *Gryll* was drawn,



that they are cast in different moulds, and that, if anything, our Poet's is the more living. SPENSER's 'Gluttonie' rides on 'a filthie swyne': Fletcher more true-like, presents 'Gluttony' himself, as foully self-transformed into a 'monstrous-paunched swine': SPENSER leaves out wholly the re-action of the over-burdened be-putrified 'body' on the inner intellect: FLETCHER with deeper insight, shews the soul 'weigh'd down with muddie chains': SPENSER places him in fatuous helplessness riding on 'with bouzing can' and gives no hint of the necessary effects of such riot: FLETCHER interposes now the 'continu'd feast' and now the 'heavie sleep': SPENSER's lolling, 'bouzing' rider is coarsely graphic: but Fletcher's vivid picture of the beast-like in-drawing of the limbs into a 'circle', the idle 'beatings' of the 'yeelding ground'—going away beneath the vague elephantine tread,—and the 'hands' helping the 'feet' surely are much deeper characteristics. Throughout it seems to me, the conception of our Poet of Mythology-old 'Gluttony', is a creation, an outstanding Personality, fetched from his own keen-eyed Imagination.

Take next SPENSER's 'Idleness' and FLETCHER's 'Atimus' or Baseness-of-mind:”—



‘ . . . . .sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin ;  
 Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,  
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin ;  
 Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,  
 That much was worne, but therein little redd ;  
 For of devotion he had little care,  
 Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd :  
 Scarce could he once uphold his heavie hedd,  
 To looken whether it were night or day.  
 May seeme the wayne was very evill ledd,  
 When such an one had guiding of the way,  
 That knew not whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himselfe he hid esloyne,  
 And greatly shunned manly exercise ;  
 From everie worke he challenged essoyne,  
 For contemplation sake : yet otherwise,  
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise :  
 By such he grew to grievous malady ;  
 For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,  
 A shaking fever raignd continually.

Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.’

[F. Q. B. I. c 4. 18—20.]

Now for FLETCHER’s ‘ Atimus ’ :

“But Atimus, a carelesse idle swain,  
 Though Glory off’red him her sweet embrace,  
 And fair Occasion with little pain  
 Reacht him her ivory hand, yet (lozel base !)

Rather his way, and her fair self declin'd :  
 Well did he thence prove his degenerate minde :  
 Base were his restie thoughts, base was his dunghill  
 kinde.

And now by force dragg'd from the monkish cell,  
 (Where teeth he onely us'd, nor hands, nor brains,  
 But in smooth streams swam down through ease to Hell ;  
 His work, to eat, drink, sleep, and purge his reins)

He left his heart behinde him with his feast :  
 His target with a flying dart was drest,  
 Poasting unto his mark : the word, *I move to rest.*"

[Canto VIII : Stanzas 42 to 43.]

I have nothing to italicize here—nothing wherein to shew the slightest indebtedness to SPENSER. To speak of 'copy' or 'imitation' or 'parallel', is simply preposterous. The relation of 'Goodwin Sands' to 'Tenterden steeple' is substantive compared with this: for the single ground for the allegation is, that SPENSER is describing 'Idleness' and that Fletcher names his 'Atimus' or Baseness-of-Mind, 'idle'.

SPENSER's 'Idleness' begins with half-a-line from CHAUCER: for his 'nourse of sin' only repeats the elder Poet's 'idle monk'—arrayed precisely as the other—who is designated

"The minister and norice of vices."\*

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\* 'Second Nonnes Prologue, v. 1.

And yet no one dreams of charging SPENSER with 'plagiarism' or 'copying' &c., &c. though here as elsewhere, he transfers entire lines and couplets from Dan Chaucer. Why then extend a different measure to Fletcher?

I call attention to the excelling *realness* of our Poet's 'Atimus' over SPENSER's 'Idleness'. Very fine is the two-fold vision of 'Glory' and 'Occasion' with her 'ivory hand', seeking to sting 'Atimus' into energy. Very powerful is the Juvenalian epithet 'dunghill'.\* In awful keeping is his 'smooth,' waveless, windless, swift, unresisting descent—gliding as a supine corpse darkly onward and——downward. SPENSER as usual makes his 'Idleness' ride, and with infelicitous untruth, on the hardiest, most patient and ever-busy creature 'the asse'—misnamed 'slothfull'. 'Idleness' would not be

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\* It is noticeable that our olden Poets had no squeamishness in using the right word for the thing, as here. Even the refined and delicate SOUTHWELL as FLETCHER, uses illustrations fetched from the 'dunghill': e.g. "A sea will scantily rinse my *ordured* soul": "with hellish *dung* to fertile heaven's desires": "as spotless sun doth on the dunghill shine" and elsewhere. [Works by Turnbull, pp. 11, 14, 23]

‘troubled’ mounting to ‘ride’. Again ‘contemplation’ is the assigned end for ‘Idleness’s’, shunning ‘everie work’. But that lifts him out of his element and gives occupation glaringly out of character. ‘Contemplation is too intellectual, too calmly-strong an exercise for the ‘heavie hedd’ of such as ‘Idleness’. Moreover ‘contemplation’ were not ‘idleness’. You have no such moral anachronisms in FLETCHER. MILTON and SHAKESPEARE knew better too. Equally out of character is it in SPENSER to make ‘Idleness’ shun ‘manly exercise’. This is to blur the definite lines of distinction between ‘Slothfulness’ and ‘Idleness’ such as shews the non-Seer mind.

I turn now to SPENSER’s ‘Wrath’ and Fletcher’s ‘Thumos’ :

.....“ beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,  
 Upon a Lion, loth for to be led ;  
 And in his hand a burning brand he hath,  
 The which he brandisheth about his hed :  
 His eies did hurle forth sparckes fiery red,  
 And stared sterne on all that him beheld ;  
 As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded ;  
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,  
 Trembling through hasty rage when choler in him sweld.

His russin raiment all was staine with blood  
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,

Through unadvised rashnes woxen wood ,  
 For of his hands he had no government,  
 Ne car'd for blood in his avengement .  
 But, when the furious fitt was overpast,  
 His cruel facts he often would repent ;  
 Yet, willfull man, he never would forecast  
 How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath :  
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,  
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty seath,  
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,  
 And fretting griefe, the enemy of life :  
 All these and many evils moe haunt Ire,  
 The swelling Splena, and Frenzy raging rife,  
 The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire.  
 Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly t're.'

[ Fairy Queen : Book i. c. 4, st: 33 to 35.]

Opposite this place FLETCHER's ' Thumos ' :

' Thumos the fourth, a dire, revengefull swain ,  
 Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of fire :  
 Wrath in his heart, hate, rage and furie reigne :  
 Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling t're ;  
 But when dead palenesse in his cheek took seisure,  
 And all the bloud in's boyling heart did treasure,  
 Then in his wilde revenge, kept he nor mean, nor measure

Look as when waters wall'd with brazen wreath  
 Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe ;  
 The angrie seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe,  
 Then swell, rise, rave and still more furious grow .

Nor can be held, but forc't with fires below,  
Tossing their waves, break out and all o'reflow :  
So boyl'd his rising bloud, and dasht his angry brow.

For in his face red heat and ashie cold  
Strove which should paint revenge in proper colours :  
That, like consuming fire, most dreadfull roll'd ;  
This, liker death, threatens all deadly dolours :  
His trembling hand a dagger still embrac't,  
Which in his friend he rashly oft encas't,  
His shields devise fresh bloud with foulest stain defact.'

[' Purple Island ' : c. vii., st, 55—57.]

Once more I have nothing to italicize: the conception of 'Wrath' by FLETCHER is vivid, and distinct, and personal, whereas in the last stanza SPENSER wanders away from his Personification to results of the *thing*. SPENSER again, is inharmonious in his traits: he represents his Wrath 'as ashes, pale of hew' without intimation of change. FLETCHER in profounder congruity shews strife between the 'red heat' and the 'ashie cold' the flush of passion surcharging the pallour. The 'dead paleness' beneath the 'fierce look' of the colossal Figure is extremely striking—reminding one of the white tower of a light-house rising phantom-like through mist and spray with only the blood-red eyes of the lamps above, definitely visible. SACKVILLE's 'iron pen'

in his 'Induction' has drawn nothing more powerful than Fletcher's 'Wrath',

'Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of fire.'

You have in the 'body' (=the flesh) glowing 'heat' and the 'soul', rising—like a leaping, scorching flame, of sharper tooth than serpent's arrowy-darting tongue—out of it. The '*trembling* hand' is admirable. SPENSER'S 'burning brand' is spectacular merely

Take next Spenser's 'Lechery' and Fletcher's 'Aselges':

..... 'next to him rode lustfull Lechery  
Upon a bearded gote, whose rugged heare,  
And whally eies (the signe of gelosy,)  
Was like the person selfe whom he did beare:  
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare:  
Unseemly man to please faire Ladies eye;  
Yet he of Ladies oft was lovèd deare,  
When fairer faces were bid standen by:  
O! who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

In a greene gowne he clothèd was full faire,  
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;  
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,  
Full of vaine follies and now fanglenesse:  
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,  
And learned bad to love with secret lookes,  
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulness;

And fortunes tell ; and read in loving bookes,  
And thousand other waies to bait his fleshly hookes.

Inconstant man, that lovèd all he saw,  
And lusted after all that he did love ;  
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,  
But joyd weake womens hearts to tempt, and prove,  
If from their loyall loves he might them move :  
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain  
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,  
That rotts the marrow, and consumes the braine.  
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.'

[ ' Fairy Queen': Book 1. c 4, st: 24 to 26.]

Now Fletcher's ' Aselges.'

Aselges follow'd next, the boldest boy,  
That ever play'd in Venus wanton court :  
He little cares who notes his lavish joy ;  
Broad were his jests, wilde his uncivil sport ;  
His fashion too too fond, and loosly light :  
A long love-lock on his left shoulder plight,  
Like to a woman's hair, well shew'd a woman's sprite.

Lust in strange nests this Cuckoe egge conceiv'd ;  
Which nurst with surfets, drest with fond disguises,  
In Fancie's school his breeding first receiv'd :  
So this brave spark to wilder flame arises ;  
And now to Court preferr'd, high blouds he fires,  
There blows up pride, vain mirths and loose desires ;  
And heav'nly souls (oh grief !) with hellish flame inspires.



There oft to rivals lends the gentle Dor,  
 Oft takes (his mistresse by) the bitter Bob :\*  
 There learns her each daie's change of Gules, Verd, Or,  
 (His sampler) if she pouts, her slave must sob :  
     Her face his sphere, her hair his circling skie ;  
     Her love his heav'n, her sight eternitie :  
 Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'l die.

Upon his arm a tinsell scarf he wore,  
 Forsooth his Madam's favour, spangled fair :  
 Light as himself, a fanne his helmet bore,  
 With ribbons drest, begg'd from his Mistresse hair :  
     On's shield a wingèd boy all naked shin'd ;  
     His folded eyes willing and willfull blinde :  
 The word was wrought with gold, *Such is a lover's minde.*  
     [Purple Island, c. vii., stanzas 23—26.]

The most uncritical will at once perceive, that still you must look in vain for 'plagiarism' or 'copying' here : that throughout there is fundamental difference of conception. SPENSER'S 'Lechery' I must pronounce—with all my veneration for him in other regions of the kingdom of Poesy—a vulgar, blundering, caricature. The old Painters misrepresent JUDAS as a 'fiend' in horror of hideousness : with penetrative sagacity odd but greatly-gifted John Kelso Hunter has said

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\* These terms will be found explained in their places in Vol. iv.

contrawise, 'I should have painted him as a thin-lipped, nice man'.\* The artistic misconception is in the same direction with SPENSER's, who forgot that 'Lechery' or fleshly lust is unhappily not invariably brutal but often refined, high-strung, tremulously sensitive as at every pore, and as though the soul were but a 'stringed instrument' within the body, open to every gust and shiver of passion. 'Whaly' or 'Wall-eyes'—like 'the gote' he rode—are not the eyes that flash exciting sparkles into 'women's fantasy'. With subtler clear-sightedness Fletcher's 'Aselges' is presented as a girl-fair boy, 'broad' of 'jest', 'uncivil' of 'sport', wearing his 'love-lock' and unholily devoted and persistent in attaining his 'desires'. How poor is SPENSER beside throbbing lines like these :

.....'if she pouts, her slave must sob,  
Her face his sphere, her hair his circling skie ;  
Her love his heav'n, her sight eternitie :  
Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'l die.'

One is reminded of Charistus' after-discovery in the 'Lady Errant'—as the issue of such wild lust of passion :

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\* 'Retrospect of an Artist's Life.' p 158.

..... 'I'd thought I'd been  
Clasp'd in embraces, but I find I am  
Entangled in a net.'

(CALTWRIGHT, as before, p. 37.)

There remain SPENSER's 'Avarice' and FLETCHER's 'Pleonectes': SPENSER's 'Envy' and FLETCHER's 'Envy': SPENSER's 'Fear' and FLETCHER's 'Deilos': but I can only place the respective places below:\* and leave the reader to compare. The result will be the same in these as in the preceding, newness of conception and treatment in the ground-idea and in detail of traits, and a deeper unity, if now and then less Titian or Tintoretto-like gorgeousness of epithetic colour, and subtle idealism,—although as we shall see our Poet is preeminently rich and choice in his epithets.

I venture to affirm after prolonged and open-eyed study of SPENSER and FLETCHER, that half-a-page,—and that a small one,—will contain every thought and word in the latter, traceable to the former. Conceding therefore—as it must be—

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\* Avarice: F.Q., b. i. c. iv., stanzas 27—29 and Pleonectes: P. I. c. viii., stanzas 24—29: Envy: F. Q., b. i., c. iv., stanzas 30—32: P. I., b. v., c. xii., stanza 31.: Envie. P. I., c. vii., stanzas 66—68: Fear F. Q., b. i., c. xii., stanza 12: Deilos: P. I., c. viii., stanzas 10—12.

that the Impersonations and Allegories of FLETCHER are the common possession of all, not the *peculium* of the ‘Fairy Queen’: and having regard to the life-like Personality or Individuality of the successive conceptions of ‘The Purple Island’,—as of ‘Christ’s Victorie’—and the naturalness, indeed inevitableness of their introduction, to the working out of the plan of his Poem: and above all on every hand made conscious of opulent, full, be-getting intellect and splendid Imagination—no one capable of looking beneath the seeming, will hesitate in casting aside the current notion of our Fletchers that they are either ‘plagiarists’ or ‘copyists’ or ‘echoes’ of Spenser. There is not more difference between the ‘Allegory on the banks of the Nile’ in the Comedy and Allegory-proper, than between the Impersonations of ‘The Purple Island’ and ‘Christ’s Victorie’ and those of the ‘Fairy Queen’. The FLETCHERS are fundamentally original, independent, native: and when they take a ‘thread of gold’ from another, it is to interweave it into a richer, more lustrous texture. The ‘Purple Island’ has a gallery of ‘Impersonations’ of every Grace and Passion, of every Faculty and Attribute, of Soul and Body, noble and base, God-given and sprung of sin, worthy of the grandest Painter to realize. The entire range of human

Character is laid under tribute : and each stands out sharp-lined, unmistakable, embodied and ensouled, co-equal with the finest of SPENSER's, and incomparably beyond the faint sepia-tinted, washy Impersonations of GRAY and COLLINS—as I have already dared to remark in connection with Giles's Impersonations. It is marvellous with what sure touch he passes like his brother, from the terrific to the beautiful, from the gentle to the awful. The soft wave crests into a beast of prey white-teethed and hungry—as in a sudden-wind-visited coast : and as swiftly you have the '*guilty* Sea'—to use one of the Shakespeare-like bits of his own '*Sicelides*'—couching again in its huge Cave, still and soft as before, in a glory of light, shadow-fringed. With rapid yet finished marshalling of his Impersonations, there pass before us '*Dicea*' ('Justice') "the first-born daughter of th' Almighty King" before whom when she but spake the one word '*Father*'

"The faultlesse heaven's, like leaves in autumn shake"

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\* After the proof of our FLETCHER's fundamental originality I need not hesitate to adduce here Dr MACDONALD's hasty criticism in '*Antiphon*'—"Both Brothers" says he "were injured, not by their worship of SPENSER but

and “soft-hearted Mercy” before whose ineffable radiance, sunny as Una’s—

“Heav’ns bright burning eye loses his blinded sight,” and anon comes “all-seeing Intellect” in the splendour of allegiance to God and in the fathomless ruin of rebellion against Him: and next dance in the “Five Senses,” and onward “Phantastes” (‘Fancy’) with another tenderly-touched eulogy of Spenser as having “eternized, the great sovereign of the Fairy Land” and ‘Syn-teresis’ (‘Conscience’) with ‘Repentance’ a “sad-fair maid”. Looking elsewhere, another group is seen around ‘Caro’ (the ‘flesh’) a baleful crew, ‘Mœchus’ (‘Adultery’) attended by Doubt and Fear, Jealousy and Revenge. Beyond

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by the form that worship took—imitation. They seem more pleased to produce a line or stanza that shall recall a line or stanza of SPENSER, than to produce a fine original of their own. They even copy lines almost word for word from their great master. This is pure homage: it was their delight that such adaptations should be recognized—just as it was Spenser’s hope, when he inserted translation’s from Tasso’s *Jerusalem Delivered* in *The Fairy Queen*, to gain the honour of a true re-production” (p 156)—All which is idle ill-informed ‘theorizing, baseless, as’ any Folly’ of Fancy, as our text has superabundantly shewn.

is 'Porneius' ('Fornication') a 'meagre wight', in turn attended by Wastefulness and Want: and following him is 'Acathurus' ('Sodomy') and 'Asleges' ('Lasciviousness'). After these, with unflagging, unwearied and unwearying fullness of personifying-power, come 'Idololatros' ('Idolatrie') and 'Pharmacus' ('Witchcraft') and 'Hæreticus' ('Heresy') "all tongue, no eare" and 'Hypocrisie'—this last a most telling portraiture. One stanza is all I can find room for

' His wanton heart he veils with dewy eyes;  
So, oft the world, and oft himself deceives;  
His tongue his heart, his hands his tongue, belies:  
His path (as snails) silver, but shine, he leaves:  
He Babel's glory is, but Sion's taint  
Religion's blot but irreligion's paint:  
A saint abroad, at home a fiend: and worst, a saint '

Still another group follows: 'Ignorance' and 'Superstition' and 'Profaneness' and 'Blasphemy' and 'Ecthros' ('Hatred') and 'Dissemblance' and 'Variance' and 'Emulation' and 'Wrath' and 'Strife' and 'Schism' and 'Envy' and 'Phonos' ('Murder') and 'Methos' ('Drunkenness') and 'Gluttony'. I have recounted only the Impersonations of two Cantos: but in all the others there is the same wealth. It is impossible adequately to characterize or sufficiently to estimate

the many-sidedness of the Poet's genius who thus makes words plastic to his touch and causes to stand out unconfused, definite, individual, his manifold Conceptions. Each is a study. Even where he gives but two lines or a line to a new Personification, the 'cunning hand' shews itself. I cannot give place to SPENSER in this special domain of Impersonation, nor exalt even the renowned fourth 'Canto' of the 'Fairy Queen' at the expense of 'The Purple Island.' There are subtleties of insight into human nature, and largeness of out-look on human life, and recognition of permanent principles underlying all apparent mystery and contradiction, and setting to music of those ethereal glimpses of 'Paradise Lost' still gotten when the golden gates stand open for the incoming of His Presence in loveliness or majesty, and snatches of description of the beautiful remaining in our Earth, in PHINEAS FLETCHER's Poetry, such as you nowhere meet in SPENSER—whose eyes were rather lenses than soul-informed 'searchers'—such as were WORDSWORTH's—away deep beneath the outward and visible. The Impersonations of 'The Purple Island' are Personalities not spectres or things. They live, breath, act, fight, work, pray, sin, rejoice, wail, with a fine realism and yet with as fine an idealism resting



light-like on them. SPENSER's most substantive Impersonations when you come to 'ponder' them and interrogate, grow thin, shadowy, indefinite and un-homogeneous.

I have dwelt the longer upon our Poet's originality and independence and supremacy over SPENSER in this one faculty of Impersonation—not gainsaying for a moment that in the sky-pure region of Imagination 'Colin' has more of that indefinable 'inspiration' which belongs to the highest of Poets, as SHAKESPEARE and MILTON, and as already granted unapproachably more superbness of verbal colour, and exquisiteness of taste, and mellifluousness of versification as a whole—because as with GILES, this is his central gift, his chosen medium for the utterance of what was in him; and further, because in order to our vindication we have brought out such illustrative quotations as make it unnecessary that there should be enlargement on such characteristics as remain to be noticed.

*In limine* objection has been taken to the subject designated by 'The Purple Island'—mainly perhaps because in ignorance of the quaint forms men's thoughts, like their gardens, took at the Period. Because the title suggested some 'sunny isle' lying in purple splendour away in the

radiant Tropics, and thereby summoned up visions of gorgeous scenery and deeds of emprise and daring, that the Poet had ready to his hand in Hakluyt or the minor 'voyage' historians, the disappointed and irate reader avenged himself, not by accepting the correction of his own haste in overlooking the subsidiary title 'or Isle of Man' but in impatient words against the fine old Book.\*

Just as one wishes that MILTON had considered

\* Of the minor Voyage-Historians referred to, *supra*, I know none comparable with "Master Francis Fletcher" of the following rich and rare book: "The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake. Offered at last to Publique view, both for the honour of the Actor, but especially for the stirring up of heroike Spirits, to benefit their Countrey, and eternize their Names by like noble attempts. Collected out of the Notes of Master Francis Fletcher, Preacher in this imployment, and compared with divers other Notes that went in the same Voyage. Printed at London....1652" [4to]. This is a singularly racy, Defoe-like Narrative. I know not if this 'Preacher' was of kin with our Worthies. He seems to have had poetic susceptibility. He closes the volume (a thin quarto) of 103 pages thus:

"Soli rerum maximarum Effectori  
Soli totius mundi Gubernatori,  
Soli suorum Conservatori,  
Soli Deo sit semper Gloria."

perspective more, in his warfare of the angels, I will allow that in details, very much might have been spared, and that a later and better taste would have avoided these, as well as certain quaint antitheses that belong to the age. But I cannot for a moment allow that the subject itself was other than wisely and well chosen, or that it lacks the nobleness demanded for a semi-Epic Poem. The 'Body' and the 'Soul' of man, that is MAN in his two-fold completeness, is the subject: and with respect to the former, I think it bears on the face of it, that PHINEAS FLETCHER had rare robustness and independence of judgement, especially being so young—for his 'Epistle' informs us that his poetry was "the raw Essayes of his very unripe years, and almost childhood"—so to have risen above the prevailing theological method of regarding the 'Body' not to say the 'Soul'—and to recognise that it was no mere piece of brute or beast's 'flesh,' to be fought against and dealt with as in everything 'abominable', no mere 'stye' of lusts and passions, no 'prison' from which the inhabitant ought to sigh and strain for release: but in very deed the God-fashioned 'palace of the soul' having royal halls and chambers, and shrines, worthy of the soul and worthy of God. Our Poet had no

sympathy with that sort of orthodoxy that thinks it is very pious when it maligns and treats with contumely, human nature, and that Body which in itself is the most glorious of all the material-workmanship of the Creator—‘fearfully and wonderfully made’ and, in the un-fearing language of St. Paul, ‘the Temple of the Holy Ghost’, having its own ‘Holy of Holies’ and Shecinah-glory and mystic audience-chambers. Hence to FLETCHER every minutest part of the Body had its wonder and interest, nothing ignoble, nothing ‘unclean’; while the Soul, alike in its greatness and bondage, in its mighty faculties and attributes, and awful sorrows and as awful joy, in its splendors of light and measureless breadths of shadow, in its possibilities of destiny for weal or doom, in its grand ‘conflict’ and grander triumph, in its reaching up to God and in its tremendous risks, as touched by and touching the realm of mysterious darkness informed by “principalities and powers and rulers of darkness,” in its Divineness and in its pathetic humanness, gave to the subject of the great poem irresistible attractiveness. Nor do I doubt that recognizing that *the* gift of the Poet bestowed on him was his supreme faculty of Personification, there flashed before his ‘mind’s eye’ the magnificent opportunities that his

elected subject gave for such Impersonations. His recognition of the wonder and glory, the dignity and grandeur, the worth and interest of the 'Body' and the 'Soul', greatened his subject to him: and though of necessity accepting the Fact of 'The Fall' and the consequent dolours of universal human experience, he never forgets the more prodigious Fact of 'The Redemption'. So that, as has already been shown, while you have in the 'Purple Island' words of as tragic sorrowfulness and accusation, and scenes of as awesome terror and weirdness, and Impersonations of as appalling and hideous realism, as you will find in any Literature, you have likewise counter-words of the deepest and truest joy, counter-scenes of loveliness and radiance, and counter-Impersonations of all bright and beautiful graces. Beside lust-born 'Gluttony' you have heaven-born 'Faith': beside 'Envy' you have azure-clad starry 'Hope': beside 'Jealousy' you have 'Mercy' and 'Pity': beside 'Wrath' and 'Revenge' you have 'Love' and 'Peace': and so throughout. How much these 'Impersonations' vivify the 'Purple Island' compared with what it would have been without them, may be measured partially by an examination of the moral Verse of Sir William Leighton — as I shall show in prefatory Note to our edition

of it, where I also hope to be able to notice previous and subsequent conceptions of the subject-matter of our Fletcher's great Poem.

I have conceded that many of the details concerning the 'Body' might have been spared. I must regret that filling necessarily the opening Cantos they are apt to repel: at the same time, having selected MAN as his subject, and viewing the 'Body' justly and reverently as we have seen, one is at no loss to understand wherefore the Poet courageously and believingly chose to 'sing' of all these. He shews extraordinary ingenuity and skill in overcoming the difficulties of the details in question, and remarkable anatomical knowledge. Then—and it is especially necessary to recall this, because of HEADLEY's and CAMPBELL's uncritical generalization—the Reader who is resolute to 'read' all—paying that homage to genius of deeming worthy of thought whatever it deemed worthy of uttering—will find in the most (apparently) technical and un-poetic portions, rewarding touches of surpassing brilliance of thought, originality of imagination, daintiness of expression, freshness of description, vividness of epithet, melody of words, aptness of classical allusion. The Poet's Pegasus if o' times over-loaded as a pack-horse, has also its ringing bells: or to change

the figure, the bleakest landscape as in N. Poussin has purple flush in the sky over-head. Be it remembered also, that the 'anatomical' Cantos are limited to four—all short—out of TWELVE, and that even these four [II to V] in common with the others, are severally introduced and closed with descriptions dewy and idyllic as those of Bishop GAWN DOUGLAS to his 'Virgil'—beginning and end comparable therefore, to the two bases of the seven-fold arch of the Rainbow when the arch itself is shattered in the clouds,—wherein gleams of amethyst and purple glorify the ground, if they have paled into grey in the sky. Even in the midst of technicalities of anatomy such as only the most deft hand could have moulded into melodious verse, you come on *bits* that reveal the Poet. The second Canto, which begins these physical 'details' opens with a slightly-sketched rural Landscape, passes to the rescue of the Isle from 'that horrid main, which bears the fearfull looks and name of Death'—where by the way we have the probable original of FULLER's quaint suggested-naming of, 'Abel's straits' from him who first sailed across the 'narrow Sea', if I rightly remember—and then you have enumerated and described in succession, the manifold parts of the Body. The 'ivory cage' of the

Bones—and here I appropriate FULLER as compensation for FULLER's not infrequent indebtedness to the FLETCHERS—is first described : and you do not get far until pencil-in-hand you find yourself margin-marking this :

.....“that the rougher frame might lurk unseen,  
All fair is hung with coverings slight and thinne  
Which partly hide it all, yet all is partly seen ;  
As when a virgin her snow-circled breast  
: Displaying hides, and hiding sweet displaies.”

and immediately is this :

“Below dwells in this Citie's market-place  
The Island's common Cook, Concoction ;  
Common to all'; therefore in middle space  
Is quarter'd fit in just proportion ;  
Whence never from his labour he retires ;  
No rest he asks, or better change requires :  
Both night and day he works, ne'er sleeps, nor sleep  
desires.” [stanza 33.]

Canto third is thus softly and fresheningly ushered in :

“The Morning fresh, dappling her horse with roses,  
(Vext at the lingring shades, that long had left her  
In Tithon's freezing arms) the light discloses ;  
And chasing Night, of rule and heav'n bereft her :  
The Sunne with gentle beams his rage disguises,  
And like aspiring tyrants, temporises ;  
Never to be endur'd, but when he falls or rises.”



Then as the 'task' he has undertaken deepens before him, and the wonder and the awfulness of the 'fashioning' of the human body impress themselves upon his spirit, again he bows the knee and adores :

"Thou Shepherd-God, who onely know'st it right,  
And bid'st that art from all the world beside ;  
Shed in my mustie breast Thy sparkling light,  
And in this fogge my erring footsteps guide.—

Thou who first mad'st, and never will forsake it :  
Else how shall my weak hand dare undertake it,  
When thou Thyself ask'st counsel of Thy self to make it."

[stanza 4]

Immediately other 'details' are continued : with what skill wrought out, and with what softening by the light and shadow of allusion and metaphor, let these stanzas tell :

"In this great town the Isle's great Steward dwells :  
His porphyre house glitters in purple die ;  
In purple clad himself : from hence he deals  
His store to all the Isle's necessitie :

And though the rent he daily duiy pay,  
Yet doth his flowing substance ne're decay ;  
All day he rent receives, returns it all the day.

And like that golden starre, which cuts his way  
Through Saturn's ice, and Mars, his fry ball,  
Temp'ring their strife with his more kindly ray :

So 'tween the Splenion's frost and th' angry Gall  
 The joviall Hepar sits ; with great expence  
 Cheering the Isle by his sweet influence ;  
 So slakes the envious rage and endlesse difference.

Within, some say, Love hath his habitation ;  
 Not Cupid's self, but Cupid's better brother :  
 For Cupid's self dwells with a lower nation,  
 But this more sure, much chaster then the other ;  
 By whose command we either love our kinde,  
 Or with most perfect love affect the minde ;  
 With such a diamond knot he often souls can binde."

[stanzas 8—10]

Again you have the Miltonic resonance of names here :

' So by the Bosphor straits in Euxine seas,  
 Not farre from old Byzantium, closely stand  
 Two neighbour Islands, called Symplegades."

[stanza 28.]

The Canto closes with a splendid tribute to Elizabeth ('Bassilissa') from which I take these truly Shakesperean lines :

"She was—ay me ! she was—the sweetest May  
 That ever flowr'd in Albion's regiment :  
 Few eyes fall'n lights adore : yet Fame shall keep  
 Her name awake, when others silent sleep ;  
 While men have eares to hear, eyes to look back, and weep."

[st. 32.]

Canto fourth again, opens as with an Idyll from Moschus or Theocritus or a picture of Hobbima or Cuyp, and then turns to 'sing' of the 'heart': and very choice are the olden rich-sounding names interwoven, as of 'Thracian Hæmus' and fair Medway down the Kentish Vales', and then a flash like this:

"That mighty hand in these dissected wreathes,  
(Where moves our Sunne) His throne's fair picture gives;  
The pattern breathlesse, but the picture breathes;  
His highest heav'n is dead our low heav'n lives:  
Nor scorns that loftie One thus low to dwell;  
Here His best starres He sets, and glorious cell,  
And fills with saintly spirits, so turns to heav'n from hell."  
[stanza 9]

Then another like unto it:

"Yet that great Light, by Whom all heaven shines  
With borrow'd beams, oft leaves His loftie skies,  
And to this lowly seat Himself confines.  
Fall then again, proud heart, now fall to rise:  
Cease earth, ah cease, proud Babel earth, to swell:  
Heav'n blasts high towers, stoops to a low-rooft call;  
First heav'n must dwell in man, then man in heav'n shall  
dwell."  
[stanza 26]

ISAAC WALTON as we saw in the Memoir, was a fervent admirer of our Poet, and his famous encomium on heavenly RICHARD SIBBES—one of his

few snatches of song—was perchance fetched from the last line in the preceding stanza—

“Of this blest man, let this just praise be given  
Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven.”

[Works by me, i. xx.]

The Canto closes with a Gray-like description :

“But see, the smoak mounting in village nigh,  
With folded wreaths, steals through the quiet aire ;  
And mix’t with duskie shades in Eastern skie,  
Begins the night, and warns us home repair.

Bright Vesper now hath chang’d his name and place,  
And twinkles in the heav’n with doubtfull face :  
Home then my full-fed lambs ; the night comes, home  
apace.” [stanza 33]

A companion-scene opens Canto fifth :

“By this the old Night’s head (grown hoary gray)  
Foretold that her approaching end was neare ;  
And gladsome birth, of young succeeding Day  
Lent a new glory to our hemispheare.”

Then come the ‘Brain’, the ‘Face’ and all the other subsidiary portions. This of the Face :

“For as this Isle is a short summarie  
Of all that in this All is wide dispread ;  
So th’ Island’s Face is th’ Isle’s Epitomie,  
Where ev’n the Prince’s thoughts are often read :  
For when that All had finisht every kinde,  
And all His works would in lesse volume binde,  
Fair on the Face He wrote the Index of the minde.”

[stanza 8.]

Again you have alternation of anatomical details with rich classical allusion, as here :

"Not that bright spring, where fair Hermaphrodite  
Grew into one with wanton Salmacis,  
Nor that where Biblis dropt, too fondly light,  
Her tears and self, may dare compare with this ;  
Which here beginning, down a lake descends,  
Whose rockie chanel these fair streams defends,  
Till it the precious wave through all the Isle depends."

[stanza 19]

' Eye ' and ' Ear ' are sung of with rare brilliance and wonted outpouring of a scholar's lore. This of the ' Ear ' in its nice interior arrangements :

"Such whilome was that eye-deceiving frame,  
Which crafty Dædal with a cunning hand  
Built to empound the Cretan Prince's shame :  
Such was that Woodstock cave, where Rosamand,  
Fair Rosamand, fled jealous Ellenore ;  
Whom late a shepherd taught to weep so sore,  
That woods and hardest rocks her harder fate deplore."

[Stanza 45]

Similarly of the ' Tongue ' :

"With Gustus Lingua dwells, his prattling wife,  
Indu'd with strange and adverse qualities ,  
The nurse of hate and love, of peace and strife,  
Mother of fairest truth, and foulest lies :

Or best or worst—no mean—made all of fire,  
Which sometimes hell, and sometimes heav'ns inspire ;  
By whom oft Truth' self speaks, oft that first murth'ring  
Liar.

The idle sunne stood still at her command,  
Breathing his firie steeds in Gibeon :  
And pale-fac'd Cynthia at her word made stand,  
Resting her coach in vales of Aialon,  
Her voice oft open breaks the stubborn skies,  
And holds th' Almighty's hands with suppliant cries :  
Her voice tears open Hell with horrid blasphemies.

Therefore that great Creatour, well foreseeing  
To what a monster she would soon be changing,  
(Though lovely once, perfect and glorious being)  
Curb'd her with iron bit, and held from ranging ;  
And with strong bonds her looser steps enchaining,  
Bridled her course, too many words refraining,  
And doubled all his guards, bold libertie restraining."

[Stanzas 56, 57, 58]

This Canto closes with the story of Eurydice, taken from Boethius, but told with a power, a picturesqueness, a definiteness, that lift it far above its original ; indeed it is diamond-crusted with the richness of its wording. Let the reader judge :

"Thus Orpheus wanne his lost Eurydice ;  
Whom some deaf snake, that could no musick heare,  
Or some blind neut, that could no beantie see,

Thinking to kisse, killed with his forkèd spear :  
 He, when his plaints on earth were vainly spent,  
 Down to Avernus river boldly went,  
 And charm'd the meager ghosts with mournfull bland-  
 ishment.

There what his mother, fair Calliope,  
 From Phoebus' harp and Muses' spring had brought  
 him ;  
 What sharpest grief for his Eurydice,  
 And love, redoubling grief, had newly taught him,  
 He lavisht out, and with his potent spell,  
 Bent all the rigorous powers of stubborn Hell :  
 He first brought Pitie down with rigid ghosts to dwell.

Th' amazèd shades came flocking round about,  
 Nor car'd they now to passe the Stygian ford :  
 All Hell came running there, (an hideous rout)  
 And dropt a silent tear for ev'ry word :  
 The aged Ferrieman shov'd out his boat ;  
 But that without his help did thither float :  
 And having ta'ne him in, came dancing on the moat.

The hungry Tantal might have fill'd him now,  
 And with huge draughts awill'd in the standing pool ;  
 The fruit hung listrung on the wond'ring bough,  
 Forgetting Hell's command, but he (ah ! fool)  
 Forgot his starvèd taste, his cares to fill.  
 Ixion's turning wheel unmov'd stood still ;  
 But he was rapt as much with powerfull musick's skill.

Tir'd Sisyphus sat on his resting stone,  
 And hop'd at length his labour done for ever ;  
 The vulture feeding on his pleasing mone,  
 Glutted with musick, scorn'd grown Tityus liver :  
     The Furies flung their snakie whips away,  
     And melt in tears at his enchanting lay,  
 No shrieches now were heard ; all Hell kept holy-day.

That treble Dog, whose voice ne're quiet fears  
 All that in endlesse Night's sad kingdome dwell,  
 Stood pricking up his thrice-two listning eares,  
 With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell ;  
     And softly whining piti'd much his wrongs ;  
     And now first silent at those dainty songs,  
 Oft wisht himself more ears, and fewer mouths and  
 tongues.

At length return'd with his Eurydice,  
 But with this law not to return his eyes,  
 Till he was past the laws of Tartarie ;  
 (Alas ! who giues Love laws in miseries ?  
     Love is love's law ; love but to love is ti'd)  
     Now when the dawns of neighbour Day he spi'd,  
 Ah wretch ! Eurydice he saw, and lost, and di'd."

[c. v., stanzas 61—67]

These examples may suffice to shew that HEAD-  
 LEY and CAMPBELL and the herd of critics who  
 have followed suit, in their indiscriminating gener-  
 alization on the 'anatomical' cantos of 'The  
 Purple Island', not only miss the deeper principle  
 that lay in the Poet's mind when he made his



selection of subject and the plan for his Poem, whereby no part of the wondrous human Body was to his eye and all-purpling Imagination without dignity or without insignia of creative wisdom, and power, and graciousness, and so none unworthy to be framed to song—however sham-wit may think it clever instead of merely stupid, to ridicule (so-called) ‘allegorizing of the bladder and kidneys’—but that in counselling the over-passing of these cantos, many snatches of true poetry will be neglected in such case. What I have adduced by no means exhausts the ‘Orient pearls’ that might be strung from these very Cantos : for the Poet’s genius asserts itself whatever be the material whereon it works. As Dolabella of Cæsar,

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‘ his delights  
Were dolphin-like ; *they show’d his back above*  
*The element they lived in.*

[Anthony and Cleopatra v. 2.]

The Cantos that follow those dedicated to the ‘Body’ have for their theme the ‘Soul’: and if the Critics blundered in their characterization of the earlier as belonging to the ‘dissecting-table’ merely, more thorough-going is their blundering when in the words of the careless CAMPBELL, it is

added of the others: "Unfortunately in the remaining cantos he only quits the dissecting-table to launch into the subtlety of the Schools". The Poet of the 'Pleasures of Hope' knew just as much about the 'subtelty of the Schools' as he did of the poem he was foolishly depreciating: and that was *nil*. 'Subtlety of the Schools' as applied to the Impersonations of our Poet is sheer nonsense. For he accepts the ordinary Faculties and Affections of the 'Soul,' and marshalls them in the Conflict, under the ordinary philosophy of Common Sense, not at all scholastically or 'subtly' or mystically. Eclecta or Intellect is Sovereign in the 'Island,' and his 'counsellors' viz. Fancy, Memory, Common Sense and the Five Senses, aid him in holding out against the assault of the Evil Powers. If there were to be poetic agency and machinery, it is difficult to see how they could have been chosen more simply and naturally, or with less of recondite lore or 'subtlety'. You may raise the vacant laugh by singling out the Poet's *VOLETTA* or the Will, wife of Eclecta ('Intellect') propped in her fainting-fits by Repentance administering reviving-waters to the queen. But the representation is courageous and truthful. For apart from allegory and as simple matter-of-fact, is not the

infirm, changeful 'Will' thus restrung and strengthened by 'Repentance'? and is not 'Intellect' in its robustness fitly impersonated as masculine and the Will as feminine? Epithets such as 'pickled sighs' I grant you, in our days, sound quaint even to grotesqueness: but the odd word was then simply equivalent and in familiar use as equivalent to tear-salted or unceasing sighs. Hence you have 'lingering pickle' put into Cleopatra's vehement threats: which of course if you so choose, may similarly be laughed at, that is if you are insignificant enough to laugh at one WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Then there is this in The Synagogue of CHRISTOPHER HARVEY—the accepted 'other half' of The Temple of GEORGE HERBERT:

"He that his joys would keep  
Must weep;  
And in the brine of tears  
And fears  
*Must pickle them.* That powder will preserve:  
Faith with repentance is the soul's conserve."

[ 'The Return' 47: ]

It is not criticism but stupidity to snigger at the mere antique clothing of a thought in forgetfulness of the thought itself—and the Thinker. I dare say were 'Queen Bess' or Sir Walter, to appear in their own very 'form and pressure' and to

speak to us in their own very English, you should have those unworthy to fasten their shoe-buckles jesting with lozel tongue at their expense.\*

Our illustrative quotations in presenting our Poet's Impersonations—his supreme gift —have brought out nearly every characteristic of his genius, and evidenced the wealth of poetry in the 'Purple Island'. Therefore I do not propose to

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\* CAMPBELL and others have waxed 'merry' over the part filled by King JAMES, and pronounced the Poet grossly adulatory, on the ground that the sovereign was 'at that time a sinner upon earth.' James died March 27th, 1625, or eight years before 'The Purple Island' was published: so that 'adulation' could have no (personal) motive. The Poet as well as his brother GILES had welcomed and rejoiced in the reign of JAMES as preeminently a King of *peace*, after the sorrowful contests and turmoil of preceding reigns. There lay the secret of their recurring and unbought 'praise'. Moreover their allegiance to Monarchy transfigured the Monarch and readily accepted the King who had written a not ignoble treatise on the Book of Revelation—falling very much in with contemporary opinion,—as representative of England's Protestant hostility to Popery and Jesuitry. At the same time I am free to confess that I wish the Royalist stanzas had been left unwritten. But that does not affect the singleness of heart of our Poets, or the genuineness of their avouched integrity of motive.

go back, save incidentally, 'on' these Impersonations. But I would now endeavour to shew, as with GILES,—the influence of PHINEAS FLETCHER on MILTON, and at the same time confirm the characteristics already found, and suggest others. For the latter, take first of all, Impersonations not yet noticed: Superstition and the attendants on the 'foure, Anagnus and foul Caros' sonnes' and Ecthros. This is the longest I can here admit: but it will serve various ends to give it in its completeness. I venture to italicize and otherwise mark what seem to me very noticeable lines:

"Th other owl-ey'd Superstition,  
*Deform'd, distorted, blinde in shining light ;*  
*Yet styles her self holy Devotion,*  
*And so is call'd and seems in shadie night :*  
 Fearfull, as is the hare, or hunted hinde ;  
 Her face and breast she oft with crosses sign'd :  
*No custome would she break, or change her settled minde.*

If hare or snake her way, herself she crosses,  
 And stops her 'mazed steps ; sad fears affright her,  
 When falling salt points out some fatall losses,  
 Till Bacchus grapes with holy sprinkle quite her :  
 Her onely bible is an Erra Pater ;  
 Her antidote are hallow'd wax and water :  
 I' th' dark all lights are sprites, all noises chains that  
 clatter.

With them marcht (sunk in deep securitie)  
*Profanenesse, to be fear'd for never fearing ;*  
 And by him, new-oaths-coyning Blasphemie,  
 Who names not God, but in a curse or swearing :  
 And thousand other fiends in diverse fashion,  
 Dispos'd in severall ward, and certain station :  
 UNDER, HELL WIDELY YAWN'D ; AND OVER, FLEW DAMNA-  
 TION.

Next Adicus his sonnes ; first Ecthros slie,  
 Whose prickt-up eares kept open house for lies ;  
 And fleering eyes still watch and wait to spie  
 When to return still-living injuries :  
 Fair weather smil'd upon his painted face,  
 And eyes spoke peace, till he had time and place ;  
 Then poures down showers of rage, and streams of  
 rancour base.

So when a sable cloud with swelling sail  
 Comes swimming through calm skies, the silent aire  
 (While fierce windes sleep in Æol's rockie jayl)  
 With spangled beams embroid'red, glitters fair ;  
 But soon 'gins lowr : straight clatt'ring hail is bred,  
 Scatt'ring cold shot ; *light hides his golden head,*  
*And with untimely winter earth's o're-silvered.*

His arms well suit his minde, where smiling skies  
 Breed thund'ring tempests : on his loftie crest  
 Asleep the spotted Panther couching lies,  
 And by sweet sents and skinne so quaintly drest,  
 Draws on her prey : upon his shield he bears  
 The dreadfull monster which great Nilus fears ;  
 (The weeping Crocadile) his word *I kill with tears'*

Here is a briefer hand-sketch which THOMAS FULLER must have studied :

" And at the rear of these in secret guise  
Crept Theeverie, and Detraction, near akinne ;  
    No twinnes more like . they seem'd almost the same ;  
    One stole the goods, the other the good name :  
The latter lives in scorn, the former dies in shame."

[c vii. stanza 34]

Take next Colax or Flatterie :

" Next Colax all his words with sugar spices ;  
His servile tongue, base slave to greatnesse name,  
Runnes nimble descant on the plainest vices ;  
He lets his tongue to sinne, takes rent of shame :  
    He temp'ring lies, porter to th' eare resides,  
    Like Indian apple, which with painted sides,  
More dangerous within his lurking poyson hides.

So Echo, to the voice her voice conforming,  
From hollow breast for one will two repay ;  
So, like the rock it holds, it self transforming,  
That subtil fish hunts for her heedlesse prey :  
    So crafty fowlers with their fair deceits  
    Allure the hungrie bird ; so fisher waits  
To bait himselfe with fish, his hook and fish with baite.

His art is but to hide, not heal a sore,  
To nourish pride, to strangle conscience ;  
To drain the rich, his owne drie pots to store,

To spoil the precious soul, to please vile sense :

A carrion crow he is, a gaping grave,

The rich coat's moth, the court's bane, trencher's slave ;  
Sinne's and hell's winning band, the devil's fact'ring knave.

A mist he casts before his patron's sight,

That blackest vices never once appeare ;

But greater then it is, seems vertue's light ;

His Lord's displeasure is his onely fear :

His clawing lies, tickling the senses frail

To death, make open way where force would fail.

Less hurts the lion's paw, then foxes softest tail."

[c VIII. stanzas 44—48]

More tranquil and winning is the Impersonation  
of ' Knowledge ' :

" The first in order (nor in worth the last)

Is Knowledge, drawn from peace and Muses spring ;

Where shaded in fair Sinaie's groves, his taste

He feasts with words and works of heav'nly King ;

But now to bloody field is fully bent :

Yet still he seem'd to study as he went :

His arms cut all in books ; strong shield slight papers  
lent.

His glitt'ring armour shin'd like burning day,

Garnisht with golden Sunnes, and radiant flowers ;

Which turn their bending heads to Phoebus ray,

And when he falls, shut up their leavie bowers :

Upon his shield the silver Moon did bend

Her hornèd bow, and round her arrows spend :

His word in silver wrote, '*I borrow what I lend*'.



All that he saw, all that he heard, were books,  
 In which he read and lear'nd his Maker's will :  
 Most on His Word, but much on heav'n he looks,  
 And thence admires with praise the workman's skill.

Close to him went still-musing Contemplation,  
 That made good use of ills by meditation ;  
 So to him ill it self was good by strange mutation.\*

[canto ix, stanzas 10—12.]

How sharply-cut is this of 'Penitence:' and  
 how felicitous the symbols :

"She was the object of lewd mens disgrace,  
 The squint ey'd, wrie-mouth'd scoffe of carnall hearts ;  
 Yet smiling heav'n delights to kisse her face,  
 And with His bloud God bathes her painfull smarts :

*APPLICTIONS IRON FLAIL HER SOUL HAD THRASHT ;*

*Sharp Circumcision's knife her heart had slisht ;*

*Yet was it angels wine, which in her eyes was musht."*

[stanza 28]

Here is a sweet little Idyll :

'The shepherds to the woodie mount withdrew,  
 Where th' hillock-seats' shades yeeld a canopie ;  
 Whose tops with violets dy'd all in blue  
 Might seem to make a little azure skie.\*'

[c x. stanza 1.]

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\* Our Poet's friend, EDWARD BENLOWES, in his long-  
 after published 'Oxonii Encomium': (Oxon 1672 folio)  
 seems unconsciously to have appropriated the 'Purple

I can give but one out of the four fine stanzas dedicated to Macrothumus or long-suffering :

“ And next, Macrothumus, whose quiet face  
 No cloud of passion ever shadowed ;  
 Nor could hot Anger Reason’s rule displace,  
 Purpling the scarlet cheek with fire red :  
     Nor could Revenge clad in a deadly white,  
     With hidden malice eat his vexed sprite :  
 For ill he good repay’d, and love exchange’d for spite.”  
[canto x, stanza 12]

Modern Spasmodists with all their ‘mouthing’ superfluity of epithet, might take a lesson from this Claude-like picture, in two lines.

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Island’ here, although the context has merits of its own sufficient to suggest that THOMSON may have read the italicized line of the English poem :

“ Kind Summer, what each Spring engag’d for, payes :  
*There Plenty crowns the rolling years,*  
 Shed from the influence of the spheres.

.....

While there I did Earth’s flowrie carpet view,  
 (Where violets and the primrose grew)  
 Methought A NEW-BIS’N SUN IN’S AZURE SPHERE DID  
     SHEW.” (p.3.)

I add a grand line onward (p. 4)

‘ Sol that gilds the World and carries Time in’s arms.’”

' Hesperus, heav'n's tapers 'gins to light  
And warns each starre to wait upon their mistress Night.'

The sum of the Conflict extorted the praise of  
CAMPBELL :

" Long at the gate the thoughtfull Intellect  
Staid with his fearfull Queen, and daughter fair ;  
But when the Knights were past their dimme aspect,  
They follow them with vowes, and many a prayer :  
At last they climbe up to the Castle's height ,  
From which they view'd the deeds of every Knight,  
And markt the doubtfull end of this intestine fight.

As when a youth, bound for the Belgick warre,  
Takes leave of friends upon the Kentish shore ;  
Now are they parted, and he sail'd so farre,  
They see not now, and now are seen no more :  
Yet farre off viewing the white trembling sails,  
The tender mother soon plucks off her veils,  
And shaking them aloft, unto her sonne she hails."

[c. xi. stanzas 15—16]

With all MILTON's largeness of conception and resonance of wording is the ' final overcoming ' of the ' great Dragon ' Satan, by the Redeemer presented. I cannot more impressively end our examination of ' The Purple Island ': though there are splendid lines in what immediately succeeds : and moreover this passage will prepare for our further exemplification of the influence of our Poet on Milton.

“ The broken heav’ns dispart with fearfull noise,  
And from the breach out shoots a suddain light ;  
Straight shrilling trumpets with loud sounding voice  
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight :

Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,  
And soon perceiv’d that day must be his last ;  
Which strook his frighted heart, and all his troops  
aghast.

Yet full of malice and of stubborn pride,  
Though oft had strove, and had been foiled as oft,  
Boldly his death and certain fate defi’d :  
And mounted on his flaggie sails aloft,  
With boundlesse spite he long’d to try again  
A second losse, and new death ; glad and fain  
To show his pois’nous hate, though ever shew’d in vain.

So up he rose upon his stretched sails,  
Fearlesse expecting his approaching death :  
So up he rose, that th’ air starts, and fails,  
And over-pressed sinks his load beneath :  
So up he rose, as does a thunder-cloud,  
Which all the earth with shadowes black does shroud :  
So up he rose, and through the weary ayer row’d.

Now his Almighty foe farre off he spies ;  
Whose Sun-like armes daz’d the eclipsèd day,  
Confounding with their beams lesse-glitt’ring skies,  
Firing the aire with more then heav’nly ray ;  
Like thousand Sunnes in one : such is their light ;  
A subject onely for immortall sprite,  
Which never can be seen but by immortall sight.

His threatening eyes shine like that dreadfull flame,  
With which the Thunderer arms his angry hand ·  
Himself had fairly wrote His wondrous name,  
Which neither earth nor heav'n could understand ;  
A hundred crownes, like towers, beset around  
His conqu'ring head : well may they there abound,  
When all His limbes and troops with gold are richly  
crown'd.

His armour all was dy'd in purple blood ;  
(In purple blond of thousand rebell Kings)  
In vain their stubborn powers his arm withstood :  
Their proud necks chain'd he now in triumph brings,  
And breaks their spears and cracks their traitour  
swords :

Upon whose arms and thighs, in golden words  
Was fairly writ, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

His snow-white steed was born of heav'nly kinde,  
Begot by Boreas on the Thracian hills ,  
More strong and speedy then his parent Winde :  
And (which His foes with fear and horreur fills)  
Out from His mouth a two-edg'd sword He darts :  
Whose sharpened steel the bone and marrow parts,  
And with His keenest point unbreasts the naked hearts.

The Dragon wounded with this flaming brand,  
They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie :  
Short was the fight, nor could he long withstand  
Him, whose appearance was his victorie.

So now he's bound in adamantine chain ;  
He storms, he roars, he yells for high disdain :  
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'ne,"

[c. xii., st. 57—64.]

I think that I have vindicated not by my own ideas or criticism, but through multiplied examples, the true 'Maker' or Poet-nature of our FLETCHER, had he left no more than 'The Purple Island.'\*

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\* In retrospect of what we have found 'The Purple Island' to be actually, I can afford to let the Reader see what DR. MACDONALD has written of it in 'Antiphon,'—with a few intercalary remarks :

"These brothers were intense admirers of Spenser. [Granted] To be like him Phineas must write an Allegory : [Nonsense !] and such an Allegory ! [Aye, such !] Of all the strange poems in existence, this is the strangest. *The Purple Island* is man, whose body is anatomically described after the allegory of a city, which is then peopled with all the human faculties personified, each set in motion by itself [Prodigious ! but what is the meaning ? Does not each 'person' set *himself* in motion usually ?] They say the anatomy is correct : the metaphysics are certainly good. The action of the Poem is just another form of the *Holy War* of John Bunyan [Reverse this, and you have the matter of fact]—all the good and bad powers fighting for the possession of the Purple Island. What renders the conception yet more amazing is the fact that the whole ponderous mass of anatomy and metaphysics, nearly as long as *Paradise Lost*, is put as a song in a succession of twelve cantos, in the mouth of a shepherd, who begins a canto every morning to the shepherds and shepherdesses of the neighbourhood, and finishes it by the folding-time in the evening. And yet the Poem is full

I now proceed to trace MILTON's reading of his Poetry, as a whole, and thereby to guide to the hitherto unexplored mines of poetic wealth to be found in the volumes now put into the reader's hands. I need hardly repeat—and yet I shall—my former observation, that in seeking to shew that MILTON was a student of our FLETCHER, as of GILES, it is with no thought of convicting our illustrious Poet of 'plagiarism,' or in the slightest to dishonour his venerable name: but to assert like recognition of a genius that won the admiration of MILTON, and so interpenetrated his Memory with his conceptions and epithets as that semi-

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of poetry. He triumphs over the difficulty, partly by audacity, partly by seriousness, partly by the enchantment of song. But the Poem will never be read through except by students of English literature. [So much the worse for them!] It is a whole; its members are well fitted, it is full of beauties—in parts they swarm like fire-flies; and yet it is not a good poem [!] It is like a well-shaped house built of mud, and stuck full of precious stones. [I wish we had more of such 'mud'.] I do not care in my limited space to quote from it." [And yet space is found for far inferior, of text and quotation alike]. Never was there a more incongruous design of Allegory." (p. 156). [Never more 'incongruous' criticism of a most congruous and magnificent Poem.]

unconsciously they re-appear in his immortal Poems.

The main source of our FLETCHER's influence on MILTON is his 'Locustæ' in the Latin and in its English complement of the 'Apollyonists': and hence I shall in the sequel, specially examine the Miltonic 'Satan' in the light of Fletcher's 'Satan.' But before turning to the 'Locustæ,' it may be well to note Milton's reading in 'The Purple Island' and elsewhere. Let the reader, then, revert to the final Triumph of the Redeemer over the arch-enemy, as quoted above, and there he will find one of the most magnificent of the more outward conceptions of 'Paradise Lost' anticipated. Take a single stanza:

"So up he rose upon his stretchèd sails  
Fearlesse expecting his approaching death ;  
So up he rose, *that th' ayre starts, and fails,*  
*And over-pressèd, sinks his load beneath :*

So up he rose, *as dres a thunder-cloud*

Which all the Earth with shadows black does shroud  
So up he rose, *and through the weary ayer row'd."*

I know not where the prodigiousness, the huge, slow, up-heaving terror of the great Enemy and 'Prince of Darkness,' is to be found more grandly conceived and expressed, while the labouring re-plicated verse admirably corresponds to the



colossal Figure. SPENSER's Dragon is gaunt and poverty-struck beside FLETCHER's here. Let the reader determine—

'Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,  
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,  
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde  
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found  
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,  
To beare so great a weight : he, cutting way  
With his broad sayles, about him soared round ;  
At last, low stouping with unwieldy sway,  
Snatcht up both horse and men, to beare them quite away.'  
[F Queen B. I. c xi, stanza 18.]

Now read in 'Paradise Lost': [Book I. lines 225—227.]

" Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air  
*That felt unusual weight* " . . . .

DR. JOSEPH BEAUMONT in his 'Psyche' here, as so often in his remarkable Poem, shews his study of our FLETCHER: and has touches of his own that make it somewhat unaccountable that he has been so altogether overlooked by the Commentators on MILTON. I adduce two separate stanzas:

" *Hark how the brused Air complains*, now he  
Threshes her with the flails of his huge wings :

For that soft Nymph elsewhere was us'd to be  
 Beaten with feathers or melodious strings :  
 Look in what horrid port she cuts the clouds,  
 The flame before, the smoke behind him crowds."

. . . . .

"Th' amazèd Element would fain have fled  
 From all its regions, to avoid this sight :  
 'The boldest Winds that ever bluster'd Dread  
 About the world, were now a prey to fright ;  
 And to their furthest dens blowing themselves,  
 Gave way to these far more tempestuous Elves."

[c viii. 101 and 121.]

Even more self-evidencing is the indebtedness  
 in our Poet's impersonation of *Hamartia* or Sin.  
 Here it is :

"The first that crept from his detested maw,  
 Was *Hamartia*, foul deformèd wight ;  
 More foul, deform'd, the Sunne yet never saw ;  
 Therefore she hates the all-betraying light :  
*A woman seem'd she in her upper part ;*  
 To which she could such lying glosse impart,  
 That thousands she had slain with her deceiving art.

*The rest,—though hid,—in serpent's form aray'd,*  
 With iron scales, *like to a plaited mail :*  
 Over her back her knotty *tail* displaid,  
 Along the empty aire did lofty sail ;  
 The *end* was pointed with a double sting,  
 Which with such dreaded might she wont to fling,  
 That nought could help the wound but bloud of heav'nly  
 King."

[c. xii., st. 27—28.]

Look now on MILTON's 'Sin.'

———" Before the gates there sat  
On either side a formidable shape ;  
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair ;  
But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
Voluminous and vast : a serpent arm'd  
With mortal sting."

[Paradise Lost B II 648—653.]

Every one remembers the portraiture of 'Death'  
that follows this. I adduce it :

.....'The other shape  
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb ;  
Or substance might be called that shadow seem'd  
For each seem'd either ; black it stood as Night,  
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.'

[Book ii., lines 666—675.]

As the original of this amazing Impersonation  
the Commentators have given us SPENSER—  
[Fairy Queen, B. VII., vii., 46]

'But after all came Life, and lastly Death ;  
Death with most grim and grisly visage seene.  
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath ;  
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,  
Unbodied, unsoul'd unheard, unseene.'

Strange that our FLETCHER should not have been thought of, wherein nearly every Miltonic trait and word is found. Thus in the 'Apollyonist's' impersonation of 'Sin' you have at once the later 'Death' and 'Sin.'—

The Porter to th' infernal gate is Sin,  
A shapelesse shape, a foule deformèd thing,  
Nor nothing, nor a substance : as those thin  
And empty formes which through the ayer fling  
Their wandring shapes, at length they'r fastned in  
The chrystall sight. It serves, yet reigns as King :  
It lives, yet's death : it pleases, full of paine :  
Monster ! ah who, who can thy being faigne ?  
Thou shapeless shape, live death, paine pleasing, servile  
raigne !

Of that first woman, and th' old serpent bred,  
By lust and custome nurst : whom when her mother  
Saw her deform'd, how faine would she have fled  
Her birth and selfe ! ; But she her damme would smother  
And all her brood, had not He rescued  
Who was His mother's sire, His children's brother ;  
Eternitie, Who yet was borne and dy'de :  
His own Creatour, Earth's scorne, Heaven's pride,  
Who th' Deitie inflesht, and man's flesh defide.

Her former parts, her mother seemes resemble,  
Yet onely seemes to flesh and weaker sight ;  
For she with art and paint could fine dissemble  
Her loathsome face : her back parts—blacke as night—  
Like to her horride sire would force to tremble

The boldest heart : to th' eye that meetes her right  
 She seemes a lovely sweet, of beauty rare ;  
 But at the parting, he that shall compare,  
 Hell will more lovely deeme, the divil's selfe more faire."  
 [Apollyonists, c. I, stanzas 10, '11, 12]

Compare also 'Paradise Lost,' B. II., lines 746  
*seqq* where again you have "the Portress of Hell-  
 gate"\*

\* The making of 'Death' a mere 'porter' as in Fletcher and Milton, forms the subject of a fine little poem by one of whom more ought to be known—SAMUEL SPEED, in his 'Prison-Pietie' (1677). As it is not unworthy of either the 'Temple' or the 'Synagogue' or even the Silurist, I give it here as a foretaste of the complete volume :

#### "ON DEATH.

O Death ! the Serpent's son,  
 'Where is thy sting' ? Once like thy sire  
 With hellish torments, ever-burning fire ;  
 But those dark days are gone.  
 Thy peevish spite buri'd thy sting  
 In the sacred and wide  
 Wound of a Saviour's side :  
 Now thou'rt become a tame and harmless thing,  
 A toy we scorn to fear :  
 For we hear  
 That our triumphant God to conquer thee  
 For the assault thou gav'st Him on the Tree,

We shall require to return upon MILTON's general conception of SATAN when we re-turn to the 'Locustæ' and 'Apollyonists'. Meanwhile I again take up 'The Purple Island'. There, we have our Poet's idea of God the Son in this dazzling line

'Full of his Father, *shines His glorious Face*'

[c. xii, st. 81]

which recalls 'Paradise Lost' once more :

..... 'The Son of God was seen  
Most glorious; *in Him all His Father shone*  
Substantially express'd; and in His Face  
Divine compassion visibly appear'd.'—

[B. iii, lines 138—141]

So too of God the Son, onward, MILTON has

"To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear,  
*Lightning Divine*, ineffable serene  
Made answer"

[B. v. 733—735]

HATH TOOK THE KEYS OF HELL OUT OF THY HAND,  
AND FIX'D THEE STAND

AS PORTER TO THAT GATE OF LIFE.

O Thou Who art the gate, be pleas'd that he  
When we shall die  
And that way flie,

May ope the Courts of Heav'n to us through Thee."

(p. 141.)

which brings up our Poet's delineation of the Son :

"Upon his *lightning brow* Love proudly sitting  
Flames out in power, shines out in majestie."

[c. xii, stanza 78.]

This participial use of 'lightning' seems to determine it to be a participle in MILTON also, and that 'divine' is to be taken adverbially or as meaning 'divinely'.

Again you read of Adam, and Eve seated

'On the soft downy bank *damask'd* with flowers'

[B. iv., line 334]

'Damask'd' is an unusual word, and the more readily reminds us of Fletcher's earlier use of it

.....flowrie banks

Where various flowers *damaske* the fragrant seat'

and before in GILES FLETCHER [ Pt. ii, st. 41.]

'For in all these, some one thing most did grow,  
But in this one, grew all things else beside ;  
For sweet Varietie herselfe did throw  
To euery bank; here all the ground she dide  
In lilie white ; there pinks eblazed wide ;  
And *damask't* all the earth ; and here shee shed  
Blew violets, and there came roses red ;  
And euery sight the yeelding sense, as captiue led.'

Both, long before DRAYTON, and longer before MILTON. So also is the oft-quoted line of 'Twilight gray' that

'Had in her sober *livery* all things clad'

[P. L. B. iv. 599.]

a reminiscence of our Poet, twice over: *e.g.*

'The world late cloth'd in Night's black *livery*.'

[P. I. c vi. st. 54.]

and again canto viii, stanza 5, 'Night's sad livery' where as TODD remarks 'sad, has the same meaning as sober.' Once more in the memorable appeal to all Creation to pay 'homage' to God, the 'Birds' are thus addressed:

---

'Ye Birds  
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend  
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.'  
[B. v. lines 198—199]

We have the same in the 'Purple Island,' c ix. stanza 2:

'The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed  
With sweet salutes awakes the drowsie light;  
The earth she left, *and up to heaven is fled*  
*There chant's her Maker's praises out of sight.*  
[B. v. lines 638, 639.]



The heavenly inhabitants in 'Paradise Lost',

'Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
Of surfeit'

In 'Purple Island' there is,

'Sweets without surfeit, fulnesse without sparing.'

[c vi. st. 35.]

The opening of book sixth of 'Paradise Lost' has passed into the common-places of quotation :

.....' Morn  
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of Light'—

Our Poet has the same vivid representation repeatedly, *e. g.* in curious coincidence, in the viith canto also, of 'Purple Island,'

'The houres had now unlock't the gate of Day'.

How radiant and picture-full is this morning scene !

"The Bridegroom Sunne, who late the Earth had spous'd,  
Leaves his star-chamber ; early in the East

He shook his sparkling locks, head lively rouz'd,

While Morn his couch with blushing roses drest ;

His shines the Earth soon latcht to gild her flowers :

Phosphor his gold-fleec't drove folds in their bowers,

Which all the night had graz'd about th' Olympick  
towers."

[c. ix. stanza 1]

The 'vaunting foe' of Uriel and Raphael is

.....'huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd.'

[P. L., b. vi., 364.]

So too, as we have seen, Macrothumus in 'Purple Island' (c. x., st. 15).

'His rockie armes of massie adamant

Safely could back rebutt the hardest blade.'

One of the fairest 'pictures' of Eden is the sunset when

.....'gentle airs due at their hour,

To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in

The evening cool.' [P. L., b. x., 93—95.]

In 'Purple Island', (c. viii., st. 1) we have this also :

'When gentle ayers gently 'gan to blow,

And fanne the fields.'

Turning now to 'Paradise Regained', we very speedily discover that in his 'elder time' our Poet was still a favourite. Thus in the splendid vision of the Roman army you have :

'He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,

How quick they wheel'd, *and flying, behind them*

*Shot sleet of arrowy showers against the face*

*Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight.'*

[B. III., 322—325.]

Even this, and its parallel in 'Paradise Lost', (b. vi., 543—545) is matched by FLETCHER:

" And in their course oft would they turn behinde,  
And with their glancing darts their hot pursuers blinde.  
As when by Russian Volgha's frozen banks  
The false-back Tartars fear with cunning feigne,  
And poasting fast away in flying ranks,  
Oft backward turn, and from their bowes down rain  
Whole storms of darts: so do they flying sight:  
And by what force they lose, they winne by slight:  
Conquered by standing out, and conquerours by flight:'  
[c. xi., stanzas 47—48]

The 'tempting Feast' of 'Paradise Regained' draws materials from both the FLETCHERS. GILES we have already noted: let us read a little of the Saviour's answer to the Tempter:

..... 'I have also heard .....  
.....: how they *quaff in gold*  
Chrystal, and myrrhine cups, emboss'd with gems  
And studs of pearl; to Me should'st tell, who thirst  
And hunger still.' [B. iv., lines 111—121.]

Compare with this FLETCHER's ending of a nobly vehement passage in his first canto (stanzas 26 and 27.)

' Let others trust the seas, dare death and Hell,  
Search either Inde.....  
*That they may drink in pearl, and couch their head*

In soft but sleepless down ; in rich but restlesse bed.  
 Oh ! let them *in their gold quaff dropsies down'* . . . . .

MILTON's love for 'violets' and the 'rose' and a scholar's delight in interweaving classical names and allusions, are shared by our Poet. Every one knows the lovely delineation of Delilah in the Chorus of 'Sampson Agonistes'

.....'now with head declin'd  
 Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew she weeps'  
 [727, 728.]

More dainty and lovely is this in the 'Purple Island' (canto xi. st. 30 ; and cf. st. 38.)

"All so a Lilie, prest with heavie rain,  
 Which fills her cup with showers up to the brinks ;  
 The wearie stalk no longer can sustain  
 The head, but low beneath the burden sinks :  
 Or as a virgin Rose her leaves displayes,  
 Whom too hot scorching beams quite disarayes ;  
 Down flags her double ruffe, and all her sweet decayes."

Perhaps some of the richest-worded lines of 'Lycidas' are those wherein the 'dear might' of the Saviour is introduced *e.g.*

—'So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :

So Lycidas *sunk low, but mounted high*  
 Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves.'  
 [168 —173.]

Peculiar words used in a peculiar way are found as here in MILTON, and previously in our FLETCHER, as 'repair' in above and the thought in the line italicized. Both occur in the 'Purple Island' (c vi. st 71.)

'Ah! never could he hope once to repair  
 So great a wane, should not that new-born Sun  
 Adopt him both his brother and his heir;  
 Who through base life, and death, and hell would run,  
 To seat him in his lost, now surer cell.  
 That he may *mouint to heav'n, he sunk to hell*:  
 That he might live, he di'd; that he might rise, he fell.'

Then the last line of the imperishable Monody,

'To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new' (193)

is but an echo of our Poet's earlier

'To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new'

(P. I. c vi. st. 77)

Even the minor Poems of MILTON reveal the pervading influence of the FLETCHERS. This will appear afterwards when we note some of PHINEAS's as before GILES's, Shaksperian epithets. There are others, as in L'Allegro you have

‘There let Hymen oft appear  
*In saffron robe, with taper clear.*’ (lines 125, 126.)

which is identical with one of our Poet’s ‘Epithalamiums’ in his ‘Poeticall Miscellanies.’

‘See where he goes, how all the troop he cheereth  
*Clad with a saffron coat, in’s hand a light.*’

‘Comus’ abounds with FLETCHERIAN fancies and epithets. Beautiful as is its ‘Chastity’ (lines 420 *seqq.*) I know not that the conception is more pure or more melodiously given than the ‘Parthenia’ (‘Virgin-Chastity’) of the ‘Purple Island’. I must ask the reader to turn to it as it is too long to quote here: [c. x. st: 27—32] By-and-bye I shall recall appropriated epithets.

The Italian ‘Sonnets’ betray in like manner treasured memories in our Poet. Thus in the renowned Vth. we have

.....‘non sian lo mio sole  
 Si mi percuoton forte.’

Place beside this, two more vivid expressions of the same idea in the ‘Purple Island’. Of the sunne in like manner we read

.....‘with his arrowes th’ idle fogge doth chase’

and grandly,

‘First stepp’d the Light, and spread his cheareful rayes  
Through all the chaos; *Darknesse headlong fell*  
*Frighted with sudden beams.*’ [c. i., st. 40.]

Surely the italicised lines surpass the parallel in  
‘Paradise Lost’ itself (b. vi., 15) of Morning :

..... ‘from before her vanish’d Night  
Shot through with orient beams.’

In the inexpressibly soft and tender Sonnet  
on ‘the death of a fair infant’ Winter (personified)  
is represented as having

..... ‘thought to kiss  
But kill’d alas!’.....

The ‘conceit’ is found in Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis*: but probably MILTON again remembered Fletcher:

‘Thus Orpheus wanne his lost Eurydice  
When some deaf snake, that could no musick heare,  
Or some blinde neut, that could no beautie see  
*Thinking to kiss, kill’d with his forked spear.*

[c. v., st. 61.]

The ‘Song’ on ‘May Morning’ thus opens :

‘Now the bright Morning-star, Day’s harbinger  
*Comes dancing from the East*, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
*The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.*’

In FLETCHER's 'Apollyonists' you come as unexpectedly as on flowers on a Volcano-side, on this anticipation of the brilliant 'vision' :

: ..... 'the lovely Spring  
Comes dauncing on ; the primrose strewes her way  
And sattin violet.' [c. v., st. 27.]

Compare with this also the sweet opening of the third canto of the 'Purple Island' :

'The Morning fresh, *dappling her horse with roses*  
(Vext at the ling'ring shades that long have left her  
In Tithon's freezing arms) the light discloses,  
And chasing Night, of rule and heav'n bereft her.'

Besides these fuller examples of MILTON's study of our FLETCHER, through the entire range of his Poetry, it is interesting and suggestive to mark how in individual words the great Poet made himself debtor to the lesser. This I would shew from 'Paradise Lost' onward.

'Sounding alchemy' for a war-trumpet is an unusual use of the word [P. L. b. ii. 517]: but it is in the 'Purple Island' (c. vii. st. 39) 'Such were his arms, false gold, true alchymie' (=mixed metal). 'Numerous verse' (b. v. 150) has perplexed the Commentators: I suspect it means numbered' or 'measured' verse not merely abundant. It is found in the 'Piscatorie Eclogues.'



.....'I learnt to sing  
 Among my peers, apt words to fitly binde  
 In numerous verse.'

MILTON's omission of the sign of the infinitive mood as in *Paradise Lost* (b. vi., line 60).

.....'the loud  
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow' :

and in ' *Paradise Regained* ' (b. iv., 410).

' Either Tropic now 'gan thunder ' :

is also found in FLETCHER (P. I., c. ix., st. 36).

' His glitt'ring arms, drest all with firie hearts  
 Seem'd burn in chaste desire'.

The 'serpent errour wandering' (P. L., b. vii., l. 362) is only a variation of our Poet's 'serpent windings and deceiving crooks.' (P. I., c. ii., st. 9.) EVE is 'led' by her Maker :

.....'*Heaven in her eye*  
 In every gesture dignity and love'

[B. viii, l. 488]

The 'Piscatory Eclogues' again give a parallel :

.....'fair Celia, *in thy sun-like eye*  
*Heaven smectly smiles.*'

Here is another unusual word 'tine :

.....‘as late the clouds  
Justling, or push’d with winds, rude in their shock  
*Tine* the slant lightning.’ [B. x., 1073-74.]

It is derived from the Saxon *tynan*, to light or kindle. Fletcher has it in his ‘Apollyonists’

‘Oh! why should earthly lights then scorn to *tine*  
Their lamps alone at that first sunne divine’

In ‘Paradise Regained’ as part of the Temptation, appear ‘Nymphs of Diana’s train’. (b. ii. 355)  
Our Poet anticipates this:

‘Choice Nymph, the crown of chaste Diana’s train.’  
[P. I., c. x. st. 30]

Somewhat startling, from its very simplicity, is the famous designation of David as

.....‘the shepherd lad  
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat.’  
[P. R., b. ii., 439—440.]

This again is taken from FLETCHER:

‘Upon his shield was drawn that *shepherd lad*,  
Who with a sling threw down faint Israel’s fears.’  
(P. I. c ix. st. 17.)

The ‘vision’ of Rome’s ‘armies’ as in ‘numbers numberlesse’ [B III. 310.] has been traced to various early Poets by the Commentators: in common with the others that we are tracing he

doubtless fetched the alliterative words from 'The Purple Island' (c ix. st. 5.)

'To keep this siegèd town 'gainst numbers numberlesse.'

'Sampson Agonistes' in one of the Choruses describes the mighty Passover as

'The glory late of Israel, now the grief'.

The turn of the expression, as Todd points out, resembles the following in the 'Piscatory Eclogues'

The well-known fisher boy . . . . .

Which from the Muses' spring and churlish Chame

Was fled : *his glory late, but now his shame.*'

But by far the most memorable thing in 'Sampson Agonistes' with relation to our Fletcher, is the pathetic and surpassing line descriptive of the great Judge in his forlorn captivity,

'Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves.'

Every one remembers Landor's new punctuation to bring out the aggravated misery :

'Eyeless, in Gaza, at the mill, with slaves.'\*

Methinks we have the prototype of this in the

\* Landor's Works (2 vols. royal 8vo, 1846., Vol ii. 160)

‘Sampson’ of ‘The Apollyonists’ and similarly pointed, like cumulative wrong and woe :

‘Subdu’de, now in a mill, blind, grinding, stands.’

[c. iv. st. 23.]

In ‘Lycidas’ though afterwards cancelled, perhaps infelicitously, we read

.....‘thou.....under the *humming* tide  
Visit’st the bottom of the monstrous world.’

This in 1645 was changed to ‘the whelming tide.’ As expressing the distant sound of the waves over his head while exploring the abyssmal depths, the earlier seems much more fitting. It is found in the ‘Piscatory Eclogues’ where the ‘humming waters’ invite to sleep :

‘humming rivers by his cabin creeping.’

Perhaps our Poet had in his recollection a felicity in one of his father’s ‘Eclogues’ (noticed in our Memoir) wherein he speaks of ‘crepitantis fluminis.’

Il Penseroso gives us ‘buskin’d stage’ : so also ‘Purple Island’ (c i. st. 12.)

‘Who has not seen upon the mourning stage  
Dire Atreus’ feast and wrong’d Medea’s rage,  
Marching in tragick state, and buskin’d equipage?’

In this delightful Poem also, we have

.....‘ when the sun begins to *fling*  
His flaring beams’.

Similarly of the sun in ‘Purple Island’ (c. vi. st. 29.)

‘ Soon back he *flings* the too bold-vent’ring gleam’.

L’Allegro gives the vivid picture :

“Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.”

(lines 31, 32.)

Beside this place our Fletcher’s in ‘Purple Island’  
(c. iv., st. 13.)

“Here *sportful Laughter* dwells, here ever sitting  
Defies all lumpish griefs, and *wrinkled Care*.”

In Comus the morning is said ‘from her cabind  
loophole’ to ‘*peep*’ as in the ‘Piscatory Eclogues’  
also of the morning :

‘ Out of her window close she blushing *peeps*.’

Later GRAY adopted it in his Elegy :

‘ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn ”.

In the same Poem Night is addressed peculiarly  
as ‘O thievish Night’ (l. 195). This too is in  
the ‘Piscatory Eclogues’ :

.....'the thievish Night  
Steals on the world, and robs our eyes of light.'

Again in *Comus* there is the often-quoted line :

'And aery tongues that syllable mens' names'. (l 208)

This noticeable word 'syllable' is likewise in *FLETCHER*, in his 'Poeticall Miscellanies' :

'Yet syllabled in fresh-spell'd characters'

*WARTON* misreads 'flesh-spell'd'. Once more herein, *MILTON* translates Horace's '*infames scopulos*' (*Odes* : l. iii., 20) as 'infamous hills' : he had it in the '*Piscatory Eclogues*', 'infamous woods and downs'. 'Hellish charms' of the spirit in '*Comus*' is the 'hellish charms' of the Dragon in *Purple Island*, in one of its finest passages' (c. xi., st. 26.)

In the '*Paraphrase on Psalm cxxv.*' the Sea hides 'his froth-becurled head', which recalls 'the Sea's proud white-curled head' of the '*Piscatory Eclogues*'. In '*Psalm cxxxvi*' the designation of the Sea as 'the watery plain' is found in the '*Purple Island*' (c. iii., st. 28) 'Often meeting on the watrie plain'.

Very lovely and of priceless biographic interest is the 'Sonnet' on 'his deceased Wife' with its pathos of allusion to the sad return to his blank darkness on awaking from the vision :

.....‘as to embrace me she inclin’d  
I wak’d ; she fled ; and Day brought back my Night’.

So in Adam’s dream in ‘Paradise Lost’ (viii.,  
478) of Eve

‘She disappeared, and left me dark, I wak’d.’

This ‘conceit’—if it be not profaneness to name it  
such, in its affecting reality to MILTON—twice-over  
is found in FLETCHER. First in the 6th Eclogue in  
the ‘Piscatorie Eclogues’ in a passionate love-  
Idyl.

‘All day she present is, and in the Night

My wakefull fancie paints her full to sight :  
Absence her presence makes, darkness presents her light.’

More definitely in his home-sickness ‘to my  
ever-honoured cousin.’ Old scenes and his friend  
visit him in sleep :

‘Till the morn-bell awakes me ; then for spite  
I shut my eyes again, and wish back such a Night.’

The mighty ‘Sonnet’ on the Massacre in  
Piedmont with its great ‘cry’ for avengement is  
only a fuller-voiced repetition of Fletcher’s

“How long just Lord ! how long wilt Thou delay  
That drunken whore with blood and fire to pay ?  
Thy saints, Thy truth, Thy name’s blasphemed : how  
cans’t Thou stay.” (Apollyonists c v. st. 33.)

‘Sicelides’ must also have been familiar to MILTON—a proof that everything by the FLETCHERS was sought by him. Much disingenious and not less disingenuous criticism has been lavished on the famous imagined ‘bull’, wherein Eve is called ‘fairest of her daughters.’

.....‘ the loveliest pair,  
That ever since in Love’s embraces met ;  
Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.’

(B IV. 321—324.)

Of the same mint is the following in ‘Sicelides.’

....‘ two fayre twins she brought, whose beauties shine  
Did plainly prove their parents were diuine :  
The male Thalander, the female called Glaucilla ;  
And now to youth arriu’d so faire they are  
That with them but themselves who may compare,  
All else excelling ; each as faire as other  
Thou hast compar’d, the sister with the brother.’

{Act I. Scene 4.}

Earlier, one truly MILTONIC line occurs ;

‘Tis just yee seas, well doth impartiall Fate,  
*With monstrous death punish thy monstrous hate.*

Earlier still, the great Poet’s ‘Eden’ places of love are equalled, if not surpassed, in delicate selection and richness. Take two from ‘Paradise Lost’ :



.....‘to a shady bank,  
 Thick over-head with verdant roof embower’d,  
 He led her nothing loth ; flowers were the couch,  
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
 And hyacinth : Earth’s freshest softest lap.’  
 (B ix. 1037—1041.)

Again of the ‘ blissful bower ’ :

.....‘ the roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
 Fenc’d up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses and jessamin,  
 Rear’d high their flourish’d heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaick ; under-foot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Broider’d the ground, more colour’d than with stone  
 Of costliest emblem.’  
 (B. iv. 692—703.)

Place beside these our FLETCHER’s ‘ Love-Garden ’:

‘ Thou know’st by Neptune’s temple close their grows  
 A sacred Garden, where every flower blowes :  
 Here blushing roses, there the lilies white,  
 Here hyacinth, and there Narcissus bright,  
 And underneath, the creeping violets show  
 That sweetness of delights to dwell below :  
 Vaulted above with thousand fragrant trees,  
 And vnder pa’ud with shamefast strawberries

Which creeping lowe doe sweetely blushing tell  
That fairest pleasantst fruits doe humblest dwell.  
Briefly a little Heaven on Earth it seemes,  
Where every sweete and pleasure, fully streames.'

(Act I. sc. 3.)

There is a moral tinge, so to say, that is wanting in the later : and it is a characteristic of our Poet that his thinking invariably goes beneath and not merely regards the outward, and like WORDSWORTH long afterwards, finds teaching in the least and lowliest things God's hand has fashioned.

Such are the chief traces of MILTON's 'reading' and so of his high estimate of our FLETCHER's Poetry. It is self-evident that as these are equally found throughout his greatest and slightest productions, and that as co-equally they are drawn from our Poet's largest and least Poems, his indebtedness is no mere accident or inference, but more pervading than holds of any other single fellow-Poet: and I do not forget in saying so what DUNSTER has proven in relation to SYLVESTER, and WARTON, TODD and the Commentators in relation to SPENSER. I am not unwilling either, to accept MILTON's own words that 'borrowing if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted plagiarie' for very frequently, if not invariably there is the added touch that manifests the imperial

‘spoiling’ of the Conqueror ‘Genius’, not the paltry theft of the ‘Plagiary’. Nevertheless occasionally our FLETCHER more than holds his own: and altogether it ought to restrain empty generalisations in depreciation, that MILTON so habitually turned to our Poets.

Thus far it has only been incidentally and subsidiarily that we have referred to MILTON’s chief study of PHINEAS FLETCHER, namely in his ‘Locustæ’ and ‘Apollyonists’—in working out his unapproachably grand conception of ‘Satan’ in ‘Paradise Lost’. This I would now bring out. First, I ask that the Reader will at this point turn to our reprint of the ‘Locustæ’ and *ponder* from the commencement on for a hundred and fifty lines at least. Throughout, conception, sentiment, metaphor, wording, have the largeness and *momentum* of MILTON. It is greatly to be wished that a Poet of kindred power would lend his genius to translate this splendid Poem worthily. Meantime we must content ourselves with the rendering of Satan’s ‘Speech’ by Sterling.\* For the English poem called ‘Apollyonists’ is not

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† Our limits forbid the insertion of STERLING’S translation here: but it will be found in its place in Appendix A to the Apollyonists in Volume II.

as is usually supposed, a translation of the 'Locustæ' but substantially a new and independent Poem of surpassing grandeur, having as we might expect, Impersonations as striking as those in 'The Purple Island': and indeed all the Poet's best characteristics.

The 'Apollyonists' has the mighty Figure of 'Satan' for its centre: and hence all goes to illustrate MILTON's 'reading' for his 'Satan.'

The great Speech indicated above,—and which my readers will be so good as now turn to in Volume II<sup>d</sup>—gives that general impression of MILTON's indebtedness to our FLETCHER which the details about to be submitted fill up. But that wider sense of Fletcherian-influence is sustained by abundant passages in the 'Apollyonists' and by the ground-sentiments of the conceptions as we shall find. The 'Porter' to the 'infernall gate' SIN, we have already adduced and compared partially. We do not revert to it, but here are Impersonations that might be worked into SACKVILLE's mighty Induction itself:

"Close by her sat Despaire, sad, ghastly spright  
 With staring lookes, unmoov'd, fast-nayl'd to Sinne;  
 Her body all of earth, her soule of fright,  
 About her thousand deaths, but more within;  
 Pale, pinèd cheeks, black hayre, torne, rudely dight;

doubtless fetched the alliterative words from 'The Purple Island' (c ix. st. 5.)

'To keep this siegèd town 'gainst numbers numberlesse.'

'Sampson Agonistes' in one of the Choruses describes the mighty Passover as

'The glory late of Israel, now the grief'.

The turn of the expression, as Todd points out, resembles the following in the 'Piscatory Eclogues'

The well-known fisher boy . . . . .

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Sat lordly Lucifer : his fiery eye,  
 Much swoln'e with pride, but more with rage and hate,  
 As censour, muster'd all his company ;  
 Who round about with awefull silence sate.

This doe, this let rebellious spirits gaine,  
 Change God for Satan, Heaven's for Hell's sov'raigne ;  
 O let him serve in Hell who scornes in Heaven to raigne !

Ah, wretch ! who with ambitious cares opprest  
 Long'st still for future, feel'st no present good :  
 Despising to be better would'st be best,  
 Good never ; who wilt serve thy lusting mood  
 Yet all command : not he who rais'd his crest,  
 But pull'd it downe, hath high and firmly stood.

Foole ! serve thy towring lusts, grow still, still crave,  
 Rule, raigne ; this comfort for thy greatnes have,  
 Now at thy top, thou art a great commanding slave."

[c. I. stanzas 17, 18, 19]

How truly Miltonic is the immediately succeeding stanza :

"Thus fell this prince of darknes, once a bright  
 And glorious starre : he wilfull turn'd away  
 His borrowed globe from that eternall light :  
 Himselfe he sought, so lost himselfe : his ray  
 Vanish't to smoke, his morning sunk in night,  
 And never more shall see the springing day :

To be in Heaven the second, he disdaines :  
 So now the first in Hell and flames he raignes,  
 Crown'd once with joy and light : crown'd now with  
 fire and paines.'

[c. 1. stanza 20]

In this delightful Poem also, we have

.....‘ when the sun begins to *fling*  
His flaring beams’.

Similarly of the sun in ‘Purple Island’ (c. vi.  
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‘ Soon back he *flings* the too bold-vent’ring gleam’.

L’Allegro gives the vivid picture :

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Later GRAY adopted it in his Elegy :

‘ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn’.

In the same Poem Night is addressed peculiarly  
as ‘O thievish Night’ (l. 195). This too is in  
the ‘Piscatory Eclogues’ :

Now by your selves, and thunder danted armes,  
 But never danted hate, I you implore,  
 Command, adjure, reinforce your fierce alarmes :  
 Kindle, I pray, who never prayed before,  
 Kindle your darts, treble repay our harmes.  
 Oh ! our short time, too short, stands at the dore,  
 Double your rage : if now we do not ply,  
 We'lone in Hell, without due company,  
 And worse, without desert, without revenge, shall be."

[c. I. stanzas 30, 31, 32, 33.]

What powerful daring of appeal is here !

"O let our worke equall our wages, let  
 Our Iudge fall short, and when His plagues are spent,  
 Owe more then He hath paid, live in our debt ;  
 Let Heaven want vengeance, Hell want punishment  
 To give our dues : when wee with flames beset  
 Still dying live in endles languishment.

This be our comfort, we did get and win

The fires and tortures we are whelmèd in :

✓ | We have kept pace, outrun His justice with our sin.' =

[c I. stanza 38.]

What a Poem is that proved to be which  
 in one short Canto yields such ' mighty lines ' as  
 these : and yet equal remain behind even in it  
 alone.

Passing to the second Canto, the under-Demons  
 are presented with scarcely inferior power. One,  
 ' in hell Apollyon, on earth Equivocus ' is magnifi-



.....'as to embrace me she inclin'd  
I wak'd; she fled; and Day brought back my Night'.

So in Adam's dream in 'Paradise Lost' (viii.,  
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'She disappeared, and left me dark, I wak'd.'

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More definitely in his home-sickness 'to my  
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"How long just Lord! how long wilt Thou delay  
That drunken whore with blood and fire to pay?  
Thy saints, Thy truth, Thy name's blasphemed: how  
cans't Thou stay." (Apollyonists c v. st. 33.)

See here a heart, which scornes that gentle yoke,  
 And with it life and light, and peace and ease :  
 A heart not cool'd but fir'd with thundring stroke,  
 Which Heaven itselfe but conquer'd, cannot please :  
 To drawe one blessed soule from's heavenly cell,  
 Let me in thousand paines and tortures dwell :  
 ( Heaven without guilt to me is worse then guilty Hell."  
 [c II. 15, 17, 18.]

The infernal joy and wonder over Fawkes'  
 'Plot' is told, and then their rising :

" So up they rose, as full of hope, as spight,  
 And every one his charge with care applies.  
 Equivocus with heart and pinions light  
 Downe posting to th' infernall shadowes flies ;  
 Fills them with joyes,—such joyes as sonnes of night  
 Enjoy, such as from sinne and mischeife rise.  
 With all they envy, greive, and inly grone  
 To see themselves out-sinn'd : and every one  
 Wish't he the Iesuit were, and that dire plot his owne."  
 [c. IV. stanza 40]

In these quotations—all dilitated with great  
 thoughts—and not in the obscure Italian books over  
 which Todd potters in his ' Inquiry into the Origin  
 of Paradise Lost ' nor in STAFFORD'S ' Niobe '—  
 remarkable as are some of the *bits* of that strange  
 farrago—are to be found the ' stones of darkness '  
 of MILTON'S Hell and the most fit haughtinesses of  
 its ' principalities and powers '. I cannot except  
 the most prodigious of all :

.....“Thou, profoundest Hell,  
 Receive thy new possessour ! one who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time :  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be ; all but less than He  
 Whom thunder hath made greater ? Here at least  
 We shall be free : the Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :  
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice,  
 To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell :  
 Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.’

[B. i. 251—263.]

Besides the preceding, let us compare this with still another great stanza from ‘The Purple Island.’

“When that great Lord his standing Court would build,  
 The outward walls with gemmes and glorious lights,  
 But inward rooms with nobler Courtiers fill’d ;  
 Pure living flames, swift, mighty blessed sprites :

*But some his royall service (fools !) disdain ;*

*So down were flung : (oft blisse is double pain)*

IN HEAV’N THEY SCORN’D TO SERVE, SO NOW IN HELL  
 THEY REIGN.”

[C VII. stanza 10]

In short : You have only to turn back on our Fletcher-quotations, to perceive how penetratively his ‘Satan’ impressed the mind of MILTON. Regarded broadly, the congruousness of the ‘Satan’

of the 'Locustæ' and the 'Apollyonists' is very admirable. His panoramic review of the effects of Christianity has a vein of magnificent irony in it: and yet through all you are made to feel the pulsation of a heart in awful reality 'DAMNED'.\* Later cantos substitute the Polemic for the Poet: and in his eagerness to identify the Pope with Anti-Christ, the grandeur of the conception of 'Satan' originally, is necessarily dwarfed. Nevertheless even in these later cantos there are intimations of the same presiding genius. The Sea-like-tide ~~is~~ there though it operate not in the far-out central deeps but in shallow creek or sand-parched shore-marsh.

I shall proceed now from the first book of 'Paradise Lost' onward, and note such details of FLETCHERIAN influence as present themselves, successively. This involves somewhat of fragmentary criticism: but the great 'Speech' from the Locustæ and the quotations from the 'Apollyonists' will impart unity to the details which are now submitted. None forgets the opening 'scene' of Hell wherein Satan's 'eyes' are the awful suns of the 'darkness visible':

.....'Round he throws his baleful eyes,  
( That witness'd huge affliction and dismay

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\* See Note B, at close of this Essay for the 'Satan' of Psyche.

Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate.'

(B I., 56—58.)

Here is Fletcher's portraiture :

.....'his fiery eye  
Much swoln with pride, but more with rage and hate,  
As censour, muster'd all his company'.

On a little is the mighty boast,

.....'What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield  
And what is else not to be overcome'

(b. I. 105—109)

It will be remembered that LAUDER in his malignant attack on the memory of MILTON interpolated these two lines into the 'Locustæ' in order to accuse the great Poet of 'plagiarism' :

'In promptu causa est : superest invicta voluntas  
Immortale odium, vindictæ et sæva cupido'.

These were intended to correspond with the preceding quotation. He thus translated the whole passage, as from the 'Locustæ' :

*"Nor will we lay aside (drive hence your fears)  
Our deathless courage, our enormous wrath.  
Or wearied, or forgetful. No! twere base!—  
We yield not<sup>so</sup>, nor such mean feats attempt,  
As when with you we pour'd our war on heav'n.  
Behold a mind resolv'd, who heav'n and life*

Contemns, who here the proferr'd realms of light  
 Rejects ; whom heav'n subdu'd alone can please.  
 Doubt not ; this soul, this breast shall never fail—  
 Sooner shall heav'n's almighty King, our foe,  
 Forego his blissful residence, renounce  
 The service of his cringing vassal crew,  
 Wander thro' gloomy hell and night profound,  
 And change his radiant beams for *Stygian* flames.  
 The reason's just : *unconquer'd yet remains*  
*Our will, our hate immortal, our fell lust*  
*Of boundless vengeance."*

The vision of the infernal Council in 'Paradise  
 Lost' preliminary to Satan's first 'Appeal' is  
 brief but memorable :

..... ' far within  
 And in their own dimensions, like themselves  
 The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim  
 In close recess and secret conclave sat ;  
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats  
 Frequent and full " (B. I., 792—797)

Here is FLETCHER'S—undoubtedly the original  
 from which this was copied, as particular unusual  
 words testify :

' And now th' infernal Powers through th' ayer driving,  
 For speed their leather-pineons broad display ;  
 Now at eternall Death's wide gate arriving,  
 Sinne gives them passage ; still they cut their way  
 Till to the bottome of Hell's palace diving

They enter Dis deepe conclave : there they stay  
Waiting the rest, and now they all are met,  
A full foule Senate, now they all are set :  
The horride Court, big awolne with th' hideous Counsel  
swet."

I am aware that Dr. Tonn argues that because in MILTON's early and brilliant lines 'In quintum Novembris' there is a 'council of devils' and a 'conspiracy': therefore the originality is with him. But while the lines 'In quintum Novembris' were composed in his seventeenth year, i. e. 1626-27, they were not published until 1645, or eighteen years after the 'Locustæ' and 'Apollonists'. Moreover FLETCHER's poems were published in 1626-27—the very date of Milton's seventeenth year, and besides were composed in the face of them contemporary with the 'Gunpowder Plot': as were all his after-poems written while at College and a comparative youth. MILTON's proved familiarity with Fletcher's poetry is *prima facie* evidence against an exception in the lesser thing of the Latin 'In Quintum Novembris', while as we have seen the dates are identical; and in truth the coincidence of date goes far to shew that the young poet had instantly possessed himself of the volume and, inspired by it, composed the celebrated lines, pronounced by Warton 'prom-

ising prolusion' of *Paradise Lost*. Further, in this the chief poem of his '*Sylvarum Liber*' (which title by the way recalls Fletcher's '*Sylva Poetica*') *Phonos*, *Murder* and *Prodotes*, *Treason*, are personified, precisely as in '*The Purple Island*' (c. vii, 69, 72). Warton saw the parallel but remarks 'Fletcher's poem was published in 1633: [a mistake: it was in 1626—27.] MILTON's was written in 1626' [i. e. 1626-27]. The double personification cannot possibly be accidental: and the probable explanation is that when MILTON came in 1645 to publish his Latin poem, he revised and added to it, and having '*The Purple Island*' of his beloved Poet beside him wrought in the vivid new lines.\*

In Milton's '*Hell*' repeatedly, ice 'performs the effect of fire' *e. g.*

.....'the parching air  
Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.'  
[B. II. 594, 595.]

Again: DANTE and Shakespeare and Lord Surrey and Heywood's '*Hierarchie of Angels*'—the last subsequent to our Poet—have been ransacked by the Commentators for parallels of these

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\* Compare also the simile in this poem '*In quintum Novembris*' lines 177 *seqq* with *Locustæ* as quoted by us *ante*.



‘fierce extremes’. Our FLETCHER has been over-looked in his version of the ‘First Psalm’

‘So sinners driv’n to Hell by fierce despair  
*Shall frie in ice, and freez in hellish fire*’.

Elsewhere in his 7th Eclogue he uses the conceit in a passionate love-song :

“Her face two colours paint ; the first a flame,  
 (Yet shee all cold) a flame in rosie die,  
 Which sweetly blushes like the Morning’s shame :  
 The second snow, such as on Alps doth lie,  
 And safely there the sunne doth bold defie :  
 Yet this cold snow can kindle hot desire.  
 Thou miracle ; mar’l not, if I admire,”  
 How flame should coldly freez, and snow should burn as  
 fire.” [stanza 11]

The ‘emptying’ out of Hell when the embattled hosts rush on their infernal errands and warfare, is one of the *memorabilia* of ‘Paradise Lost’. I give it :

‘So saying he dismiss’d them ; they with speed  
 Their course through thickest constellations held,  
 Spreading their bane ; the blasted stars look’d wan  
 And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse  
 Then suffer’d.’ [B. x. 410—414.]

I think the Reader will agree with me that FLETCHER is superior e. g.

“ With that the bold black Spirit invades the Day,  
 And Heav’n and Light, and Lord of both defies.  
 All Hell run out, and sooty flagges display,  
 A foule deformèd rout : Heav’n shuts his eyes ;  
 The starres look pale, and early Morning’s ray  
 Layes down her head again and dare not rise ;  
     A second night of spirits the ayre possest ;  
     The wakefull cocke that late forsooke his nest,  
 Maz’d how he was deceav’d, flies to his roost and rest.

So when the South—dipping his sable wings  
 In humid seas—sweeps with his drooping beard  
 The ayer, earth, and ocean ; downe he flings  
 The laden trees, the plowman’s hope new-ear’d  
 Swimme on the playne : his lippes, loud thunderings,  
 And flashing eyes make all the world afeard :

Light with darke clouds, waters with fires are met,  
 The sun but now is rising, now is set,  
 And finds West-shades in East, and seas in ayers wet.”

[Apollyonists, c. ii., stanzas 39, 40.]

Again :

“ Whose hellish troopes fill thee with sinne and blood ;  
 With envie, malice, mischiefs infinite :  
 Thus now that numerous, black, infernall brood  
 Or’e-spread thee round ; th’ Earth struck with trembling  
     fright

Felt their approach, and all-amazèd stood,  
 So suddain got with child, and big with spight.

The damned spirits fly round, and spread their seede :  
 Straight hate, pride, strife, warres and seditions breed,  
 Get up, grow ripe : How soone prospers the vicious  
     weed !”

[Apollyonists, c. iii., stanza 4.]

The 'Earth 'struck' and 'trembling' as it 'felt' the shock of the damned 'approach' is incomparably grand.

Besides these larger and lesser evidences of MILTON's 'study' of our FLETCHER, the priceless Manuscripts of the original sketches and plans for 'Paradise Lost' preserved in Trinity College, Cambridge, reveal I think that 'The Purple Island' and 'The Apollyonists' were before him when he drew up his dramatic outlines. In the intended '5th Act' our FLETCHER's very Impersonations are marshalled—Labour, Grief, Hatred, Envie, Warre, Famine, Pestilence, Sicknesse, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, Death, Faith, Hope, Charity.

In 'Comus' there is a peculiar word that reveals reminiscence of a grand passage from the 'Apollyonists'

.....' all the grisly legions that troop  
Under the *sooty flag* of Acheron'. (603, 604)

Above we have read

✓ 'All Hell run out and sooty flagges displaye.'

It were easy to multiply details exemplifying MILTON's habitual consultation and recollection of FLETCHER: but sufficient have been given to vindicate for him that higher recognition sought

by me. As having so fundamentally enriched so supreme a Genius as that of England's second Poet, and as presenting an original and puissant, a brilliant and opulent poetic faculty, it is due to him from all who have regard to the principal forces in our Literature to KNOW PHINEAS FLETCHER. Moreover, the wideness and depth and variety of our Fletcher's influence on MILTON, and his originality and independence in his chosen sphere of Impersonation, shew how very superficial was the knowledge of either of the brothers' Poetry by such a one as HALLAM in a criticism and summary such as this: 'Giles seems to have more vigour than his elder brother: but less sweetness, less smoothness and more affectation in his style. This indeed is deformed by words neither English nor Latin, but simply barbarous, such as 'elamping,' 'eblazon' 'deprostrate' 'purpered,' 'glitterand' and many others. They both bear much resemblance to SPENSER. Giles sometimes ventures to cope with him even in celebrated passages, such as the description of the Cave of Despair (Christ's Victory and Triumph II. 23.) And he has had the honour in turn of being followed by MILTON, especially in the first meeting of our Saviour with Satan in 'Paradise Regained'. Both of these brothers are deserving

of much praise: they were endowed with minds eminently poetical, and not inferior in imagination to any of their contemporaries'.\* Even the 'praise' here is neutralized by the miserable basis on which it rests, namely on the traditionary SPENSER and MILTON references, without going to the Poetry itself. How plain that HALLAM knew nothing of 'The Purple Island' in its central strength, and nothing whatever of the 'Locustæ' and 'Apollyonists' when he speaks of Phineas as having inferior 'vigour' to GILES! What utter mockery of genuine 'Introduction' to Literature, to name the common-place, solitary Miltonic debt, in obliviousness of all the others, beside which this slight one of the meeting of Satan with the Saviour is hardly worth naming! Then as to the so-called 'neither English nor Latin words, but simply barbarous' half-a-minute's reflection would have shown that 'e-lamping' is only 'lamping' and 'e-blazon' only 'blazon' with a vowel to lengthen the line softly, while the others are their own vindication when analyzed.

Equally uncritical and second-hand—I mourn to find—is Dr. MACDONALD's summary in his

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(\* 'Introduction' III. 487)

‘Antiphon’. Accepting indolently and carelessly the vulgar traditionary generalization—as he starts with the usual blunder of making Giles the elder—of the Fletchers being servile ‘imitators’ he apostrophises in this fashion : “Strange fate for imitators, both *but Giles especially*, were imitated by a greater than their worship—even by Milton. They make Spenser’s worse: Milton makes theirs better. They imitate Spenser, faults and all :<sup>j</sup> MILTON glorifies their beauties.” (p. 156) It is painful to me with such deep regard for one of our controlling minds in modern Literature to find myself in antagonism throughout with ‘Antiphon’: but it is inevitable. How egregious in the light of our demonstration of the pervading influence of PHINEAS FLETCHER on Milton that ‘but Giles especially’! How fool-hardy in its—I must say—culpable ignorance, that ‘they make Spenser’s worse’! The reader can judge for himself: for every remotest resemblance or hint from Spenser has been adduced in this Essay. I will admit that in some instances Milton does ‘glorify their beauties’: but the beauties *are* their own. The Sun ‘glorifies’ all it shines on but it does not make so much as a daisy or a spire of grass.

Even in lesser things ‘Antiphon’ is strangely blind, *e. g.* he adduces two stanzas from our Phineas’s version of the 127th Psalm as follows :

“ If God build not the house, and lay  
The ground-work sure ; who ever build,  
It cannot stand one stormie day :  
If God be not the citie’s shield,  
· If He be not their barres and walls ;  
In vain is watch-tower, men, and all.

Though then thou wak’st when others rest  
Though rising thou prevent’st the sunne ;  
Though with lean care thou daily feast,  
Thy labour’s lost, and thou undone :  
But God His childe will feed and keep,  
And draw the curtains to his sleep.”

He then says ‘ Compare this with a version of the same portion by Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, who, no great poet, has written some good verse. He was about the same age as Phineas Fletcher.’

“ Except the Lord, the house sustain,  
The builder’s labour is in vain ;  
Except the city He defend,  
And to the dwellers safety send,  
In vain are sentinels prepared,  
Or armed watchmen for the guard.

You vainly with the early light  
 Arise, or sit up late at night  
 To find support, and daily eat  
 Your bread with sorrow earned and sweat ;  
 When God, who His beloved keeps,  
 This plenty gives with quiet sleeps."

On this he observes: "What difference do we find? That the former has the more poetic touch, the latter the greater truth. The former has just lost the one precious thing in the psalm, the latter has kept it: that care is as useless as painful, for God gives us while we sleep, and not while we labour." (p 158) Marvellous super-fineness of distinction, but unfortunately for the Critic, the 'one precious thing' is as much in Fletcher's version as in King's. There it is for the looking:

'But God His child *will feed and keep*  
 And draw the curtains to his sleep.'

Besides, neither David nor Fletcher nor King says anything so untrue as that 'God gives us while we sleep, and *not* while we labour.' He 'gives' equally while we '*labour*' in dependence on Him as when we '*sleep*' in dependence on Him. It is 'labour' and 'sleeplessness' wherein we shut out God that is 'vain,' not 'sleep' *per se* good and 'labour' bad.



The course of our Observations and confirmatory Quotations has necessarily exhibited the main characteristics of our Poet as a 'Maker'. It only remains that I illustrate certain others, in part deeper, and in part manifesting more of grace and of the gayer and lighter quality of the 'Singer' than one would have looked for. Having already taken my quotations most largely from 'The Purple Island' and such of his Poetry as is more familiar by name (at least) I shall now select from the less known. With a view to this I have hitherto left the 'Sicclides' and 'Poeticall Miscellanies', very much unused.

By 'deeper' characteristics, I mean those scarcely definable Shakespeare-like sudden flashes of thought and gracious music-toned words, that belong to the Elizabethan age. Whoever knows SHAKESPEARE, JONSON, FORD, MASSINGER, BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER, will perceive what I seek to illustrate.

Here first of all, one is struck by the colour-like brightness and felicity of epithet that is a distinctive mason-mark, so to say, of the early Poets and Dramatists of England. They may have grown dim and worn and trite now : but as you can't vulgarize a flower, so, as read in their original use, when they were new—their first 'makers' still

alive—these rich and apt-used epithets arrest. Thus you have ‘*meagre* ghost’ (Purple Island I., 10) and ‘white-plum’d waves,’ and ‘white-mouth’d waves,’ (Purple Island, I., 10) and an Evening Landscape in half-a-line ‘the silver streams grow black, home let us coast,’ (Piscatory Eclogues’ v. st. 20) and this photograph of a huge cliff ‘the cloudy rock,’ (Sicelides, Act v. c. 5) and this vivid one of a premature Spring checked by ‘the Eastern blast,’ that the tender vine-leaves “*Thinly* for fear salute the Eastern skie.” (Pisc. Ecl. vi. 2.) Deeper you have ‘drowned eyes’ and what TENNYSON has made immortal, ‘idle tears’ (‘Sicelides’ Act I., st., 2) and of the deepening Night as watched in drowsiness, of the stars, this, ‘heaven’s winking eyes,’ (*ib.* Act 3, sc. 2) and softly ‘Pittie’s gracious eyes’ (*ib.* Act 3, sc. 1) and ‘with what brave anger is his cheek array’d’ (‘Apollyonists’ c. iv., st. 8) Still more deeply ‘the inxpiate ghost thus haunts thee,’ (*ib.* Act 4 sc. 5) and grandest of all of the Sea that had swallowed up Perindus, ‘the *guilty* Sea.’ (Act v. scene 5.) Of another sort you have playing and quipping on words, not without vital thought or feeling underneath as, ‘unhappy in thy happiness,’ (Sicelides Act 3, sc. 6) and ‘Silence is Sorrow’s speech : his tongue speaks in her eyes’, (‘Elisa’ st.

4) and 'Their perfectnes more proves words imperfection', ('Sicelides' Act 1, sc. 4) and of women 'swifter then chased deere or dogs that chase them', (*ib.* Act 4, sc. 2) and of courtly splendour

'How wouldst thou laugh at this rich beggarie!  
And learn to hate such happy miserie.'

[Piscatory Eclogues 'iv., 24.]

The vigilant student of our Poet will find out many such happy turns and words. I but note other two which reveal FULLER's knowledge of 'Sicelides' e. g.

'Olinda by the priests enchainèd-fast  
Vnto the fatall rocke downe to the wast  
Was naked left, which thus was better dreast;  
*Beauty when most uncloth'd is clothèd best.*

(Act 2. sc. 4)

and

.....'she  
With smiling walcom'd death, and quietly  
Steal'd to the rocke from which she must be cast:  
Wonder so heauie guilt should flye so fast.'

(Act 5. sc. 3)

Compare with the former, of Adam

'Who most was nak't when cloathèd in his weeds  
Best cloathèd then when naked he did goe.'

[Fuller's 'Poems' by me: David's Heavie  
Punishment III. 6, and unpublished  
Epigrams No. 1.]

With the latter, compare Uriah's eager obedience  
in carrying the fatal Letter

..... 'On his journey past  
With speed, who needed not to make such hast,  
Who death had he gone slow did come too fast.'

[*Ibid*: David's Hainous Sinne 1. 33]

But passing from these lesser things you have  
in 'Sicelides' and the 'Apollyonists' sustained  
passages that may take their place, not unworthily,  
among the classics of the Elizabethan period. I  
recognize touches—I say no more than touches—  
that might have come from SHAKESPEARE himself  
in his lighter moods, in the following 'scenes'  
from 'Sicelides'—especially the later ones. An  
ancient would-be-young Lover named Fredocaldo  
comes in singing and afterwards saying, thus:

"If I am siluer white, so is thy cheeke  
Yet who for whiteness will condemne it?  
If wrinkled, if thy forehead is not sleeke  
Yet who for frowning will contemne it?  
Boys full of folly, youth of rage  
Both but a iourney to old age.  
I am not yet fayre Nymph, to[o] old to loue  
And yet woemen loue old louers:  
Nor yet to[o] wauing light, as false to proue  
Youth a foule inside fairely couers.  
Yet when my light is in the waine  
Thy sunnes renew my spring againe."  
Pretty, very pretty, why yet I see

My braine is still as fresh as in my youth.  
 And quicke inuention springs as currantly  
 As in the greenest head : this little disticke  
 I made this morne, to send vnto my loue.  
 See, here's a legge, how full, how little waining !  
 My limbs are still accompanied  
 With their kind fellow heate : no shaking palsie  
 Nor cramp has tane possession, my swift blood streames  
 Runs quicke and speedie through their burning channells.  
 Pi'sh I am young : he is not antient  
 That hath a siluer badge of hoarie haires  
 But he that in sweete loue is dead and cold :  
 So old men oft are young and young men old :  
 I'le take my farewell of this prettie verse :  
 It is a prettie verse : I'le read it againe  
 If I am siluer white, and<sup>1</sup>— O ho ! my spectacles !  
 Ah naughtie boy : alas ! my spectacles !  
*Con.* Ha, ha, he ! your eyes Fredocaldo, take vp your  
 eyes, hah, ha, he !  
*Fre.* Ah naughtie boy : alas ! my spectacles  
 Whether is he gone ? O if I finde him.  
*Con.* Find mee without eyes ? hah, ha, he !  
*Fre.* O my verses, my verses,  
*Con.* A very prettie verse : how fresh a braine that  
 made it,  
 If I am siluer white and—nay if you'l trie your limbs,  
 come on."

Again the monster-Orke rises up hugely in the  
 Sea, and

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1 Conchylio throws downe his spectacles.

‘The thronging waues fly fast, and ROARE FOR FEARE.’

(Act 2 Sc. 4)

Similarly there are many love-words that have the rich, full utterance of the Masters in them—not without reminscences even thus early, of Romeo and Juliet and Lear. Take these :

“Oft have I maruaild how the erring eye  
Which of his proper obiect cannot lye  
In other subiect, failes so in his duty  
When hee’s to iudge of’s chiefest obiect, beauty.  
None takes the night for day, the day for night :  
The lillies seeme alike to euery sight :  
Yet when we partiall iudge of beautie’s graces  
Which are but colours plac’t in womens faces,  
The eye seemes neuer sure ; the selfe same show  
And face, this thinkes a swanne, and that a crow.  
But sure our minds with strong affections tainted,  
Looke through our eyes as through a glasse that’s  
painted.

So when we view our loues, we neuer see  
What th’are, but what we faine would haue them be,  
Thus Atyches Perindus thus affecting  
These Nymphs make them seem worthiest their res-  
pecting :

And thus to loue their beauties neuer moue them :  
But therefore beautious seeme because they loue them.”

Again : ATYCHES is soliloquizing :

“So : I am alone, ther’s none but I,  
My griefe, my loue, my wonted company,

And which best fits a griened loue's sprite,  
 The silent stars and solitarie night.  
 Tell mee, heauen's sentinels, that compasse round  
 This ball of earth, on earth was neuer found  
 A loue like mine, so long, so truly seru'd,  
 Whose wage is hate ; haue all my paines deseru'd  
 Contempt ? mine and her ; for shee deare affected,  
 The more I lou'd, the more I was neglected.  
 Since thou canst loue where thou hast hatred pron'd,  
 Olinda, how canst thou hate where thou art lou'd ?  
 Thy body is mine by conquest, but I find,  
 Thy bodie is not alwayes with thy mind.  
 Giue both or none, or if but one o'th' two,  
 Giue mee thy mind, and let thy bodie goe.  
 If this without thy minde I only haue,  
 What giu'st thou more to mee then to thy graue ?  
 Prooue me, my deare, what canst thou hate in mee ?  
 Vnlesse my loue, my loue still bent on thee ?  
 My name's Thalander : perhaps it doth displease thee,  
 I will refuse my name, if that may ease thee.  
 Thalander to exile wee'l still confine,  
 And I'll be Atyches, so I bee thine." (Act 3 sc. 6.)

Once more : and here I find space for a  
 complete scene—you have what might be a leaf  
 from any one of those who spent an hour o' nights  
 at the Mermaid :

*Enter Perindus and Thalander.*

*"Pas.* Be patient.

*Aty.* Yes, I am patient.

And suffer all while heauen's ills are spent.

*Pas.* You giue your selfe to grieve.

*Aty.* Sencelesse and mad :

Who in much grieve is not extremely sad ?

*Pas.* Alas ! sir, she was mortall and must die.

*Aty.* True, true, and could the fates no time espie

But this ? to me, she neuer liu'd till now,

And now Perindus ! now ! oh —————

*Pas.* She was my sister

*Aty.* Alas ! thy sister !

She was my life, my soule, she was my loue,

She was—words know not what she was to me :

She was— thou most accursed word of ' was '.

*Pas.* Be comforted.

*Thal.* Perindus, the very name of comfort is most comfort-  
lesse :

Comfort, ioy, hope, liu'd in her cheerfull smiling,

And now must die or liue in far exiling.

Comfort, ioy, hope, for euer I deny you,

And would not name you but to defie you.

*Par.* Sir, with more patience you haue often borne  
Far greater euils.

*Tha.* Perindus, doe not say so ;

If thou yet loue me, prethee do not say so :

Was euer ill as this ? Hel's breuiary,

All torment in this narrow space is layd.

The worst of all in these two words are sayd,

Olinda dead ! dead ! whither doest thou lead mee ?

Why, I can goe alone, alone can finde

The way I seeke : I see it best when blinde.

I prethee leaue mee.

*Pas.* Thalander, I'le not leaue thee,

Should heauen with thunder strike these arms that clasp  
thee,



My dying hands should but more firmly grasp thee.

*Tha.* Thou violat'st thy loue in thy mistaking,  
And cleane forsak'st thy friend in not forsaking :  
Olinda, I cannot come, they heere enchaine me.  
But neyther can nor shall they here detaine me.  
I' th' meane time, all the honour I can giue thee  
Is but a graue : that sacred rocke, the place  
Of my conception and my buriall :  
Since Hymen will not, Death shall make thee mine,  
If not my marriage my death-bed shall be thine." [*Exeunt.*

Again THALANDER mourns his 'drowned' Olinda.  
He lies down by the rock whence she had been  
flung (as supposed) :

— "Harke, harke! Arion, thou choice musician  
Sing mee a note that may awake pale Death,  
Such as may moue deafe Hell and Stygian Ioue,  
Such as once Orpheus . . . . . O I am idle, idle ;  
Sleep, sleep mine eyes, this short releasement take you,  
Sleepe, sleepe for euer, ; neuer more awake you :  
Her face your obiect neuer more shall be,  
Sleepe then, vaine eyes, why should you wish to see ?"

[Act v., sc. 1]

The pathos of these scenes is pure and soft as tears, in silence and alone. Tyrinthus had been informed of the death of his daughter in the very crisis of his joy of an anticipated re-union after long separation. He falls and faints. The speakers are now Pas a Fisherman and Tyrinthus :

*Pas.* How loth his life returnes !

*Tyr.* How well I had forgot my grieffe,  
And found my rest, with losse of restlesse life !  
Thou much hast wrong'd me, fisher, 'tis no loue,  
Death from his iust possession to remoue :  
Heauens, ye haue thanks for both, yet one you slue,  
Giue backe halfe of thy thanks, take but your due :  
I owe you nothing for Olinda, nothing.  
Ah poore Olinda ! I shall neuer more  
Neuer more see thee : thy father must lament thee,  
Thy father, who in death should long preuent thee, . . . .  
How long since died shee ?

*Pas.* With the last sunne she fell.

*Tyr.* Sure heauens, ye mocke me : alas, what victory ?  
What triumph in an old man's misery ?  
When you haue wonne, what conquest, that you slue  
A wretch that hated his life as much as you ?

*Pas.* Sir, you forget your selfe : to warre with heauen  
Is no lesse fond then dangerous.

*Tyr.* Tell me fisher, haue you a child ?

*Pas.* No Sir.

*Tyr.* No maruell then  
Thou blam'st my grieffe, of which thou hast no sence :  
First lose a child, then blame my patience."

Later Tyrinthus exclaims :

'How fine the heauen's powers can sorrowes frame !  
The fates will play, and make my woe their game.'

Returning upon the 'Apollyonists' I would  
invite to its observant *study* by giving a few

additional specimens 'of the gold of Ophir' to be found in it—additional to those grander Miltonic passages adduced in our evidence of Fletcher's formative influence on the great Poet's conception of 'Satan.' Here is a 'Night' scene perfect in thought and workmanship :

\ \ / "The cloudy Night came whirling up the skie,  
 And scatt'ring round the dewes, which first shee drew  
 From milky poppies, loads the drowsie eie :  
 The watry moone, cold Vesper and his crew  
 Light up their tapers : to the sunne they fly  
 And at his blazing flame their sparks renew.  
 Oh why should earthly lights then scorne to tine  
 Their lamps alone at that first Sunne divine!  
 Hence as false falling starres as rotten wood they shine.  
  
 Her sable mantle was embroyderèd gay  
 With silver beames, with spangles round beset :  
 Foure steeds her chariot drew ; the first was gray,  
 The second blue, third browne, fourth blacke as jet.  
 The hollowing owle, her post, prepares the way,  
 And wingèd dreames—as gnat-swarms—flutt'ring let  
 Sad Sleep, who faine his eies in rest would steep.  
 Why then at death doe weary mortals weep ?  
 | Sleep's but a shorter death, death's but a longer sleep.

And now the world, and dreames themselves were  
 drown'd  
 In deadly sleep ; the labourer snorteth fast,  
 His brawny armes unbent ; his limbs unbound  
 As dead, forget all toyle to come, or past ;

Onely sad Guilt, and troubled Greatnes, crown'd  
With heavie gold and care, no rest can tast.

Goe then vaine man, goe pill the live and dead  
Buy, sell, fawne, flatter, rise, then couch thy head  
In proud but dangerous gold: in silke but restlesse bed."  
[c. i., stanzas 5—7]

The defeat of the Armada is proudly put into  
the mouth of the Enemy:

"That fleet, which with the moone for vastnesse stood,  
Which all the Earth, which all the Sea admires,  
Amaz'd to see on waves, a moone of wood;  
Blest by our hands, frighted with suddaine fires  
And panicke feares, sunke in the gaping flood:  
Some split, some yeeld, scarce one—that torne—retires.  
That long wish't houre, which Cynthia set i' th' maine,  
What hath it brought at length, what change, what  
gain?  
ONE BRIGHT STAR FELL, THE SUNNE IS RIS'NE AND ALL HIS  
TRAINE."  
[c. iv., stanza—13]

'Time' is apostrophized in anticipation of the  
'damned Plot' of Fawkes:

"Slow Time which every houre grow'st old and young,  
Which every minute dy'st and liv'st againe;  
Which mak'st the strong man weak, the weak man  
strong;  
Sad Time, which fly'st in joy, but creep'st in paine,  
Thy steppes uneven are still too short or long:  
Devouring Time, who bear'st a fruitfull traine,

And eat'st what er'e thou bear'st— why dost not flee ?  
 Why do'st not post to view a Tragedie,  
 Which never Time yet saw, which never Time shall see ?”  
 [c. v., stanza 8]

Very grand is the calm above contrasted with the eagerness and passion and secrecy below, and the Plotters' awful hunger after so 'royall a feast' of death and destruction—as of the tumultuous clamorous Sea beneath a tranquil azure Sky :

“ Meane time the Eye which needs no light to see,  
 That wakefull Eye which never winks or sleepes,  
 That purest Eye, that hates iniquitie,  
 That carefull Eye, which safe His Israel keepes,  
 From which no word or thought can hidden bee,  
 Look't from His Heaven, and piercing through the  
     deepes,  
 With hate and scorne viewes the dire Iesuite  
 Weary his hand and quintessentiall wit,  
 To weave himselfe a snare and dig himselfe a pit.”  
 [c. v., stanza 11]

Looking at our Poet from another stand-point, you have many descriptive passages that might find a place in the 'Seasons' as in the close of canto iv. of the 'Apollyonists' there are 'figures' that in their several stanzas might be inserted in the 'Castle of Indolence.' You come also on

snatches of Song, and a vein of wit, shewing what might have been, had not the Singer restrained himself. I shall bring my remarks to an end with illustrations of these two further characteristics.

Take two companion Idyls, the one from the 'Piscatory Eclogues,' the other unexpectedly from the 'Apollyonists'. First from the 5th 'Eclogue':

'Algon, what lucklesse starre thy mirth hath blasted?  
 My joy in thee, and thou in sorrow drown'd.  
 The yeare with Winter-storms all rent and wasted  
 Hath now fresh youth and gentler seasons tasted:  
 The warmer sunne his bride hath newly gown'd,  
 With fire arms clipping the wanton ground,  
 And gets an heav'n on earth: that primrose there,  
 Which 'mongst those violets sheds his golden hair,  
 Seems the sunne's little sonne, fixt in his azure spheare.

See'st how the dancing lambes on flowrie banks  
 Forget their food, to minde their sweeter play?  
 See'st how they skip, and in their wanton pranks  
 Bound o're the hillocks, set in sportfull ranks.  
 They skip, they vault; full little caren they  
 To make their milkie mothers bleating stay.  
 See'st how the salmons (water's colder nation)  
 Lately arrived from their sea-navigation,  
 How joy leaps in their heart, shewn by their leaping  
 fashion."

Next this in the Apollyonists:

"Thou bid'st the sunne piece out the ling'ring day,  
 Glitt'ring in golden fleece : the lovely Spring  
 Comes dauncing on ; the primrose strewes her way,  
 And satten violet : lambs wantoning  
 Bound o're the hillocks in their sportfull play :  
 The wood-musicians chant and cheerely sing ;  
 The world seemes new, yet old by youth's accruing.  
 Ah ! wretched-men, so wretched world pursuing,  
 Which still growes worse with age, and older by renuing.

At thy command th' Earth travailes of her fruit ;  
 The sunne yeelds longer labour, shorter sleep ;  
 Out-runnes the Lyon in his hot pursuit ;  
 Then of the golden Crab learns backe to creep :  
 Thou Autumn bid'st—drest in straw-yellow suit—  
 To presse, tunne, hide his grapes in cellars deep :  
 Thou cloth'st the Earth with freez instead of grasse,  
 While keen-breath'd Winter steeles her furrow'd face,  
 And vials rivers up, and seas, in christall glasse."

[c. v., st. 27—28.]

Carew or Lovelace might have written these that follow. Thirsil is advising Thomalin in the 6th Eclogue (st. 11—13) :

" Ah heedlesse boy ! Love is not such a lad,  
 As he is fancy'd by the idle swain ;  
 With bow and shafts and purple feathers clad ;  
 Such as Diana (with her buskin'd train  
 Of armèd Nymphs along the forrest's glade  
 With golden quivers) in Thessalian plain,  
 In level race outstrips the jumping deer

With nimble feet ; or with a mighty spear  
Flings down a bristled bore or els a squalid bear.

Love's sooner felt then seen : his substance thinne  
Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies :  
Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtill ginne ;  
He therefore soonest winnes that fastest flies :  
Fly thence my deare, fly fast, my Thomalin :  
Who him encounters once, for ever dies :

But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,  
Unhappie soul that thence his nectar sips,  
While down into his heart the sugred poison slips !

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the eare :  
Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire,  
Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair,  
Oft in a soft-smooth skin doth close retire,  
Oft in a smile, oft in a silent tear :  
And if all fail, yet Vertue's selfe he'l hire :

Himselfe's a dart, when nothing els can move.

Who then the captive soul can well reprove,  
When Loue, and Vertue's self, becomes the darts of Love?"

In the ' Sicelides ' you have the sentiment more  
trippingly put—(Act iii., scene 6, chorus.)

" Loue is the fire, damme, nurse, and seede  
Of all that aire, earth, waters breede.  
All these, earth, water, aire, fire,  
Though contraries, in loue conspire.  
Fond painters : loue is not a lad  
With bow and shafts and feathers clad ;



As he is fancied in the braine  
Of some loose, louing, idle, swaine ;  
Which sooner is he felt then seene ;  
His substance subtile, slight and thinne,  
Oft leapes hee from the glancing eyes,  
Oft in some smooth mount hee lyes,  
Soonest he winnes, the fastest flies :  
Oft lurkes he 'twixt the ruddy lips  
Thence while the beast his nectar sips,  
Downe to the soule the poyson slips ;  
Oft in a voyce creeps downe the eare,  
Oft hides his darts in golden haire,  
Oft blushing cheeks do light his fire,  
Oft in a smooth soft [s]kinne retires,  
Often in smiles, often in teares,  
His flaming heate in water beares,  
When nothing else kindles desire,  
Euen vertue's selfe shall blow the fire :  
Loue with thousand darts abounds.  
Surest and deepest vertue wounds :  
Oft himselfe becomes a dart  
And loue with loue, doth loue impart.  
Thou painfull pleasure, pleasing paine,  
Thou gaineful life, thou losing gaine :  
Thou bitter sweet, easing disease,  
How doest thou by displeasing please?  
How doest thou thus bewitch the heart?  
To loue in hate, to ioy in smart.  
To thinke itselfe most bound when free,  
And freest in his slavery.  
Euery creature is thy debter,  
None but loues : some worse, some better :

Onely in loue they happy prooue,  
 Who loue what most deserues their loue."

Earlier, in the 5th Eclogue, you have this :

"What lives alone, Nicea ? starres most chaste  
 Have their conjunctions, spheares their mixt embraces  
 And mutual folds. Nothing can single last :  
 But die in living, in increasing waste.  
 Their joyning perfects them, but us defaces.  
 That's perfect which obtains his end : your graces  
 Receive their end in love. She that's alone  
 Dies as she lives : no number is in one :  
 Thus while she's but her self, she's not her self, she's  
 none." [stanza 18]

The ' Epithalamiums ' of the ' Poeticall Miscellanies ' glow with passion, and sparkle with quaint fancies.

There is the grave music of Il Penseroso in this Chorus from ' Sicelides ' and inimitable tenderness in one of the ' Hymns ' from the ' Poeticall Miscellanies '.

Who neere saw Death, may Death commend  
 Call it ioye's prologue, trouble's end :  
 The pleasing sleepe that quiet rockes him  
 Where neither care nor fancy mockes him.  
 But who in neerer space doth eye him  
 Next to hell, as hell, defye him :  
 No state, no age, no sexe can moue him

No beggar's prey, no kings reprooue him :  
 In mid'st of mirth, and loue's alarmes,  
 He puls the bride from bridegroome's arms ;  
 The beauteous virgin he contemnes,  
 The guilty with the iust condemns.  
 All weare his cloth, and none denyes.  
 Dres't in fresh colour'd liuries,  
 Kings lowe as beggars lie in graues,  
 Nobles as base, the free as slaues ;  
 Blest who on vertue's life relying  
 Dies to vice, thus liues by dying.  
 But fond that making life thy treasure  
 Surfet'st in ioy art drunke in pleasure.  
 Sweetes do make the sower more tart,  
 And pleasure sharp's Death's keenest dart.  
 Death's thought is death to those that liue,  
 In liuing ioyes and neuer grieve.

Happelesse that happy art and knowst no teares  
 Who euer liues in pleasure, liues in feares."

[Act i., sc. 4]

Next the Hymn (p. 96) :

" Drop, drop, slow tears,  
     and bathe Those beauteous feet,  
 Which brought from heav'n  
     the news and Prince of peace :  
 Cease not, wet eyes,  
     His mercies to entreat ;  
 To crie for vengeance  
     sinne doth never cease :

In your deep flouds  
 drown all my faults and fears ;  
 Nor let His eye  
 see sinne, but through my tears."

Here is a pretty thing (Sicelides, Act. ii., sc. 5) :

" Olinda if thou yeeld not now  
 The Orke lesse monstrous was then thou ;  
 No monster to the eye more hatefull  
 Then beauty to desert ungratefull,  
 Yeeld then thy heart and hand  
 And sing along this sand  
 Loue, rule heauen, sea and land.

*Pas.* Atyches, how farest thou? O let these armes  
 inlace thee.

Me thinks I hold halfe heauen when I imbrace thee.

*Atych.* Will Perindus goe with vs to the temple?

*Per.* Most willingly, and when thou once art there  
 Then 'tis a temple I may iustly sweare."

Of our Poet's 'wit', which is of the verbal kind  
 that SHAKSPEARE rejoiced to sport in, take these  
 brief specimens from 'Sicelides' (Act ii., sc. 6) :

" Enter Cancrone and Scrocca with their boate from  
 fishing.

*Scr.* Yet moue larboord ! ho ! vp against that waue  
 now starboord !

*Can:* I thinke we are vpon the shallow.

*Scr.* Hold in, Cancrone, I smell the shore. [Can-  
 crone falls in.]

*Can.* Nay by your leaue 'twas I that smelt it: for I am sure my nose kist it.

*Scr.* Take hold of the stretcher, and then fasten the rope.

*Can.* A rope stretch all such bottle-head botemen, had it been my lot to haue bene Master at Sea as 'tis yours, wee had neere taken such a iourney in such a fly-boate, such a sows-eare, such an egg-shell.

*Scr.* Come helpe to laue her.

*Can.* It's a true shee-boate, I warrant shee leakes brackish all the yeare long.

*Scr.* Will you come, Sir: you are yet in my iurisdiction on the water.

*Can.* Will you scale the fish, Sir? will you bring forth the nets, Sir? Will you spread them vpon the rocks, Sir? you are at my demand? Sir, vpon the land wee'l be known in our place: (*Scrocca drinks*) is that your lauing?

*Scro.* Ah, ha! that is something fresher that Neptune's salt potion! seest not what a pickle I am in, but O those Scyllaes ban-dogs (*bough wough*) our boate bepist her selfe for feare.

*Can.* I and thou thy selfe for companie: faith wee were almost in Thetis powdring tub, but now, Scrocca, let's off with our liquor: Sirrah, halfe to this blew-beard Neptune, but he gets not one drop on't.

*Scr.* I and withall remember the roaring boy Boreas (puff, puff) hold: you beare your poope too high, Cancrone, y' 'ad neede goe pumpe.

*Can.* So mee thinks my braine is somewhat warmer now, my witte gear's on

Let Neptune rage and roare and fome

For now Cancrone's safe at home.

*Scr.* How now Cancrone! what! poefied?

*Can.* Why Scrocca is it such a thing for a water-man to be a poet now a daies?"

Is there a gibe against the immortal (!) JOHN TAYLOR the 'Water-poet' in this last hit? If so the Spenser Society has avenged the insult by their splendid if anachronistic folio.

Again: Rimbombo is 'tied' to a tree, and in vain appeals for deliverance to the Fishermen (Act iv. sc. 6):

"*Rim.* Sweete-fisher, I will turne thy net-maker if thou wilt vndoe me.

*Can.* No. It shall nere be said that I was the vndoing of any man by net-making, and besides I have forsworne the muddie trade."

My allotted space is long over-filled. I must reluctantly leave untouched to the Scholar, the Latin 'poems' meanwhile, indulging the hope of doing more for them elsewhere (*Deo favente*). I must also dismiss unused, much more that I had noted, and which it were perchance not unuseful to say. But I cherish the expectation that my Essay combined with our complete editions of the Poetry of these two Brothers, will revive interest

additional specimens 'of the gold of Ophir' to be found in it—additional to those grander Miltonic passages adduced in our evidence of Fletcher's formative influence on the great Poet's conception of 'Satan.' Here is a 'Night' scene perfect in thought and workmanship :

“The cloudy Night came whirling up the skie,  
And scatt'ring round the dewes, which first shee drew  
From milky poppies, loads the drowse eie :  
The watry moone, cold Vesper and his crew  
Light up their tapers to the sunne they fly  
And at his blazing flame their sparks renew.  
Oh why should earthly lights then scorne to tine  
Their lamps alone at that first Sunne divine!  
Hence as false falling starres as rotten wood they shine.

Her sable mantle was embroyderèd gay  
With silver beames, with spangles round beset :  
Foure steeds her chariot drew , the first was gray,  
The second blue, third browne, fourth blacke as jet.  
The hollowing owle, her post, prepares the way,  
And wingèd dreames—as gnat-swarms—flutt'ring let  
Sad Sleep, who faine his eies in rest would steep.

Why then at death doe weary mortals weep ?  
Sleep's but a shorter death, death's but a longer sleep.

And now the world, and dreames themselves were  
drown'd

In deadly sleep ; the labourer snorteth fast,  
His brawny armes unbent ; his limbs unbound  
As dead, forget all toyle to come, or past ;

And eat'st what er'e thou bear'st— why dost not flee ?  
 Why do'st not post to view a Tragedie,  
 Which never Time yet saw, which never Time shall see ?”  
 [c. v., stanza 8]

Very grand is the calm above contrasted with the eagerness and passion and secrecy below, and the Plotters' awful hunger after so 'royall a feast' of death and destruction—as of the tumultuous clamorous Sea beneath a tranquil azure Sky :

“ Meane time the Eye which needs no light to see,  
 That wakefull Eye which never winks or sleepes,  
 That purest Eye, that hates iniquitie,  
 That carefull Eye, which safe His Israel keepes,  
 From which no word or thought can hidden bee,  
 Look't from His Heaven, and piercing through the  
     deepes,  
 With hate and scorne viewes the dire Iesuite  
 Weary his hand and quintessentiall wit,  
 To weave himselfe a snare and dig himselfe a pit.”  
 [c. v., stanza 11]

Looking at our Poet from another stand-point, you have many descriptive passages that might find a place in the 'Seasons' as in the close of canto iv. of the 'Apollyonists' there are 'figures' that in their several stanzas might be inserted in the 'Castle of Indolence.' You come also on



"Thou bid'st the sunne piece out the ling'ring day,  
 Glitt'ring in golden fleece: the lovely Spring  
 Comes dauncing on; the primrose strewes her way,  
 And satten violet: lambs wantoning  
 Bound o're the hillocks in their sportfull play:  
 The wood-musicians chant and cheerely sing;  
 The world seemes new, yet old by youth's accruing.  
 Ah! wretched-men, so wretched world pursuing,  
 Which still growes worse with age, and older by renewing.

At thy command th' Earth travailes of her fruit;  
 The sunne yeelds longer labour, shorter sleep;  
 Out-runnes the Lyon in his hot pursuit;  
 Then of the golden Crab learns backe to creep:  
 Thou Autumn bid'st—drest in straw-yellow suit—  
 To presse, tunne, hide his grapes in cellars deep:  
 Thou cloth'st the Earth with freez instead of grasse,  
 While keen-breath'd Winter steeles her furrow'd face,  
 And vials rivers up, and seas, in christall glasse."

[c. v., st. 27—28.]

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 As he is fancy'd by the idle swain;  
 With bow and shafts and purple feathers clad;  
 Such as Diana (with her buskin'd train  
 Of armèd Nymphs along the forrest's glade  
 With golden quivers) in Thessalian plain,  
 In level race outstrips the jumping deer

How near, Sir, one may be to a discovery, and—miss it, is strikingly illustrated in this quotation from the shrewd and well-read WARTON. If instead of stopping short at the *manner* he had gone on to the *matter* of *The Purple Island*, and from it to the other Poems of

Phineas Fletcher,

he would have anticipated by more than a century that DISCOVERY WHICH IT HAS BEEN MY RARE GOOD FORTUNE TO MAKE.

It will be remarked that after noticing in the above slight way, the resemblance to the '*manner*' of the Purple Island, Warton is again 'at Sea' and speaks helplessly of "the author, *whoever he was*." Moreover Archdeacon Todd and Mr. Collier, and all between and since, have gone no further than (if so far as) WARTON: and so the thing has rested.

I now proceed, Sir, to PROVE that

Phineas Fletcher

was the author of

"Brittain's Ida"

—having been led thereto independently of WARTON, TODD, COLLIER and every one, from my necessarily close study of FLETCHER'S Poetry, while

*And giving spends not our increasing store."*

Thus with a kisse his lips she sweetly pressèd ;

Most blessed kisse, but hope more than blessèd !

The boy did thinke heaven fell while thus he *joy'd*,

*And while joy he so greedily enjoy'd*

*He felt not halfe his joy by being overjoyed."*

Again, c. I., st. 1st.,

*" Ah, foolish Lads ! that strove with lavish wast*

*So fast to spend the time that spends your time as fast."*

Once more : c. II., st. 7th.,

*Fond men ! whose wretched care the life soone ending,*

*By striving to increase your joy do spend it."*

I have italicized the two thoughts of the non-spending by giving and the over-joy of joy. Both are found precisely as in " Britain's Ida " as a favourite and frequent double-thought in our Fletcher.\* Here are some of his ways of putting the inexhaustible ' spending ' and ' spending itself : '

*" You goodly nymphs, that in your marble cell*

*In spending neuer spend your sportfull dayes."*

Piscatorie Eclogues, I. 4, p. 2.]

(2) [Time] *" Too swift it runnes, and spends too fast in spending."* [Ibid VII., 37, p. 54.]

\* My quotations from PHINEAS FLETCHER throughout, are from his own Quarto of 1633. It contains his ' Purple Island ', ' Piscatorie Eclogues ', ' Poeticall Miscellanies ', ' Elisa ' &c. &c.

in GILES and PHINEAS FLETCHER, and win for them a wider regard than hitherto. It is pleasant to come on choice bits from them in such modern books as genial Wood Warter's 'Seaboard and the Down' and 'Last of the Old Squires': and I have dedicated my 'Phineas Fletcher' to Mrs. Craik, because with fine appreciation she has made a 'Phineas Fletcher' in her true and noble book 'John Halifax Gentleman' a leading character, out of reverence for the Old Rector of Hilgay and poet of 'The Purple Island', interweaving daintily certain of its winsome lines: and good so far as it goes, that your really thoughtful Book-lover has a chosen place near his 'right hand' for the Fletcherian rarities. Nevertheless I covet and claim more for them. I feel satisfied that in these Fletcher volumes of our Fuller Worthies' Library, I revive no mere book-rare pieces of Antiquarianism: but vital and true and Time-affronting Poetry, such as it is a scandal to have abiding half-neglected. And so I refer the reader to the books themselves, in the quaintly-wise words of THOMAS MACE out of the 'Prelude of Mottoes' from 'The Doctor of SOUTHEY:

"Look for no splendid outside here,  
But for a work devotedly sincere;

A thing low-prized in these too high-flown days :  
Such solid sober works get little praise.

Yet some there be  
Love true solidity.

'Tis written only for the sober sort,  
Who love right learning, and will labour for't,  
And who will value worth in art, though old ;  
And not be weary of the good, though told

'Tis out of fashion  
By nine-tenths of the nation."

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> See Note B onward, on 'The Times' and clerical sacred Poetry.



## Notes.

A : Page CXC.—DR. GEORGE MACDONALD'S 'ANTIPHON'  
ON JUSTICE AND MERCY AS PERSONIFIED IN 'CHRIST'S  
VICTORIE'

I give the passage referred to *in extenso*: "To understand the first, [extract] it is necessary to explain, that while Christ is on earth a dispute between Justice and Mercy, such as is often represented by the theologians, takes place in heaven. We must allow the unsuitable fiction, attributing distraction to the divine Unity, for the sake of the words in which Mercy overthrows the arguments of Justice. For the Poet unintentionally nullifies the symbolism of the Theologian, representing Justice as defeated. He forgets that the grandest exercise of justice is mercy. The confusion comes from the fancy that justice means *vengeance upon sin*, and not *the doing what is right*. Justice can be at no strife with mercy, for not to do what is just would be most unmerciful." (p 151) ["England's Antiphon. By George Macdonald, LL.D. (Macmillan) 1869 cr. 8vo.]

For the genius and fine nature and nurture of Dr. GEORGE MACDONALD, I have admiration and love that words were empty to express the depth of: but none the less, rather all the more—because of his wide and potent influence—must I be rude enough to reject all this, absolutely, as being at once mistaken in its application to the poetry under review, and fundamentally untrue in its teaching on the *thing*. I submit these counter remarks:

(a) The 'divine Unity' is left untouched by our Poet. 'Distraction' is the reverse of the matter-of-fact. Justice and Mercy are PERSONIFIED in accord with the ground-plan of the Poet—as shewn in our Essay *ante*—and the Personifications demand that we shall regard them as outside of the 'divine Unity', that unity being guarded by the 'pleading' of Justice and Mercy as two Personalities addressing themselves to God (the Father). Unless you deny that there are entities which we name 'Justice and Mercy, you can't refuse their impersonation, you can't insist (rightfully) on impersonation being an 'unsuitable fiction' you can't 'confuse' impersonation with the 'divine Unity.' These particular Personifications are as much outside of the 'divine Unity' as, for example, are the Passions in Collins' Ode, outside of any one individuality. Or looking in another direction, you can personify the Five Senses without interfering with the human Unity.

Besides all this, there is a ground-work laid for such Personifications in the Holy Scriptures, *e. g.* Psalm lxxxv. 10, 11: "Mercy and Truth are met together, Righteousness and Truth have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the Earth: and Righteousness shall look down from Heaven."

(b) Conceding—and it must be conceded—that Personification or Impersonation is legitimate, then if they were to be in character and keeping, it was equally demanded that Justice and Mercy should appear in opposition, even strife. I speak of Justice and Mercy *per se*, not as in the 'divine Unity' where opposition were impossible. I look at the two Personifications in their *apparent* attitude toward man as fallen, and guilty in his Fall. So regarding Justice

and Mercy, who that has adequately pondered the problem in debate, of man's guilt and the Plan of Redemption for that guilt, will gainsay *apparent* conflict, as between Justice and Mercy. Well! The measure of *appearance* is sufficient ground for poetic treatment, and it seems to me uncritical to pronounce it an 'unsuitable fiction'—as much so as to 'confuse' the Personifications in their separate utterances with their existence as attributes in the 'divine Unity.' This 'confusion' by Dr. Macdonald is the more remarkable, in that while objecting to Fletcher's Personifications he himself singles out Justice and Mercy and pronounces against possible 'opposition' between *them*.

(c) It is the very antithesis of the matter-of-fact once more, to say that Mercy "*overthrows* the arguments of Justice", and that "the Poet unintentionally nullifies the symbolism of the theologian (by) representing Justice as *defeated*". 'Overthrows' and 'defeated' are the worst possible words here. For how is it that Mercy achieves her 'pleading'? Not by the 'overthrow' of the arguments of Justice—for she admits their solidity—not by the 'defeat' of Justice—for Justice acquiesces—but through turning to and presenting Him, Who in His divinely-human and humanly-divine Person sustains the full demands of Justice—and so,—but only *so*—warrants the exercise of mercy: or to adhere to the Impersonation, affirmative response to the appeal of Mercy to God (the Father). It is transcendantly necessary to remember—what Dr. Macdonald forgets—that it is not mercy *as* mercy *per se* but Mercy pointing to a given Work (of atonement) that wins from God (the Father) man's pardon and Salvation.



(d) With reference to the words “*unintentionally nullifies* the symbolism of the theologian” they seem to me even more profoundly and pervadingly mistaken and pernicious, seeing that the burden of the poem as it bears in its four-fold title and in its entire working out, is the Victory of CHRIST not of Mercy *per se*, and His Victory not over Justice, but as the Poet himself puts it over ‘Satan’ and ‘Death’. As he quaintly describes in the ‘Argument’ of the ‘Victorie in Heaven’, Mercy (through Faith) “translates the principal fault vnto the Deuil” and Christ stands forth “as sufficient to satisfie as man was impotent”. This *the* idea and ‘intention’ of our Singer does not ‘nullify’ but vindicate the ‘symbolism of the theologian’ but most emphatically—with all respectfulness I must be permitted to say—‘nullifies’ the hasty ‘criticism’ of the Commentator. It is something monstrous (and the word is not too strong) to represent Mercy through Christ as a ‘*defeat*’ of Justice—as other than SUPREME JUST. Or regard it from another standpoint—the very love of righteousness on the part of God must move Him to do what will produce righteousness in His creatures, and so (in a sense) the very work of Righteousness will be peace. So that as Mercy finds One to satisfy the *rightful* demands of Justice, to withhold mercy were most unjust.

(e) Given the Facts of man’s guilt as before Justice, it is sorrowfully amazing to read that “the grandest exercise of justice is mercy”. Nay verily: ‘the grandest exercise of Justice’ is TO BE JUST, and to be just is often to be merciless. To be merciful to the guilty *per se* involves injustice. Then behind such sentimentalism as this, the

questions are started as one reads it, if mercy be "*the grandest exercise of Justice*" whence the terrible, close-grinding wheels of Providence—every wheel 'full of eyes' and so looking down on the track and cognisant of all there, even to the 'little children' lying across it? whence the nameless sorrow and suffering everywhere? whence the palpable retribution on wrong-doing even here? God is not the weak, soft Being that this 'grandest exercise' assumes. As another Poet hath it "A God all mercy were a God un-just."

(f) Justice does mean in relation to a specific thing, as in the poetry before us, "*vengeance upon sin*": but maugre the taunt at the 'Theologians' again, that is no contradiction to "*the doing of what is right*". To punish the guilty (or sin) is to take 'vengeance': and who will say it is not 'doing right'? On the other hand 'for Christ's sake' to exercise mercy toward every one accepting The Substitute, is equally 'doing right'.

(g) Granted that "not to do what is just would be most unmerciful." But it is a *petitio principii*: for where guilt is—*apart* from the Redemption of Christ—Justice as 'just' can shew no mercy—as toward the guilty *per se*, is absolutely and tremendously merciless. In Jesus Christ 'God manifested in the flesh' the awful mystery of sin (as the Bible and the God of the Bible are true) is counter-worked, and in and from Him, Mercy is gloriously available to ALL—thank God to ALL—but let the provided and offered Salvation be rejected or neglected there can only be the execution of the penalty on the individual transgressor: and that is '*to do right*.'

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE instructs us all on the double problem:

“Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;

.....Alas ! alas !

And He that might the vantage best have took,

Found out the remedy. How would you be,

If He, which is the top of judgment, should

But *judge you as you are* ? Oh ! think of that ;

And mercy then will breathe within your lips,

Like man new made.” (‘Measure for Measure’ ii. 2.)

SOUTHWELL in his ‘St. Peter’s remorse’ has also these fine and deep words :

.....“sith so vile a worm

Hath wrought His greatest spite,

Of highest treasons, well Thou may’st

In rigour him indite.

But Mercy may relent

And temper Justice’ rod,

For Mercy doth as much belong

As Justice to a God.”

Works, as before, by Turnbull, p 132.)

and conversely, Justice as much as Mercy.

(h) Returning upon the words “a *dispute* between Justice and Mercy, such as is often represented by the *Theologians*” as well might Dr. Macdonald overweigh the true Poet by the crudities of abounding Versifiers, as class with ‘Theologians’ those who make such representations. I will grant that Dr. Macdonald may have received provocation from some ‘popular’ Preacher. I myself have listened to sermons in which Justice and Mercy debated (as in a College Club) and the Father was perplexed (so-to-say) till the Son stepped in and offered

to suffer, and the Spirit added 'I will anoint Him' &c. But (1) such Preachers are no 'Theologians' and (2) in these debates it was not Mercy that triumphed in argument but always Justice. Mercy always found One to meet the claims of Justice and so while the representation might be inaccurate, truth under-lay it. Further: I will concede that if you have regard to Justice and Mercy *theologically* and not as in Fletcher poetically, a two-fold evil result attends any separation of Justice and Mercy as divine attributes *i. e.* If (mentally) we give a sort of supremacy to either justice or mercy, we are like to miss somewhat of the glory of the One eternal God. (a) A man who sees righteousness filling the Universe *may* come to imagine that God the *just* needs reconciling to God the *merciful* and so you have him crying out as a Hymn makes the sinner do:

"Where shall the chief of sinners fly  
Eternal Justice from Thine eye?"

the question being, How to escape from God the *just*. On the other hand (b) When mercy seems the ruling attribute you get all sorts of sentimentalism, and Christian 'virtue'—in its deep, robust Pauline meaning—loses its grandeur and force.

But save for Dr. MACDONALD'S anxiety to get a hit at the 'Theologians,' it was a mistake, and a wrong and to those who hold him in deepest love, a sorrow, to drag such matters into a criticism of a purely 'poetical' representation—albeit as we have seen, regarded theologically, Fletcher's Personifications and the substance and event of their 'pleading' alike, rest on the firmest basis of Theology-proper.

I give two additional examples of the theologic-poetic conception of Justice and Mercy in agreement with Fletcher. First, DR. JOSEPH BEAUMONT in his "Psyche"—a poem that bears the deep impress of both our Fletchers. The great 'Sacrifice' of Calvary has been 'offered' and accepted:

....."Justice now had nothing more to say;  
The blood which down the Cross its torrents threw  
All her objections had wash'd away;  
And every page of her black Volume grew  
Full as serene and fair as is the skies  
Pure face when rescu'd from the clouds disguise.

Dismissing therefore all her horrid train,  
Her satisfied self she strait withdrew:  
When Jesus looking up to Heav'n again,  
Perceiv'd the veil, which shadow'd had till now  
His Father's Face, remov'd. O blessed sight!  
O cheerful Morning after heavy Night!"

[c xiv. 203—204.]

Again trenchantly:

....."Hell at length will prick on mortall wit  
Against this Passion's MERIT to dispute,  
And all their syllogizing batteries set,  
In order their Redemption to confute.  
Thus to their Reason must their Faith give way;  
Though God be satisfy'd yet will not they.  
No; they'll account His Mercy injur'd by  
Allowing Justice to be fully pay'd.  
Ah learnèd fool! is Mercy's majesty

Not here triumphant, when the load is lay'd.

On God's own Son, to bear what else would crack

Proud though you be, for evermore your back."

[c. xiv. 221—222.]

The other is SAMUEL SPEED in his "Prison-Pictur" (1677).

### "ON JUSTICE AND MERCY.

Justice doth call for vengeance on my sins,

And threatens death as guerdon for the same :

Mercy to plead for pardon then begins,

With saying, Christ hath under-gone the shame.

Justice shews me an angry God offended,

And Mercy shews a Saviour crucifi'd

Justice says, I that sinn'd must be condemn'd :

Mercy replies, Christ for my sins hath di'd.

Grim Justice threatens with a revengful rod :

Meek Mercy shows me an appeas'd God.

Lord ! though my sins make me for Justice fit

Through Christ let Mercy triumph over it."

[pp 151—152.]

However regarded therefore, our Poet is true and his Critic profoundly un-true: for as St. Paul long since grandly argued out "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God: being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus—Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness: that He

might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." (Romans III : 23—26.)

I rejoice that Dr. Macdonald's mistakes as a Theologian in this instance, has not dimmed his vision as a Poet, or abated his high praise of our Singer. Nor am I ungrateful for much genial and keen exposition of our old Worthies, albeit some of the judgments, as on COWLEY, are perverse.

### 'THE TIMES' ON CLERGYMEN AND POETRY.

B.—Page ccv.

There reaches me as I prepare my Essay for the Press, the "Times" of October 29th. (1868) containing a Review of certain recent 'sacred' poems of a fair type—and against the verdict on which I have nothing to say, save that fuller knowledge would have shown the Critic that he mistakes 'echoes' of HERBERT and VAUGHAN for original 'song'. But apart from this, I notice the particular Review, because of the typicalness of its writer's ignorance of the 'sacred' Poets of England. He turns to his JOHNSON'S POETS, and thus stupidly philosophizes: "The paucity of poets during the earlier times of the English Church is not a little striking. Of 66 so-called poets, for whose lives we are indebted to Dr. Johnson, only eight were in holy orders; and of those eight only two—one, Jonathan Swift, belonging to the Irish not the English branch, and Churchill to the English—could by any extension of literary courtesy bear the coveted title of poets in the Court of Song. Duke and Spratt, Browne

and Pitt, Langhorne, and even Parnell can hardly defend their honours against the inquisition of any critical herald, however generous he might be in granting emblazoned rolls of dignity and inventing genealogical stems.

This is probably an incidental proof of the lower social standing of the majority of the clergy of those days. For they were not ignorant; the prose works of many of them shew them to have been able and diligent both in scholarship and theology. But except in the few cases in which the truth of the "*Poeta nascitur*" breaks through all barriers, and lifts the son of genius above all restraints, the cultivation of the poetic faculty implies a higher polish in the mind than is needful for serious prose composition. There must be in the poet, to give him any claim to the title, some distinctive sense of beauty or some rich vein of humour, which involves, with an interest in humanity, an eye keenly open to the resemblances of things that differ, or a patient, plastic, reproductive fancy, or—the highest and rarest gift of all—an ardent imagination. These gifts are rarely found except among those who partake of that general elevation which belongs to a literary society. The mere laborious plodder may work on as a unit; but there must be a contention, as among eagles' wings, to lift up the soul in poetry. And, as no great poet ever rose except from a people rich in great aspirations or remembrances, so as a rule none break forth into their brilliancy except when they are thrown off from a mass of metal itself incandescent. This may, we think, account for the paucity of earlier writers of poetry among the English clergy, compared with their abundance at the present day. For certainly the proportions which obtained down to



Johnson's time have been reversed in later years. In almost every separate chapter of poetical composition we meet with clergymen. Where are higher lyrical expressions than in some of Charles Wesley's utterances? Who have ever equalled Crabbe in a humorous, accurate, Teniers-like painting of common life? And, to come down to the present time, whose title-deeds to fame are fairer than those of John Keble, H. H. Milman, F. Faber, F. Lyte, Archbishop Trench, and Bishop Alexander, with a host of others who to the present hour still breathe in numbers for the numbers come."

I do not feel called upon to correct the abounding inaccuracies here of fact and inference, the shallowness and conventionality of the Writer's notions of '*social standing*'; but it is deplorable to find a Critic in the foremost Newspaper of the World thus framing a theory and constructing an unhistoric account of the 'clergy' that a School-boy's knowledge might have sufficed to suppress. So far from 'paucity' of Poets among those in 'holy orders' in the Church, or to accept the Critic's own term, the 'clergy', there was affluence, and of a stamp profoundly different from the later and living enumerated. The Critic in the outset and onward gives eight representative names of 'clerical' Poets. Take twice eight and one over off-hand of whom he must be supremely ignorant—John Lydgate—Alexander Barklay—Robert Henryson—Bishop Douglas—Robert Southwell—Dr. Donne—Bishop Hall—Bishop Corbet—Bishop King—Phineas, Giles, (father and son) Joseph, Fletcher—George Herbert—Alexander Hume—William Cartwright—Robert Herrick—Richard Cra-

shaw—Thomas Washbourne. Slender research would yield double these: and no one poor enough to be classed with any of Dr. Johnson's 'eight'. And yet here we have 'The Times' instructing its myriad readers by one unacquainted with even GEORGE HERBERT and ROBERT HERRICK!

### Correction.

At page cccxv. *ante*, by oversight, reference is given to this place, for the Satan of 'Psyche'. See quotations in note B., at end of 'Apollyonists' in Vol. II. G.





*Runnes 'twixt those hills : her hand (Arion's touch)  
 As much delights the eye, the eare as much.  
 Such is my Love, that but my Love, was never such. "*  
 ['Pisc. Ecl.' VII. 18.]

- (2) "*These two fair mounts are like two hemispheres,  
 Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities ;  
 Whose top two little purple hillocks reares,  
 Most like the poles in Heaven's axletrees :  
 And round about two circling altars gire,  
 In blushing red ; the rest in snowy tire  
 Like Thracian Hæmus looks, which ne're feels  
 Phoebus' fire.*" ['Purple Island' c. iv., 8.]

Further, in "Brittain's Ida" you read c. iv.  
 stanza 7th :

—"since I have plac't my love so high,  
 Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt, deny,  
 Grant me yet still to love, though in my love to dye."

In Fletcher again you have this pathetic passion  
 of Love

- (3) "*She hates thy love—love thou her hate for ever :  
 In vain thou hop'st, hope yet, though still in vain ;  
 Joy in thy grief and triumph in thy pain :  
 And though reward exceedeth thy aspiring,  
 Live in her love and die in her admiring.*

[Pisc. Ecl. III., 12.]

Looking now a little more within, in the Essay  
 on the Poetry of the Two Brothers which accom-  
 panies my Memoir in the present Volume and for

Brittain's Ida.

## NOTE.

Early in the present year I issued a tractate bearing the following title: "Who wrote 'Brittain's Ida?' Mis-assigned to Edmund Spenser,) Answered in a Letter to Sir John Duke Coleridge, M.P., &c., &c., &c. London: F. S. Ellis, 33, King Street, Covent Garden. 1869." [cr. 8vo.]

The PROOF of the PHINEAS FLETCHER authorship of "Brittain's Ida" has been all but universally accepted: and I must acknowledge gratefully, the many appreciative words, public and private, that have reached me in connection with this late but conclusive correction of a long-established literary-error.

Agreeably to announcement I now include "Brittain's Ida" among the POEMS of PHINEAS FLETCHER: and that the evidence may be on permanent not merely fugitive record, reprint my tractate as an Introduction to the Poem. I have revised and slightly added to the original 'Letter:' and in a Postscript to 'Brittain's Ida' itself—containing also Notes and Illustrations—I have answered such critical objections as have been offered and as have come under my notice, endeavouring to reciprocate the kindly feeling manifested toward me in all.

My text of "Brittain's Ida" is from Mr. Collier's 'Spenser.' His notes bear his initial (C.) The poem seems to find a fitting place in the present Volume, immediately after the Memoir and distinct from the avowed Poetry.



Who wrote "Brittain's Ida?"

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LETTER

TO

SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE, M.P.,

&c., &c., &c.

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SIR,

The name you bear and your hereditary love of our old Literature, assure me, that in addressing the present little literary Inquiry to you, I address one to whom it will prove of interest and worth—spite of the pre-occupations of Politics; and the correspondence with which you have favoured me in connection with my privately-printed *Fuller Worthies' Library*, equally assures me that you will accept my Letter in the spirit in which it is written to you.

Every student of our earlier Poetry is aware, that the vivid and remarkable poem called

**“Brittain's Ida”**

while traditionally inserted in the collected Works of SPENSER, never has been accepted by competent critics as a genuine production of his genius. I may briefly, Sir, shew this in the outset.

HUGHES in his SPENSER (6 vols. 18mo. 1750) observed: “As for the Poem called Britain's Ida, tho' it has formerly appear'd with our Author's Works, and is therefore now reprinted, I am apt to believe, notwithstanding the opinion of its first Publisher, that it is not Spenser's.” (Vol. I., p. lxxviii.) Archdeacon Todd admitted it into his edition—what has he not admitted?—but under a kind of protest: *e.g.*, “The printer's assertion is the only authority on which this poem has been admitted into the editions of Spenser's Works, since its first publication in 1628. The critics agree in believing it was not written by Spenser.” (Works of Spenser, 8 vols. 8vo., 1802: Vol. 8, p. 271). Of what follows, more in the sequel. Mr. Collier includes “Brittain's Ida” in his valuable and beautiful edition of SPENSER: but is similarly suspicious: *e. g.*, “We are unwilling to exclude anything that has ever been imputed to



Spenser; and although we are convinced with T. Warton (*Observ. on F. Q.* Vol. I., p. 123, edn. 1762) that Spenser was not the author of "Britain's Ida", as it is short, and possesses considerable merits of its own, we insert it. The reader will thus be able to form his own opinion." (Vol. v., p. 273.) One would have preferred a little more editorial firmness of exclusion, to this uncritical transference of a decision to that somewhat vague, and ordinarily indolent if not stupidly acquiescent entity, "the reader"—*i. e.*, any body and every body, as if anybody and everybody were competent to "form an opinion" on such a matter. Professor CHILD of Harvard University, Cambridge, U. S., and MASTERMAN, (1st American edition of Spenser 1848, 5 vols., 8vo.) had set the example of excluding it, the former with the sound remark: "Other works have been attributed to him [Spenser] but none, it is believed, upon sufficient reasons." (*Works of Spenser: Boston, 5 Vols., 1855: Vol. I., p. lxiv.*) These four are typical editions of SPENSER, and must suffice, though it were easy to extend the List, and the like verdict.

It is no new heresy, then Sir, to dispute the SPENSER authorship of "Brittain's Ida". Indeed no one who really had studied the "Fairy Queen" and "our Colin's" poetry as a whole—in appre-

ciation of the surpassing richness of which I yield to none—could for one moment accept “Brittain’s Ida” as his.

The next question inevitably is, Who wrote it? I have a very definite and thorough-evidenced answer to give in this Letter: but meantime you will be surprized to learn that HUGHES and TODD and COLLIER and the EDITORS generally, are wrong in their assumption that the “first Publisher” declared “Brittain’s Ida” to be the work of SPENSER. His words are somewhat noticeably different. Turning to the small volume itself: “London, Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in Brittaines Bursse. 1628 ” we find, in contradiction of the title “Brittain’s Ida. Written by that renowned Poet, Edmond Spencer” and of the anonymous Verses prefixed, that the utmost he asserts in his short Epistle Dedicatory to “the right noble Lady, Mary, daughter of the most illustrious Prince, George, Duke of Buckingham” is the following: “I have presumed to present this Poem to your honourable hand, encouraged only by the worth of the most famous Author (for I am certainly assured, by the ablest and most knowing men, that it *must be a work of Spenser’s*, of whom it were pity that anything should be lost.”)

You perceive, Sir, that the statement is *not* from the Publisher's own knowledge: and that neither is it positive but simply 'it *must* be'; which is much as on looking in at Macmillan's or Bell and Daldy's and taking up (suppose) an anonymous poem of the day, one were to say, 'This *must* be Tennyson's or Browning's.' On the strength, that is weakness, of such an observation, the book-man might publish the poem with Tennyson or Browning on the titlepage and a phrase after the style of Walkley's: but that wouldnt make the poem really Tennyson's or Browning's, and would not bar a critical rejection on proper reasons given. As to "the ablest and most knowing men," all familiar with the Literature of the period know its trade-tricks and devices, whereby it was an every-day thing to put a popular (deceased) name on a title-page, to sell the venture—often times a prominent 'Epistle Dedicatory' guising the fraud. Even Ben Jonson's memory suffered by this mendacious treatment: and in their own life-times later RICHARD BAXTER and JOHN BUNYAN had to repudiate such use of their names—which *en passant*, they did in quaintest words.

It is not hard to understand how Master WALKLEY was studiously indefinite or how the Verse-

writer kept back even his initials: for "Britain's Ida" had appeared in none of the various catalogues of Spenser's missing Writings, and was unknown to Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's bosom-friend and loving editor; and hence it has no place (as Archdeacon Todd has noted) in the folios of 1611 and 1617: nor in any of the succeeding folios, or editions bearing his or any recognized authority.

Starting with the admission that no competent critic has ever admitted the Spenser-authorship of "Britain's Ida" I have next to notice the 'guesses' hitherto, at the authorship of it. From LOWNDES (by Bohn, s. n.,) I take these *memoranda*: "Mr. Bright wrote in his copy "Is it not Shakespeare's? And Mr. Halliwell appended to his copy the following note: "This is a Poem of considerable merit, written in the style of Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, and in a somewhat similar strain, though differently applied. The attribution of it, however to Spenser, is extremely doubtful. The late Mr. Bright was inclined to assign the authorship of it to Shakespeare, but his copy wanted the title, so that he may not have been aware of the direct way [*Good Master Halliwell, excuse me, but it is most 'indirect' and indefinite*] in which it is there given to Spenser."

Finally, on this particular point, I present Warton's Observations' referred to by Archdeacon TODD and Mr. COLLIER: "Notwithstanding our author's [Spenser's] frequent and affected usage of obsolete words and phrases, yet it may be affirmed, that his style in general, has great perspiuity and facility. It is also remarkable that his lines are seldom broken by transpositions, antithesis or parenthesis. His sense and sound are equally flowing and uninterrupted. From this single consideration an internal argument arises, which plainly demonstrates that Britaine's Ida is not written by Spenser. Let the reader judge from the following specimens." [I do not here give these.] "But there are other arguments which prove this poem to be the work of a different hand. It has a vein of pleasing description: but is at the same time, filled with conceits and witticisms, of which Spenser has much fewer than might be expected from the taste of his age. Its manner is like that of Fletcher's Purple Island. I suspect it to have been written in imitation of Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis (the first edition of which was printed in London for William Lecke, 1602, 12mo.) The author, whoever he was, lived about the latter end of Elizabeth or the beginning of James I."

*Runnes 'twixt those hills : her hand (Arion's touch)  
 As much delights the eye, the eare as much.  
 Such is my Love, that but my Love, was never such. "*  
*[ ' Pisc. Ecl. ' VII. 18. ]*

- (2) "*These two fair mounts are like two hemispheres,  
 Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities ;  
 Whose top two little purple hillocks reares,  
 Most like the poles in Heaven's axletrees :  
 And round about two circling altars gire,  
 In blushing red ; the rest in snowy tire  
 Like Thracian Hæmus looks, which ne're feels  
 Phœbus' fire. "* *[ ' Purple Island ' c. iv., 8. ]*

Further, in " Britain's Ida " you read c. iv.  
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 Joy in thy grief and triumph in thy pain :  
 And though reward exceedeth thy aspiring,  
*Live in her love and die in her admiring.*

*[ Pisc. Ecl. III., 12. ]*

Looking now a little more within, in the Essay  
 on the Poetry of the Two Brothers which accom-  
 panies my Memoir in the present Volume and for

preparing his complete Poems for my FULLER WORTHIES' LIBRARY—in which, as you know Sir, those of his brother GILES FLETCHER, have been already issued to the select circle of fellow book-lovers who are co-operating with me in my 'labour of love.'

Working on PHINEAS FLETCHER from day to day, and contemporaneously on SPENSER—because of the current most ignorant conception of our Fletchers as '*imitators*' of Spenser—I found that, while the traditional criticism and generalization of our FLETCHERS being '*echoes*' of the Fairy Queen, was an utter and perverse delusion, on the other hand "Brittain's Ida" all through presented identity with PHINEAS FLETCHER's acknowledged Poetry. Every-where I came upon the same thinking, the same fancies and conceits, the same epithets in the same connection, the same ever-recurring choice and chosen words and forms.

All this, I would now, Sir, submit *seriatim*: and leave the conclusion in your hands as of every one qualified to weigh evidence.

You have *identity of thinking in identical words*. First, take these: "Brittain's Ida" canto vi., stanza 3d.

"Fond boy!" (sayd shee) "too fond, that askt no more;  
*Thy want by taking is no whit decreased,*

here are three short quotations from "Brittain's Ida."

- (1) "His lily-cheek might seeme an ivory plaine,  
More purely white than frozen Apenine,  
Where lovely Bashfulnessse did sweetly raine."  
[ = reign ] [c. I. 4.]
- (2) "*Her spacious forehead* like the clearest moone  
Whose full growne orbe begins now to be spent,  
Largely display'd, in native silver shone,  
Giving wide room to *Beauty's regiment*, [ = govern-  
ment.]  
Which on the plaine with *Love tryumphing went* ;  
*Her golden haire, a rope of pearle imbraced*  
Which, with their dainty threds oft-times enlaced,  
Make the eie think the pearle was there in gold  
inchased." [c. III., 3.]
- (3) "A thousand Loves sate playing in each eye ;  
And smiling Mirth kissing fair Courtesie."  
[c. III., 4.]

Compare these with some of FLETCHER's slighter Personifications from his avowed poems :

- (1) "Fair cruell maid, most cruel, fairer ever,  
How hath foul rigour stol'n into thy heart ?  
And on a comick stage hath learnt the art  
To play a tyrant-tragical deceiver ?  
To promise mercy, but perform it never ?  
*To looke more sweet, maskt in thy looks' disguise.*  
THEN MERCY'S SELF CAN LOOK WITH PITIE'S EYES ?  
[' Pisc. Ecl.' III., 13.]



- (3) "*Joyes never to be spent, yet ever spending.*"

[To my beloved cousin, W. R. Esquire" p. 59.]

- (4) "*Fond lads, that spend so fast, your posting time,  
Too posting time that spends your time so fast.*"

["Upon my brother, G. F. his book entituled,  
Christ's Victorie &c., p. 82.]

- (5) "Then let your hope on those sure joyes depend,  
Which live and grow by death, and *waste not when  
they spend.*" ['Elisa' st. 7, p. 106.]

- (6) ..... "it finds an endlesse spring  
Of pleasures new and never weary joying,  
*Ne're spent in spending : feeding, never cloying.*"

[Ibid, st. 42, p. 115.]

- (7) "*She carelesse spends, without or end or measure :  
Yet as it spends, it grows.*"

[Ibid, Pt. 2nd., st. 2, p. 118]

- (8) "No time might change it, but as ages went  
So still return'd : *still spending, never spent.*"

['Purple Island' c. I. 46.]

- (9) "*No wastefull spending can empair their treasure.*"

[Ibid, c. XII., 75]

Even to the 'fond' it will be perceived there is identity.

Now for the over-joy of joy. I ask you, Sir, to turn back upon the stanza from 'Brittain's Ida'. You read there this couplet

..... "*while joy he so greedily enjoy'd  
He felt not halfe his joy by being overjoyed.*"

- (3) 'Their hair is forged, their *silver forehead* shading.'

[*Ibid* p. 75.]

- (4) "Her more than silver skin and golden hair."

[*Ibid* p. 56.]

- (5) "—As the hairs which deck their wanton heads,

Which loosely fly, and play with every winde,

And with each blast turn round their *golden threads*."

[*Ibid* p. 75.]

- (6) "Like *ropes of pearl*, her neck and heart enlace."

[Piso: Ecl: vii., 10.]

The last, the '*ropes of pearl*' occurs in a context which is one of a number of instances that go to shew that with all his culture PHINEAS FLETCHER had occasionally an inexplicable deficiency in taste. At times you have a fancy splendid and solemn as a Passion-flower, and,—as in it,—a slug crawling across it. But in itself the "ropes of pearl" is a remarkable parallel with the 'rope of pearl' of "Brittain's Ida."

Regarding the ground-plan of "Brittain's Ida" and specific words in it,—on the most hurried comparison you are struck with the oneness of Fletcher's Poetry and this Poem.

It is a story of Love in 'secrecy' taking the disguise of the old-new classical Myth: and that, you have over and oover in *The Purple Island* and in "*Sicelides*," in their many finely-touched delineations of Love; and also in the '*Eclogues*.'

"At each word a hundred Loves attended,  
 Playing i' th' breath, more sweete than is that *firing*  
 Where that Arabian onely bird, expiring,  
*Lives by her death, by losse of breath more fresh respiring.*"

In the former ('Purple Island' c. II. st. 4th) you have this :

"So that 'lone bird in fruitfull Arabie,  
 When now her strength and *waning life decaies* :  
 Upon some airie rock or mountain high,  
 In spiced bed (*fir'd by neare Phæbus' rayes*)  
 Her self, and all her crooked age consumes :  
*Straight from the ashes, and those rich perfumes,*  
*A new born phoenix flies, and widow'd place resumes."*

The same mint-mark is on both. By the way, the word 'lone' even though it be printed "'lone'" (as = alone,) in the original edition of The Purple Island, suggests that for 'onely bird' in "Brittain's Ida" we should read 'lonely bird.'

In the last quotation from the Poem, I have italicized the word 'firing.' It is a somewhat unusual one in contemporary poetry : but is frequent in Fletcher, and occurs twice in "Brittain's Ida." The other in "Brittain's Ida" is found in c. vi. st. 2d.

"Thy love I dare not aske, or mutual *firing*,  
 One kisse is all my love and pride's aspiring,  
 And after starve my heart for my too much desiring."

Love's sooner felt then seen : his substance thinne  
 Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies :  
 Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtil ginne ;  
 He therefore soonest winnes that fastest flies.  
 Fly thence my deare, fly fast, my Thomalin :  
 Who him encounters once, for ever dies :  
     But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,  
     Unhappie soul that thence his nectar sips,  
 While down into his heart the sugred poison slips !

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the eare :  
 Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire,  
 Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair,  
 Oft in a soft-smooth skin doth close retire,  
 Oft in a smile ; oft in a silent tear :  
 And if all fail, yet Vertue's self he'l hire :  
     Himself's a dart, when nothing els can move.  
     Who then the captive soul can well reprove,  
 When Love and Vertue's self become the darts of  
     Love." [Pisc. Ecl : vi. 11—13.]

The rich worded Epithalamium on the marriage of our Poet's cousin, Walter Roberts, Esq., while it has the same vivid and burning passion with "Brittain's Ida" has for its scene in the wood-surrounded valley of Glassenbey, as fair an 'Ida' as ever Greece could shew or as England holds. Within easy reach of his native Cranbrook, one can understand how this 'vale' would be one of his 'haunts.'

Fletcher has this :

“ Grief is but light *that floats upon the tongue,*  
*But weighty sorrow presses to the centre,*  
*And never rests till th' heavie heart it enter.”*

(‘ Elisa ’ Pt. 2d, st. 45th.)

Again in the glowing love-lines of the close of  
 “ Brittain's Ida ” these Shakespereanly audacious  
 ‘ joyes ’ occur : (c. vi. st. 7.)

——“ Boldned with successe and many graces,  
 His hand, chain'd up in feare, he now releast,  
 And asking leave, courag'd with her imbraces,  
 Againe it prison'd in her tender breast :

Ah blessed prison ! prisners too much blest !

There with those sisters long time doth he play,  
 And now full boldly *enters Love's highway,*

While downe the pleasant vale his creeping hand  
 doth stray.”

Over-plain, perchance but pure : sensuous but  
 not sensual, not prurient : and I have quoted the  
 whole context because it is the utmost bound of  
 the Poem, and in itself rebukes that prudery of  
 criticism that, as it pretends to blush over the  
 holy Love-scenes of Eden in “ Paradise Lost,”

lightly-held and felt float on the tongue, but ‘ rightly ’  
 held and felt joys sink deep. I must demur to his hypo-  
 thetical ‘ so ’ for ‘ to ’ in the first line of the stanza.

pronounces against the SPENSER-authorship of 'Brittain's Ida,' on the single ground of its (alleged) 'impurity'—a charge rash and reckless, as well as betraying ignorance equally of the Poem and of SPENSER.\* Now for Fletcher :

"His heart a shelf of purest alabaster,  
Where Love's self sailing, often shipwreckt sitteth :  
Her's a twin-rock, unknown but to th' ship-master ;  
Which, though him safe receives, all other splitteth :  
*Both, Love's highway, yet by Love's self unbeaten,*  
*Most like the milky path which crosses heaven :*

Hymen, come Hymen! all their marriage-joyes are  
even."†

So interpenetrative is the identity between  
"Brittain's Ida" and Fletcher's acknowledged

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\* Archdeacon TODD in his indiscriminative way of emptying his omnivorous reading like so much shot-rubbish refers to the Quarterly Review for July, 1814 : and on turning to it, lo! the reference proves the preposterous and vixenish theory, alluded to above. It is long since the acute HAZLITT counter-remarked that Spenser is anything but the 'purist' such a judgment would imply. You have the very freest stanza in all "Brittain's Ida" in the text, and none save a eunuch or a licentious man will pronounce it 'impure.' Your very nice folks have always uncleanly ideas ; and the holiest words, even in the Holy Book, putrify under their breath. Faugh!

† This stanza is re-produced in 'Purple Island' c xii., st. 6.

Poetry, I find myself italicizing another line in the just-made quotation from our Worthy. The comparison of the fair 'bosom' of a virtuous woman (I don't mind saying 'lady') to the 'milky way,' like the 'phoenix' has grown into a commonplace. But it was less common two centuries ago: and again, the method of use reveals the same 'cunning' pen. Take then examples from each: and first "Brittain's Ida" c. III. st. 10th.

"Lowly betweene *their dainty hemispheres*  
*(Their hemispheres the heav'nly globes excelling)*  
*A path more white than is the name it beares,*  
 The Lacteal Path, conducts us to the sweet dwelling.  
 Where best Delight all joyes sits freely dealing:  
 Where hundred sweetes, and still fresh joyes attending,  
 Receive in giving, and still love dispending,  
 Grow richer by their losse, and wealthy by expending."

The closing lines may be added to our first example of thought and word, common to each. Besides the instance of the present metaphor, which incidentally led to further quotations, you have these others in Fletcher:

- (1) "So is my love an Heav'n: her hair a Night:  
 Her shining forehead Dian's silver light:  
 Her eyes the starres: their influence delight:  
 Her voice the sphears; her cheek Aurora bright:  
 Her breast the globes, *where Heav'ns path milkie-white*

*Runnes 'twixt those hills : her hand (Arion's touch)  
 As much delights the eye, the eare as much.  
 Such is my Love, that but my Love, was never such."*  
 ['Pisc. Ecl.' vii. 18.]

- (2) "*These two fair mounts are like two hemispheres,  
 Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities ;  
 Whose top two little purple hillocks reares,  
 Most like the poles in Heaven's axletrees :  
 And round about two circling altars gire,  
 In blushing red ; the rest in snowy tire  
 Like Thracian Hæmus looks, which ne're feels  
 Phoebus' fire."* ['Purple Island' c. iv., 8.]

Further, in "Brittain's Ida" you read c. iv.  
 stanza 7th :

—"since I have plac't my love so high,  
 Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt, deny,  
 Grant me yet still to love, though in my love to dye."

In Fletcher again you have this pathetic passion  
 of Love

- (3) "She hates thy love—love thou her hate for ever :  
 In vain thou hop'st, hope yet, though still in vain ;  
 Joy in thy grief and triumph in thy pain :  
 And though reward exceedeth thy aspiring,  
*Live in her love and die in her admiring.*

[Pisc. Ecl. iii., 12.]

Looking now a little more within, in the Essay  
 on the Poetry of the Two Brothers which accom-  
 panies my Memoir in the present Volume and for



which I venture to ask the thoughtful perusal of my readers—I vindicate the FUNDAMENTAL originality of the Impersonations or Personifications of our Poets, as against the egregious conception, that is misconception, of them, as being ‘imitators’ and ‘echoes’ of SPENSER. I therein bring every shred of alleged ‘imitation’ and ‘copying’ to book: and nullify the current blundering—as I also evidence the pervading influence of the two Poets on MILTON, and his large and generous recognition of them, down to their most fugitive verses.

I make these observations, Sir, because as in the Essay I bring out, Impersonation or Personification, being the supreme faculty, and the chosen medium for the outpouring of Phineas Fletcher’s thick-coming thoughts—and few have thought more deeply and weightily—I should have been put to a difficulty in claiming “Brittain’s Ida” for him, had it not contained touches of this his most opulent and inevitable gift. But all through “Brittain’s Ida”—notwithstanding that it presents few salient opportunities—you have Impersonations of the same swift-coming unexpected type, as the lesser ones of ‘*The Purple Island*’ and ‘*Eclogues*’ and all. Take a few out of many: wherein, besides the Impersonations, I shall italicize certain words to be returned on. First,

here are three short quotations from "Brittain's Ida."

- (1) "His lily-cheek might seeme an ivory plaine,  
More purely white than frozen Apenine,  
Where lovely Bashfulness did sweetly raine."  
[ = reign] [c. I. 4.]
- (2) "*Her spacious forehead* like the clearest moone  
Whose full growne orbe begins now to be spent,  
Largely display'd, in native silver shone,  
Giving wide room to *Beauty's regiment*, [ = govern-  
ment.]  
Which on the plaine with *Love tryumphing went* ;  
*Her golden haire, a rope of pearle imbraced*  
Which, with their dainty threds oft-times enlaced,  
Make the eie think the pearle was there in gold  
inchased." [c. III., 3.]
- (3) "A thousand Loves sate playing in each eye ;  
And smiling Mirth kissing fair Courtesie."  
[c. III., 4.]

Compare these with some of FLETCHER's slighter Personifications from his avowed poems :

- (1) "Fair cruell maid, most cruel, fairer ever,  
How hath foul rigour stol'n into thy heart ?  
And on a comick stage hath learnt the art  
To play a tyrant-tragical deceiver ?  
To promise mercy, but perform it never ?  
*To looke more sweet, maskt in thy looks' disguise.*  
THEN MERCY'S SELF CAN LOOK WITH PITIE'S EYES ?  
[' Pisc. Ecl.' III., 13.]

- (2) "In her face, blushing, fearfull Modesty,  
 The Queene of Chastity and Beauty sitteth :  
 There Cheerfulnesse all sadnesse farre exileth :  
 Here Love with bow unbent all gently smileth :  
 Hymen, come ! Hymen come ! no spot thy garment  
 'fileth." [Poetical Misc : p. 56, st. 2.]
- (3) "Where cheerfull Kindnesse smiles in either eye  
 And Beauty still kisses Humilitie."  
 [To E. C. in Cambridge and p. 64.]
- (4) "Upon her eye, (his throne) Love, Sorrow places ;  
 There Comfort Sadnesse. Beautie Grief, embraces :  
 Pitie might seem a while that face to borrow,  
 AND THITHER NOW WAS COME TO COMFORT DEATH  
 AND SORROW." [ ' Elisa ' : I. 3.]
- (5) "Thousand fond passions in my breast abound,  
 Fear leagu'd to Joy, Hope and Despair together ;  
 Sighs bound to smiles ; my heart though prone to either,  
 While both it would obey 'twixt both obeyeth neither."  
 [Pisc. Ecl : VII., 7.)]

Returning upon the '*spacious*', as elsewhere  
 there is the "*high forehead*"

"High was his forehead, archt with silver mould"  
 [c. I., 3.]

and the "*golden hair*" and "*rope of pearl*"—  
 these, are all over Fletcherian, *e. g.*

- (1) "Her hair a lovely brown, her *forehead high*."  
 [Pis. Ecl : VII., 14.]
- (2) „ *His high-built forehead*, almost maiden fair."  
 [Poeticall Misc., p. 55.]

(3) 'Their hair is forged, their *silver forehead* shading."

[*Ibid* p. 75.]

(4) "Her more than silver skin and golden hair."

[*Ibid* p. 56.]

(5) "—As the hairs which deck their wanton heads,

Which loosely fly, and play with every winde,

And with each blast turn round their *golden threads*."

[*Ibid* p. 75.]

(6) "Like *ropes of pearl*, her neck and heart enlace."

[Piso: Ecl: vii., 10.]

The last, the '*ropes of pearl*' occurs in a context which is one of a number of instances that go to shew that with all his culture PHINEAS FLETCHER had occasionally an inexplicable deficiency in taste. At times you have a fancy splendid and solemn as a Passion-flower, and,—as in it,—a slug crawling across it. But in itself the "ropes of pearl" is a remarkable parallel with the 'rope of pearl' of "Brittain's Ida."

Regarding the ground-plan of "Brittain's Ida" and specific words in it,—on the most hurried comparison you are struck with the oneness of Fletcher's Poetry and this Poem.

It is a story of Love in 'secrecy' taking the disguise of the old-new classical Myth: and that, you have over and oover in *The Purple Island* and in "*Sicelides*," in their many finely-touched delineations of Love; and also in the '*Eclogues*.'

Those in *The Purple Island* are too long for quotation; and as perhaps more familiar to the general reader, I leave them to be 'searched' out. From the latter, I take this miniature, which is "Britain's Ida" *in parvo* with only a different Landscape and multiplied Figures.

*"Thetis the Queen of Seas, attended round*

*With hundred Nymphs, and many powers that dwell*

In the Ocean's rocky walls, came up to heare;  
And gave me gifts, which still for thee lie hoarded here.

Here with sweet bayes the lovely myrtles grow,

Where th' Ocean's fair cheek't maidens oft repair;

Here to my pipe they dancen on a row:

No other swain may come to note they're fair;

Yet my Amyntas there with me shall go:

Proteus himself pipes to his flocks hereby,

Whom thou shalt heare, ne're seen by any jealous eye."

[Pisc. Ecl: i. 19 and 20.]

Fuller and more suggestive still, is this magnificent Picture and "dulcet piece of music:"

"Ah heedlesse boy! Love is not such a lad,

As he is fancy'd by the idle swain;

With bow and shafts and purple feathers clad

Such as Diana (with her buskin'd train

Of armèd Nymphs along the forrests glade

With golden quivers) in Thessalian plain,

In level race outstrips the jumping deer

With nimble feet: or with a mighty spear

Flings down a bristled bore or els a squalid bear.

Love's sooner felt then seen : his substance thinne  
 Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies :  
 Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtil ginne ;  
 He therefore soonest winnes that fastest flies.  
 Fly thence my deare, fly fast, my Thomalin :  
 Who him encounters once, for ever dies :  
     But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,  
     Unhappie soul that thence his nectar sips,  
 While down into his heart the sugred poison slips !

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the eare :  
 Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire,  
 Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair,  
 Oft in a soft-smooth skin doth close retire,  
 Oft in a smile ; oft in a silent tear :  
 And if all fail, yet Vertue's self he'l hire :  
     Himself's a dart, when nothing els can move.  
     Who then the captive soul can well reprove,  
 When Love and Vertue's self become the darts of  
     Love." [Pisc. Ecl : vi. 11—13.]

The rich worded Epithalamium on the marriage of our Poet's cousin, Walter Roberts, Esq., while it has the same vivid and burning passion with "Brittain's Ida" has for its scene in the wood-surrounded valley of Glassenbey, as fair an 'Ida' as ever Greece could shew or as England holds. Within easy reach of his native Cranbrook, one can understand how this 'vale' would be one of his 'haunts.'

Gorgeous as any canvas of Titian's or Tintoretto's—such as one hangs up in the Gallery of Memory for life, after gazing on them in that rainbow of cities, Venice—and delicate as the Venus de Medicis, is the portrait of 'Venus' in "Brittain's Ida." Very cunning the hand, very dainty is the touch, of the Poet: and fine the shrinking-back before the inner vision. I cannot spare space for the Portrait, but whoever will take pains to study cantos Third and Fourth of the Poem, and then in like manner study the passages in Fletcher's acknowledged Poetry referred to in the foot-note below: will very soon discover that the Singer is the same in all.\* Throughout, in conception, fancy, epithet, measure, rhythm—the fine triple ending of each stanza like a peal of bells, ringing through our Poet's volume—you have not fugitive resemblance merely, but absolute IDENTITY. But while withholding the 'Venus' or Queen of Love of "Brittain's Ida" I cannot withhold Fletcher's acknowledged "Parthenia or Chastity."† She stands as even a fairer Sister beside

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\* "Pisc. Ecl.: III. 2—4; 18—20: v. 4—8: 11—12: VI. 11—14: 15—16: VIII. 8—12: 14—1 and 32. [All these will be found in Volume III.]

† Purple Island c. x. stanzas 27—41.

the 'Queen' of Ida. Various italicised words in this exquisitely-fashioned Portrait, will suggest additional evidence to every thoughtful reader. :

With her, her sister went, a warlike Maid,  
*Parthenia*, all in steel and gilded arms ;  
In needle's stead a mighty spear she swayd,  
With which in bloody fields and fierce alarms  
The boldest champion she down would bear,  
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,  
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green,  
Where thousand spotlesse lilies freshly blew ;  
And on her shield the '*lone bird might be seen,*  
*Th' Arabian bird*, shining in colours new :  
It self unto itself was onely mate ;  
Ever the same, but new in newer date ;  
And underneath was writ, '*Such is chaste single state.*'

Thus hid in arms, she seem'd a goodly Knight,  
And fit for any warlike exercise :  
But when she list lay down her armour bright,  
And back resume her peaceful Maiden's guise ;  
The fairest Maid she was, that ever yet  
Prison'd her locks within a golden net,  
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

Choice Nymph, the crown of chaste Diana's train,  
Thou Beautie's lillie, set in heav'nly earth ;  
Thy fairs, unpattern'd, all perfections stain :  
Sure heav'n with curious pencil, at thy birth,



In thy rare face her own full picture drew :  
It is a strong verse to write but true ;  
Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,  
A thousand spoils *in silver arch displaying* ;  
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,  
Himself in awfull majestie araying ;

Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow,  
And ready shafts : deadly those weapons show ;  
Yet sweet that death appear'd, lovely that deadly blow.

And at the foot of this celestiall frame  
Two radiant starres, then starres yet better being,  
Endu'd with living fire, and seeing flame :  
Yet with heav'ns starres in this too neare agreeing ;  
They timely warmth, themselves not warm, inspire ;  
These kindle thousand hearts with hot desire,  
And burning all they see, feel in themselves no fire.

Ye matchlesse starres, (yet each the other's match)  
Heav'ns richest diamonds, set on ammel white,  
From whose bright spheres all grace the Graces catch,  
And will not move but by your loadstarre's bright ;  
How have you stoln, and stor'd your armourie  
With Love's and Death's strong shafts, and from  
your skie  
Poure down thick showers of darts to force whole  
armies flie.

Above those sunnes two rainbows high aspire,  
Not in light shews, but sadder liveries drest ;

Fair Iris seem'd to mourn in sable tîre ;  
Yet thus more sweet the greedie eye they feast :  
And but that wondrous face it well allow'd,  
Wondrous it seem'd, that two fair rainbows show'd  
Above their sparkling sunnes, without or rain, or cloud.

A bed of lilies flower upon her cheek,  
And in the midst was set a circling rose ;  
Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek  
New liveries, and fresher colours choose  
To deck his beauteous head in snowie tîre ;  
But all in vain : for who can hope t' aspire  
To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire ?

Her rubie lips lock up from gazing sight  
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row :  
But when she deignes these precious bones undight,  
Soon heav'nly notes from those divisions flow,  
And with rare musick charm the ravisht eares,  
Danting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears :  
The spheres so onely sing, so onely charm the spheres.

Her daintie breasts, like to an Aprill rose  
From greene silk fillets yet not all unbound,  
Began their little rising heads disclose,  
And fairly spread their silver circlets round :  
From those two bulwarks Love doth safely fight  
Which swelling easily, may seem to sight  
To be enwombèd both of pleasure and delight.

Yet all these starres which deck this beauteous skie,  
By force of th' inward sunne doth shine and move  
Thron'd in her heart sits Love's high majestie ;

In highest majestie the highest Love.

As when a taper shines in glassie frame,  
The sparkling crystall burns in glitt'ring flame ;  
So does that brightest Love brighten this lovely dame.

Thus, and much fairer, fair Parthenia,  
Glist'ring in arms, her self presents to sight ;  
As when th' Amazon Queen, Hippolyta,  
With Theseus entred lists in single fight,  
With equall arms her mighty foe opposing ;  
Till now her barèd head her face disclosing,  
Conq'erd the conqueror, and wan the fight by losing.

A thousand knights woo'd her with busie pain  
To thousand she her virgin grant deni'd ;  
Although her dear-sought love to entertain  
They all their wit and all their strength appli'd ;  
Yet in her heart Love close his scepter swayd,  
That to an heav'nly Spouse her thoughts betraid,  
Where she a maiden wife might live and wifely maid."

Surely Sir, a Poet in whose regalia of genius this ' Parthenia ' is only one of a thousand jewels, priceless as the diamond that

*' spills its drop of light '*

is not one of whom this generation ought to be ignorant ? I know how cordially you second my 'labour of love' in seeking to recall this 19th century to reverence of the great 17th : and especially to these old Worthies of sacred Song.

Coming finally, to *specific* words, you have in "Brittain's Ida" the ever re-curring epithets of FLETCHER: while be it marked and re-marked, you do not find one of them in twenty, in Spenser's acknowledged works. I select twelve from each, though it were very easy to encrease the list. I shall alternate from our Poem and from Fletcher's avowed Poetry.

(1) *Fire and snow;*

"A hundred hearts had this delightfull shrine  
(Still cold it selfe) inflam'd with hot desire,  
That well the face might seem, in divers tire  
*To be a burning snow or else a freezing fire."*

[c i. 4.]

Now "Piscatorie Eclogues" (vii. 11.)

..... "snow such as on Alps doth lie,  
And safely there the sunne doth bold defie:  
*Yet this cold snow doth kindle hot desire."*

More gracious and dainty still,

(2) *Snow :*

"The whitest white, set by her silver cheek  
Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead."

[c. iii. 5.]

Again "Piscatorie Eclogues" (vii. 3.)

[Nymphs] "Whose faces' snow their snowy  
garments stains."

(3) *Thievish* :

"Now to the bower he sent his *theevish* eyes"

[c. III. 1.]

Once more the "Piscatorie Eclogues" [v. 20.]

"The *theevish* Night, steals on the world."

(4) *Fleeting* :

"His flitting soul, to heav'n translated."

[c. IV. 2.]

Yet again the "Piscatorie Eclogues" (VII. 13.)

"Unlesse thy words be *flitting* as thy wave."

(5) *Engraved* = buried :

"And now with happy wish he closely craved  
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet *ingraved*."

So in Fletcher's "Vow" ("Poeticall Miscellanies" p. 74.)

"Thou Death of death, oh! in Thy death *engrave*  
me."

(6) *Ditty* :

—"with skilful voyce to song she *dittied*."

[c. II. 9.]

In like manner and frequently

"My Fusca's eyes, my Fusca's beauty *dittying*."

[*Ibid* p. 65]

(7) *Perfection* :

"No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skil'd,

Nor greatest orator so highly stil'd,

Though helpt with all the choicest artes direction,

But when he durst describe her heaven's *perfection*,

By his imperfect praise disprais'd his imperfection."

[c. v. 8.]

Again in "Piscatorie Eclogues." p. 47., stanza 12th.

"Cease then vain words: well may you show affection,  
But not her worth: the minde her sweet *perfection*  
Admires: how should it then give the lame tongue  
direction."

(8) *Dædal*:

"His dædall hand that Nature perfected.!" [c. III. 12.]\*  
So "Purple Island" c. v. 45.

"Such whilome was that eye-deceiving frame,  
Which crafty Dædal with his cunning hand,  
Built."

Again c. XII. 44.

"What Dædal art such griefs can truly show."

(9) *Mought*:

"And longer *mought*, but he (ah, foolish Boy!)"  
[c. VI. 9.]

Similarly in "Purple Island" c. VI. 62.

"Els *mought* she ever stumbling in this night."  
and c. VII. 8.

"Ne *mought* this prince escape."—  
and c. IX. 37,

"Well *mought* it be"—

\* So also in the Apollyonists, one of three examples:

"So doe these Dedale workmen plaster over."

[c. II., st. 32.]

(10) *Persever*—a tri-syllable, short :

“ And though in vaine thy love thou doe *persever*

Yet all in vaine doe thou adore her ever.” [c. v. 3.]

So in Fletcher's “ Apologie,” and repeatedly elsewhere :

Shifting the outside oft, the inside never :.....

.....still in love *persever*.”

(11) *Quill* :

.....“ here thy footing stay,

Nor trust too much unto thy new-borne *quill*.”

[c. III. 11.]

Similarly in the “ Miscellanies ” and throughout frequently :

“ Teach my tender Muse to raise her *quill*.”

[p. 62.]

(12) *Sugered* :

——“ More of those *sugred* straines long time expected.”

[c. IV. 5.]

So Fletcher,

“ Drawn into his heart the *sugred* poison slips.”

[“ Pisc. Ecl.” : VI. 12.]

Some of these are more striking than others : various you might match from contemporary Poets ; but what determines the identity of the mind employing them, in these examples, and in five-fold as many remaining, is, that almost without an exception, warp and woof are the same : or to change the metaphor, the flowers grow out of the same mould.

I think Sir, I may now venture to assume that even to superfluity, it has been PROVED, that in the acknowledged Poetry of PHINEAS FLETCHER there is such fundamental identity of thought and workmanship with the POEM examined by us, that the authorship of "Brittain's Ida" must henceforward be transferred from

Edmund Spenser

to

Phineas Fletcher.

The extent and variety of thinking, the substantive and not merely accidental SAMENESS throughout, found in "Brittain's Ida" and our Worthy's avowed Poetry, is the more remarkable in that the former, inclusive of the mottoes, is contained in 477 lines.

I have now, Sir, to adduce, in conclusion, certain (so to say) esoteric references to "Brittain's Ida" by PHINEAS FLETCHER himself, that seem to me to supply two things (1) Tacit admission of its authorship. (2) Explanation of why it was left un-claimed. Of these two points a few sentences, successively.

That early our Poet had written 'love'-Verse, the quotations submitted from the 'exercises' of—to use his own words—"his very



unripe yeares and almost childehood," were sufficient to prove: but behind these—as our Memoir of him will fully bring out—there is a body of as intense and poignant Love-Poetry, as is to be found in the whole range of English Song: ardent as anything ever lilted by Cavalier to his fair Lady, and daintily piquant as your 'Song' in a Play, while informed with a thrilling, throbbing, un-mistakeable Personality, beside which ordinary Love-Poems of the Period are tame and bloodless. This hitherto undreamed of Fact, sheds new light on this old out-lived Life. Beyond even this and what is on record, other mere Love-Verse is hinted at, and—from his new stand-point—condemned, perchance over-vehemently. With relation to the first, whoever examines the extant Love-Poetry of our Singer, will perfectly comprehend that "Britain's Ida" in its keenest and most glowing passion, is not at all incongruous or out of the 'highway' of that burning-chariot of Poetry in which our Fletcher drove, or rather in which he clomb the 'third heavens' uplifted by the steeds of brightness. It dove-tails in with the circumstances of his Youth, and with the 'make' of the man's nature, until the supreme touch 'changed' him, and transmuted that earthly passion—whose inevitable

form was "Brittain's Ida"—into a Divine love, a love that thenceforward poured itself forth in a not less strong, or dulcet or crystalline stream, but moving to more celestial influences and reflecting ampler and more azure skies. With reference to his mere Love-Verse, I cull one or two allusions: all the more readily that they lay the ground for the solution of "Brittain's Ida" being allowed by its real author to wear the mask of SPENSER un-raised.

You have this first of all in "Purple Island" c. i. 4—7. 'Thirsil' or our Poet, has been elected to 'sing' and the result is told: I italicize certain lines for after-remark.

"Now when the shepherd-lads with common voice,  
 Their first consent had firmly ratifi'd,  
 A gentle boy thus 'gan to wave their choice;  
 Think (said he) though yet thy Muse untri'd,  
     Hath only learn'd in private shades to *feigne*  
     *Soft sighs of love unto a LOOSER STRAIN,*  
 Or thy poore Thelgon's wrong in mournfull verse to  
     plain.

Yet since the shepherd-swains do all consent  
 To make thee lord of them, and of their art;  
 And that choice lad (to give a full content)  
 Hath join'd with thee in office, as in heart;  
     Wake, wake thy long (*thy too long*) sleeping *Muse*,  
     And thank them with a song, as is the use;  
 Such honour thus conferr'd thou mayst not well refuse.

Sing what thou list, be it of Cupid's spite,  
 (Ah lovely spite, and spitefull loveliness !)  
 Or Gemma's grief, if sadder be thy sprite ;  
 Begin, thou lovèd swain, with good successe.

Ah (said the bashfull boy) SUCH WANTON TOYES  
 A BETTER MINDE AND SACRED VOW DESTROYS,  
 SINCE IN A HIGHER LOVE I SETTLED ALL MY JOYES.

New light, new love, new love new life hath bred ;  
 A life that lives by love, and loves by light :  
 A love to Him to Whom all loves are wed ;  
 Eye's light, heart's love, soul's onely life is His :  
 He eye, light, heart, love, soul : He all my joy and  
 blisse."

There seems to me, Sir, only one interpretation  
 of the italicized and marked words in the first  
 stanza of this quotation :

..... " thy Muse untri'd  
 Hath only learn'd in private shades to *feigne*  
*Soft sighs of love unto a LOOSER strain.*'

And similarly the "*wanton toyes*" of the penulti-  
 mate stanza. NOW, to him, " Brittain's Ida " was  
 no more than 'feigned' and 'soft sighs of  
 love', and in present estimate, a 'looser strain'  
 and a 'wanton toy'. The sentiment is flushed  
 and strong—as was all he uttered—but you can  
 understand it in the new set of circumstances—

apart from the profounder reason and the different work then occupying him, in sequestered HILGAY.

But take another self-evident renunciation of prior 'passion' and its utterance in Song: Thirsil, i. e., our Poet, is seeking to elevate 'Thomalin' by recounting his own bitter experience, and culminates in this appeal, in their mutual character of 'fishers.'

"Then let thy love mount from these baser things,  
And to the highest love and worth aspire :

Love's born of fire, fitted with mounting wings ;  
That at his highest he might winde him higher ;  
*Base love, that to base earth so basely clings !*

*Look as the beams of that celestial fire*

*Put out those earthly flames with purer ray :*

So shall that love this baser heat allay,  
And quench these coals of earth with his more heav'nly  
day.

Raise then thy prostrate love with tow'ring thought ;  
And clog it not in chains and prison here :  
The God of fishers deare, thy love hath bought ;  
Most deare He loves : for shame, love then as deare.  
Next love thou there, where best thy love is sought ;  
My self or els some other fitting peer :

Ah, might thy love with me for ever dwell !

Why should'st thou hate thy heav'n and love thy hell ?  
*She shall not more deserve, nor cannot love so well."*

[ 'Pisc. Ecl.' VL. 23-24.]

There are other kindredly impassioned and penitent 'acclamations'—touched with pathetic gibes and bits of semi-scoffing woe—which as already observed give an altogether new character to our Poet-Divine's Life. But necessarily passing over all these here, and referring to our Memoir of Fletcher, I close with one so peculiarly worded line, *in its relation to "Britain's Ida,"* that to my mind it alone were sufficient to determine the true authorship of that Poem. For in it, as I read, he (so to speak) unclasps hands with those Muses or Nymphs to whom before he had paid court in singing "Britain's Ida," and leaves them and 'Ida' for ever: and so we have—to return on our word—esoterically his authorship of it declared, especially as he could not but know that to all who brought eyes (and a brain behind them) to his other Poetry, that authorship could not fail to reveal itself. The objects—as Facts of his Biography for the first time got at by myself, shew—of an often cruelly disappointed 'love' that stung him to the very lunacy of pain and suspense—were a 'maid' or perhaps 'maidens' of the county of Norfolk. To her (or them) he addressed fiery, even blazing Love-Verses, and on her (or them) poured the vials of his despair and scorn, if not of his hate, in mordant and

imperishable song. His 'vision' of the 'Nymphs' of "Ida vale" in old England, was but the frame-work of a yearning, hungering, fathomless, semi-bewitched 'passion' for the Queen of his heart. And when she—for one is ultimately singled out—would not return love for his love—contrariwise conquered him, herself un-hurt, and as it would appear with contempt and laughter in rejecting—he rose up in white wrath, and breaking Pan-pipes and all, bade woman-kind adieu. See thus the whole world of Romance in his 'Eclogues' wherever Woman and Love come up and in "Brittain's Ida", when you really 'ponder' them, explained : and see concentrated into the one purged line I am coming to—that darts up like a sting at the close, as a bee's from right beside its honey-bag—his immovable renunciation.

"Go little pipe! for ever I must leave thee,  
 My little little pipe, but sweetest ever :  
 Go, go; for I have vow'd to see thee never,  
 Never (ah!) never must I more receive thee;  
 But he in better love will still persevere;

Go little pipe, for I must have a new :

*Farewell ye Norfolk maids* and IDA CRUE :

Thirsil will play no more : FOR EVER NOW adieu."

("To Tomkins", Poet: Misc : p. 69.)

I am very well aware of classical associations with Ida, and 'nymphs' and 'graces' there : but in the light of our inquiry, I cannot regard this curious introduction of 'Ida' as other than a declaration of *wished-for silence on his authorship of "Brittain's Ida"*, as being hence-forward removed from such Love-scenes and toys.\* Passed

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\* Since writing this Letter—and so, long subsequent to my working out of the Fletcher-authorship of "Brittain's Ida"—chancing to consult the quarto of 1633 for another purpose, on a recent visit to the British Museum Library, I found that the copy put into my hands, formerly belonged to the accomplished W. Thompson, Oxford—whose corrected and annotated Sir John Davies' Poems was published by Thomas Davies in 1773—very uncritical and inaccurate, but revealing book-love and reading—and that in its margins were a number of roughly-written notes. From one of these, on the words "Ida crue," I was more than gratified to discover that the Fletcher-authorship of "Brittain's Ida" had suggested itself to him thereby, although, like WARTON, he must have dismissed the thought or impression—for there is not the slightest trace of any attempt to verify or illustrate it. Still, I value this independent construction of "Ida crue." Thompson's note is as follows: p. 69 "Britain's Ida perhaps may be a juvenile piece of Fletcher's. It is more Fletcher's manner than Spenser's." Again you have 'manner' and no more. With myself the evidence in

from the wildness of his more sensuous, hot-blooded, not to say saucy passion of his youth—helped thereto I do not doubt by having ‘woo’d and won’ ‘a fair lady’ (‘Elizabeth Vincent’)—you can readily comprehend how willing, how wishful he would be that “Brittain’s Ida” should abide un-claimed for him. Its glowing, realistic delineations were too warm for him *now* : and he must have frowned on its publication through some furtively-got MS.

I add, that there are many evidences scattered up and down in Fletcher’s Poetry that the inner circle of his friends knew that the ‘Edmond Spencer’ of the title-page of Brittain’s Ida” was the Singer of The Purple Island. Only so can we explain his frequently-given name of ‘*Colin*’ and of “the Spenser of the age” used by

---

the words “Ida crue” came after reading Fletcher right through on being struck with the first two examples adduced in our Letter. Then came the subsidiary evidence and the speciality of “Ida crue” albeit *per se* that allusion would *not* have sufficed as a basis for the claim. Hence Thompson’s hypothesis seems to have started merely from the word ‘Ida’ in its echo of the other “Brittain’s Ida.” Singular it is, certainly, that twice over our discovery should have been missed on the edge of revelation.



'Thenot' and by 'Quarles' and in 'Wit's Recreation' in a happy anagram. No doubt in his fine modesty he disclaims the august names: but mark how!

"Thenot, my deare, how can a lofty hill  
To lowly shepherd's thoughts be rightly fitting?  
An humble dale well fits with humble quill;  
There may I safely sing, all fearelesse sitting,  
My Fusca's eyes, my Fusca's beauty dittyng:  
My lovèd lonenesse, and my Muse enjoying:  
Yet should'st thou come, and see our simple toying,  
Well would fair Thenot like our sweet retirèd joying.

But if my Thenot love my humble vein,  
(Too lowly vein) ne're let him Colin call me;  
He, while he was, was (ah!) the choicest swain,  
That ever grac'd a reed: what ere befall me,  
Or Myrtill (so 'fore Fusca fair did thrall me,  
Most was I known) or now poore Thirsil name me,  
Think, for so my Fusca pleases frame me;  
BUT NEVER MOUNTING COLIN; Colin's high stile will shame  
me."

(To my beloved Thenot in answer of his verse. p. 165.)

After the EVIDENCE given in this Letter, I include "Britain's Ida" without a shadow of hesitation, in my edition of the complete Poems of PHINEAS FLETCHER: and accordingly it will be found immediately following this.

As in the case of BACON with HERBERT PALMER, glorious 'EDMUND SPENSER' can easily spare the few green leaves and flowers of "Britain's Ida" for the lowlier forehead of his earnest admirer and honourer, PHINEAS FLETCHER. Moreover it is well to put right the traditionary errors of our Literature. And so I leave with you, and through you, with those who care for such things, this little bit of literary discovery and recovery.

I am, Sir, with high regard,

Yours very faithfully,

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



Brittain's Ida.

## NOTE.

The following is the title-page of the original edition of "Brittain's Ida" :

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Printed for THOMAS WALKLEY, and are to be  
sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child  
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Of Walkley nothing seems to be known. He must have been some obscure member of the publishing craft. I have not chanced to meet with his name on another notable title-page. His imprint shews, that his shop was near the Exchange, as MASSINGER in "The City Madam" (Act iii., sc. 1) illustrates :

....."I know not what a coach is  
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- (1) "The Epistle. To the Right noble Lady, Mary,  
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OST noble Lady, I have presumed to present this Poem to your honourable hand, encouraged only by the worth of the famous Author, (for I am certainly assured, by the ablest and most knowing knowing men that it must be a worke of *Spencers*, of whom it were pittie that any thing should bee lost) and

doubting not but your Lady-ship will graciously accept, though from a meane hand, this humble present, since the man that offers it is a true honourer of your selfe and your princely family, and shall ever remaine

The humblest of your devoted servants

*Thomas Walkley."*

(2) MARTIAL.

*"Accipe facundi Culicem studiose Marionis,  
Ne nugis positus, arma virumque canas.*



SEE here that stately Muse that erst could raise

In lasting numbers great Elizae's praise,<sup>1</sup>

And dresse faire vertue in so rich attire,

That even her foes were forcèd to admire

And court her heavenly beauty! Shee that taught

The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought

More vertuous than before, is pleased here

To slacke her serious flight, and feed your eare

With love's delightsome toys: doe not refuse

These harmlesse sports; 'tis learnèd Spencer's Muse:

But think his loosest poems<sup>2</sup> worthier then

The serious follies of unskillfull men."

1 Queen Elizabeth. G.

2 It is to be noted that in 'The Purple Island' (c i. 4) in his tacit allusion to "Brittain's Ida," adduced pages 40—41 *ante*—he seems to shew his knowledge if not acceptance of the present designation of the Poem, 'loosest' by himself characterizing it as a 'looser strain' G.

At close of the Poem will be found (a) Notes additional to those of Mr. Collier, and thereafter (b) the Postscript referred to in our prefatory Note to "Who wrote Britain's Ida?" *ante.* G.



## Brittain's Ida.

### CANTO I.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*The youthly Shepheards winning here,  
And Beauties rare displayd, appeare ;  
What exercise hee chiefe affects,<sup>1</sup>  
His name, and scornefull love neglects.*

#### 1.

**I**N Ida vale (who knowes not Ida vale ?)  
When harmlesse Troy yet felt not Græ-  
cian spite,  
An hundred shepheards wonn'd, and in the dale,  
While their faire flockes the three-leav'd pastures  
bite,  
The shepheards' boyes with hundred sportings light,  
Gave winges unto the time's too speedy hast :  
Ah, foolish Lads ! that strove with lavish wast  
So fast to spend the time that spends your time  
as fast.

---

1 = selects, chooses. G.

## 2.

Among the rest, that all the rest excel'd,  
A dainty boy there wonn'd, whose harmlesse yeares  
Now in their freshest budding gently sweld ;  
His nymph-like face nere felt the nimble sheeres,  
Youth's downy blossome through his cheek  
    appeares ;  
His lovely limbes (but love he quite discarded)  
Were made for play (but he no play regarded)  
And fit love to reward, and with love be  
    rewarded.

## 3.

High was his fore-head, arch't with silver mould,  
(Where never anger churlish rinkle dighted,)  
His auburne lockes hung like darke threds of gold,  
That wanton aires (with their faire length incited)  
To play among their wanton curles delighted :  
His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd :  
Ah ! how should truth in those thiefe eyes be  
    stor'd,  
Which thousand loves had stol'n, and never one  
    restor'd ?

## 4.

His lilly-cheeke might seeme an ivory plaine,  
More purely white than frozen Apenine,



Where lovely Bashfulness did sweetly raine<sup>1</sup>  
In blushing scarlet cloth'd, and purple fine.  
A hundred hearts had this delightfull shrine,  
(Still cold it selfe) inflam'd with hot desire,  
That well the face might seem, in divers tire,  
To be a burning snow, or else a freezing fire.

## 5.

His cheerfull lookes and merry face would proove  
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)  
A dainty play-fellow for naked Love :  
Of all the other parts enough is sed,  
That they were fit twins for so fayre a head.  
Thousand boyes for him, thousand maidens  
dy'de ;  
Dye they that list,<sup>2</sup> for such his rigorous pride,  
He thousand boyes (ah, Foole !) and thousand  
maids deni'd.

## 6.

His joy was not in musique's sweete delight,  
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning  
arte,)  
Or dainty songs to daintier eares indite,  
But through the plaines to chace the nimble hart

---

1 = reign. G.

2 choose. G.

With well-tun'd hounds ; or with his certaine dart  
The tuskèd boare or savage beare to wound ;  
Meane time his heart with monsters doth abound ;  
Ah, Foole ! to seeke so farre what neerer might  
be found.

## 7.

His name (well knowne unto those woody shades,  
Where unrewarded lovers oft complaine them,)  
Anchises was ; Anchises oft the glades  
And mountains heard, Anchises had disdain'd them ;  
Not all their love one gentle looke had gain'd them,  
That rocky hills, with ecchoing noyse consenting,  
Anchises plain'd ; bnt he, no whit relenting,  
Harder then rocky hils, laught at their vaine  
lamenting.

## CANTO II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Diones Garden of Delight  
 With wonder holds Anchises sight ;  
 While from the bower such musique sounds,  
 As all his senses neere confounds.*

## 1.



ONE day it chanc't as hee the deere persude,  
 Tyrèd with sport, and faint with weary  
 play,  
 Faire Venus' grove not farre away he view'd,  
 Whose trembling leaves invite him there to stay,  
 And in their shades his sweating limbes display ;  
 There in the cooling glade he softly paces,  
 And much delighted with their even spaces,  
 What in himselfe he scorn'd, hee prais'd their  
 kind imbraces.

## 2.

The woode with Paphian myrtles peoplèd,  
 (Whose springing youth felt never Winter's spiting,)  
 To laurels sweete were sweetely marièd,

As in the case of BACON with HERBERT PALMER, glorious 'EDMUND SPENSER' can easily spare the few green leaves and flowers of "Brittain's Ida" for the lowlier forehead of his earnest admirer and honourer, PHINEAS FLETCHER. Moreover it is well to put right the traditionary errors of our Literature. And so I leave with you, and through you, with those who care for such things, this little bit of literary discovery and recovery.

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His nymph-like face nere felt the nimble sheeres,  
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That rocky hills, with ecchoing noyse consenting,  
Anchises plain'd ; bnt he, no whit relenting,  
Harder then rocky hils, laught at their vaine  
lamenting.



Doubling their pleasing smels in their uniting ;  
When single much, much more when mixt,  
delighting :

No foot of beaste durst touch this hallowed  
place,

And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace  
Entred with feare, but soone turn'd back his  
frighted face.

## 3.

The thicke-lockt boughs shut out the tell-tale  
Sunne,

(For Venus hated his all-blabbing light,  
Since her knowne fault, which oft she wisht undon,)  
And scattered rayes did make a doubtfull sight,  
Like to the first of day or last of night :

The fittest light for lovers gentle play.

Such light best shewes the wandring lover's way,  
And guides his erring hand : night is Love's  
hollyday.

## 4.

So farre in this sweete labyrinth he stray'd  
That now he views the Garden of Delight,  
Whose breast, with thousand painted flowers  
array'd,

With divers joy captiv'd his wandring sight :

## 7.

“Fond Men! whose wretched care the life soone  
ending,

By striving to increase your joy, do spend it;  
And spending joy, yet find no joy in spending;  
You hurt your life by striving to amend it,  
And seeking to prolong it, soonest end it:

Then, while fit time affords the time and leasure,  
Enjoy while yet thou mayst thy life's sweet  
pleasure:

Too foolish is the man that starves to feed his  
treasure.

## 8.

“Love is life's end, (an end, but never ending)  
All joyes, all sweetes, all happinesse, awarding;  
Love is life's wealth, (nere spent, but ever  
spending)

More rich by giving, taking by discarding;  
Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding:

Then, from thy wretched heart fond care remove:  
Ah! shouldst thou live but once love's sweetes to  
proove,

Thou wilt not love to live, unlesse thou live to  
love.”

## CANTO III

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Faire Cytherea's limbes beheld,  
The straying lad's heart so int'ra'd,  
That in a trance his melted spright  
Leaves th' senses slumbring in delight.*

## 1.

**N**OW to the bower hee sent his theevish eyes  
To steale a happy sight; there doe they  
finde

Faire Venus, that within halfe naked lyes;  
And straight amaz'd (so glorious beauty shin'd)  
Would not returne the message to the minde;  
But, full of feare and superstitious awe,  
Could not retire, or backe their beams withdraw,  
So fixt on too much seeing made they nothing  
saw.

## 2.

Her goodly length stretcht on a lilly-bed,  
(A bright foyle of a beauty farre more bright)  
Few roses round about were scattered,

And smiling Mirth, kissing faire Courtesie,  
By sweete perswasion wan a bloodlesse victory.

## 5.

The whitest white, set by her silver cheeke,  
Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead;  
The freshest purple fresher dyes must seeke,  
That dares compare with them his fainting red :  
Of these Cupido wingèd armies led  
Of little Loves that, with bold wanton traine  
Under those colours, marching on the plaine,  
Force every heart, and to low vasselage con-  
straine.

## 6.

Her lips, most happy each in other's kisses,  
From their so wisht embracements seldome parted,  
Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses;  
But when sweet words their joyning sweet dis-  
parted,  
To th' eare a dainty musique they imparted :  
Upon them fitly sate, delightfull smiling,  
A thousand soules with pleasing stealth beguil-  
ing :  
Ah! that such shews of joyes should be all  
joyes exiling.

Two breasts as smooth and soft ;<sup>1</sup> but ah, alas !  
 Their smoothest softnes farre exceeds comparing ;  
 More smooth and soft, but naught that ever was,  
 Where they are first, deserves the second place ;  
 Yet each as soft and each as smooth as other ;  
 And when thou first tri'st one, and then the  
     other,  
 Each softer seemes then each, and each then  
     each seemes smother.

## 10.

Lowly between their dainty hemisphæres,  
 (Their hemisphæres the heav'nly globes excelling)  
 A path more white than is the name it beares,  
 The Lacteal Path, conducts to the sweet dwelling  
     Where best Delight all joyes sits freely dealing ;  
     Where hundred sweetes, and still fresh joyes  
         attending,  
 Receive in giving ; and, still love dispending,  
 Grow richer by their losse, and wealthy by  
     expending.

---

. 1 *Two breasts as smooth and soft.*] Ought we not to read "as smooth as soft?" Just above, "bearing" means *baring*. C. [See Notes at close. G.]

Doubling their pleasing smels in their uniting ;  
When single much, much more when mixt,  
delighting :

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That now he views the Garden of Delight,  
Whose breast, with thousand painted flowers  
array'd,

With divers joy captiv'd his wandring sight :

But soon the eyes rendred the eares their right ;  
For such strange harmony he seem'd to heare,  
That all his senses flockt into his eare,  
And every faculty wisht to be seated there.

## 5.

From a close bower this dainty musique flow'd,  
A bower appareld round with divers roses,  
Both red and white, which by their liveries show'd  
Their mistris faire, that there her selfe reposes ;  
Seem'd that would strive with those rare musique  
clozes,  
By spreading their fair bosomes to the light,  
Which the distracted sense should most delight ;  
That raps the melted eare ; this both the smel  
and sight.

## 6.

The boy 'twixt fearefull hope, and wishing feare,  
Crept all along—for much he long'd to see  
The bower, much more the guest so lodged there ;—  
And, as he goes, he marks how well agree  
Nature and Arte in discord unity,  
Each striving who should best performe his part,  
Yet Arte now helping Nature, Nature Arte ;  
While from his eares a voyce thus stole his heart.

## 7.

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By striving to increase your joy, do spend it;  
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Enjoy while yet thou mayst thy life's sweet  
pleasure:

Too foolish is the man that starves to feed his  
treasure.

## 8.

“Love is life's end, (an end, but never ending)  
All joyes, all sweetes, all happinesse, awarding;  
Love is life's wealth, (nere spent, but ever  
spending)

More rich by giving, taking by discarding;  
Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding:

Then, from thy wretched heart fond care remove:  
Ah! shouldst thou live but once love's sweetes to  
proove,

Thou wilt not love to live, unlesse thou live to  
love.”



## 9.

To this sweet voyce a dainty musique fitted  
It's well-tun'd strings, and to her notes consorted,  
And while with skilfull voyce the song she dittied,  
The blabbing Echo had her words retorted ;  
That now the boy, beyond his soule transported,  
Through all his limbes feeles run a pleasant  
shaking,  
And, twixt a hope and feare, suspects mistaking,  
And doubts he sleeping dreames, and broad  
awake feares waking.

## CANTO III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Faire Cythera's limbes beheld,  
The straying lad's heart so intral'd,  
That in a trance his melted spright  
Leaves th' senses slumbering in delight.*

## 1.

**N**OW to the bower hee sent his theevish eyes  
To steale a happy sight; there doe they  
finde

Faire Venus, that within halfe naked lyes;  
And straight amaz'd (so glorious beauty shin'd)  
Would not returne the message to the minde;  
But, full of feare and superstitious awe,  
Could not retire, or backe their beams withdraw,  
So fixt on too much seeing made they nothing  
saw.

## 2.

Her goodly length stretcht on a lilly-bed,  
(A bright foyle of a beauty farre more bright)  
Few roses round about were scattered,

As if the lillies learnt to blush, for spight  
To see a skinne much more then lilly-white :  
The bed sanke with delight to be so pressed,  
And knew not which to thinke a chance more  
blessed,  
Both blessed so to kisse, and so agayne be kissed.

## 3.

Her spacious fore-head, like the clearest moone  
Whose full-growne orbe begins now to be spent,  
Largely display'd in native silver shone,  
Giving wide room to Beauty's regiment,<sup>1</sup>  
Which on the plaine with Love tryumphing went ;  
Her golden haire a rope of pearle imbraced,  
Which, with their dainty threds oft-times enlaced  
Made the eie think the pearle was there in gold  
inchased.

## 4.

Her full large eye, in jetty-blacke array'd,  
Prov'd beauty not confin'd to red and white,  
But oft her selfe in blacke more rich display'd ;  
Both contraries did yet themselves unite,  
To make one beauty in different delight :  
A thousand Loves sate playing in each eye ;

---

1 Sovereignty or government. G.

And smiling Mirth, kissing faire Courtesie,  
By sweete perswasion wan a bloodlesse victory.

## 5.

The whitest white, set by her silver cheek,  
Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead;  
The freshest purple fresher dyes must seeke,  
That dares compare with them his fainting red :  
Of these Cupido wingèd armies led  
Of little Loves that, with bold wanton traine  
Under those colours, marching on the plaine,  
Force every heart, and to low vasselage con-  
straine.

## 6.

Her lips, most happy each in other's kisses,  
From their so wisht embracements seldome parted,  
Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses;  
But when sweet words their joyning sweet dis-  
parted,  
To th' eare a dainty musique they imparted :  
Upon them fitly sate, delightfull smiling,  
A thousand soules with pleasing stealth beguil-  
ing :  
Ah ! that such shews of joyes should be all  
joyes exiling.

## 7.

The breath came slowly thence, unwilling leaving  
 So sweet a lodge ; but when she once intended<sup>1</sup>  
 To feast the aire with words, the heart deceiving,  
 More fast it throngèd so to be expended ;  
 And at each word a hundred Loves attended,  
     Playing i' th' breath more sweete than is that  
         firing  
 Where that Arabian onely bird, expiring,  
 Lives by her death, by losse of breath more  
     fresh respiring.

## 8.

Her chin, like to a stone in gold inchased,  
 Seem'd a fair jewell wrought with cunning hand,  
 And, being double, doubly the face graced.  
 This goodly frame on her round necke did stand ;  
 Such pillar well such curious work sustain'd ;  
     And, on his top the heavenly spheare up-rearing,  
     Might well present, with daintier appearing,  
     A lesse but better Atlas, that faire heaven bear-  
         ing.

## 9.

Lower two breasts stand, all their beauties bearing,

1 Qu: reached forward. G.

Two breasts as smooth and soft ;<sup>1</sup> but ah, alas !  
 Their smoothest softnes farre exceeds comparing ;  
 More smooth and soft, but naught that ever was,  
 Where they are first, deserves the second place ;  
 Yet each as soft and each as smooth as other ;  
 And when thou first tri'st one, and then the  
     other,  
 Each softer seemes then each, and each then  
     each seemes smother.

## 10.

Lowly between their dainty hemisphæres,  
 (Their hemisphæres the heav'nly globes excelling)  
 A path more white than is the name it beares,  
 The Lacteal Path, conducts to the sweet dwelling  
     Where best Delight all joyes sits freely dealing ;  
     Where hundred sweetes, and still fresh joyes  
         attending,  
 Receive in giving ; and, still love dispending,  
 Grow richer by their losse, and wealthy by  
     expending.

---

. 1 *Two breasts as smooth and soft.*] Ought we not to  
 read "as smooth as soft?" Just above, "bearing" means  
*baring*. C. [See Notes at close. G.]

## 11.

But stay, bold Shepherd! here thy footing stay,  
Nor trust too much unto thy new-borne quill,  
As farther to those dainty limbs to stray,  
Or hope to paint that vale or beautiful hill

Which past the finest hand or choicest skill :

But were thy verse and song as finely fram'd  
As are those parts, yet should it soon be blam'd,  
For now the shameless world of best things is  
asham'd.

## 12.

That cunning artist, that old Greece admir'd,  
Thus farre his Venus fitly portrayed,  
But there he left, nor farther ere aspir'd ;  
His dædale hand, that Nature perfected,  
By Arte, felt Arte by Nature limited.

Ah ! well he knew, though his fit hand could  
give

Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,  
Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill  
deprive.

## 13.

Such when this gentle boy her closely view'd,  
Onely with thinnest silken vaile o'er-layd,  
Whose snowy colour much more snowy shew'd

By being next that skin, and all betray'd,  
Which best in naked beauties are array'd,  
His spirits, melted with so glorious sight,  
Ran from their worke to see so splendid light,  
And left the fainting limbes sweet slumbring in  
delight.



## CANTO IV.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The swooning swaine recovered is  
By th' goddess; his soule-raptng blisse :  
Their mutual conference, and how  
Her service she doth him allow.*



SOFT-SLEEPING Venus, wakèd with the  
fall,  
Looking behind, the sinking boy espies ;  
With all she starts, and wondereth withall ;  
She thinks that there her faire Adonis dyes,  
And more she thinkes the more the boy she eyes :  
So, stepping neerer, up begins to reare him ;  
And now with Love himselfe she will confer<sup>1</sup>  
him,  
And now before her Love himselfe she will  
prefer him.

2.

The lad, soone with that dainty touch re viv'd,  
Feeling himselfe so well, so sweetly seated,

---

1 = compare. G.

Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,  
Or else his fitting soul, to heav'n translated,  
Was there in starry throne and blisse instated :  
Oft would he dye, so to be often savèd ;  
And now with happy wish he closly cravèd  
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingravèd.

## 3.

The Paphian princesse (in whose lovely breast  
Spiteful disdaine could never find a place)  
When now she saw him from his fit releast,  
(To Juno leaving wrath and scolding base)  
Comforts the trembling boy with smiling grace ;  
But oh ! those smiles (too full of sweete delight)  
Surfeit his heart, full of the former sight ;  
So seeking to revive more wounds his feeble  
sprite.

## 4.

“Tell me, fair Boy! (sayd she) what erring chance  
Hither directed thy unwary pace?  
For sure Contempt or Pride durst not advance  
Their foule aspect in thy so pleasant face :  
Tell me, what brought thee to this hidden place?  
Or lacke of love, or mutuall answering fire?  
Or hindred by ill chance in thy desire?  
Tell me, what ist thy faire and wishing eyes  
require ? ”

## 5.

The boy, (whose sence was never yet acquainted  
 With such a musique,) stood with eares erected,<sup>1</sup>  
 And, sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted,  
 More of those sugred straines long time expected;  
 Till seeing she his speeches not rejected,

First sighes arising from his heart's low center,  
 Thus gan reply, when each word bold would  
     venter,  
 And strive the first that dainty labyrinth to  
     enter.

## 6.

“Faire Cyprian Queene, (for well that heavenly  
     face

Prooves thee the mother of all-conquering Love)

Pardon, I pray thee, my unweeting pace;

For no presumptuous thoughts did hither moove

My daring feete to this thy holy grove

But lucklesse chance (which, if you not <sup>de my</sup>gainesay,  
 I still must rue) hath caus'd me here to stray,  
 And lose my selfe (alas!) in losing of my way.

## 7.

“Nor did I come to right my wronged sire :  
Never till now I saw what ought be loved ;  
And now I see but never dare aspire  
To moove my hope, where yet my love is mooved;  
Whence though I would, I would it not remooved:  
Only since I have plac't my love so high,  
Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt, deny,  
Grant me yet still to love, though in my love  
to dye.”

## 8.

But shee that in his eyes Love's face had seen,  
And flaming heart, did not such suite disdaine,  
(For cruelty fits not sweete Beautie's queene)  
But gently could his passion entertaine,  
Though she Love's princesse, he a lowly swaine.  
First of his bold intrusion she acquites him,  
Then to her service (happy Boy !) admits him,  
And, like another Love, with bow and quiver  
fits him.

## 9.

And now with all the Loves he grew acquainted,  
And Cupid's selfe, with his like face delighted,  
Taught him a hundred wayes with which he  
daunted

The prouder hearts, and wrongèd lovers righted,  
Forcing to love that most his love despited :

And now the practise boy did so approve him  
And with such grace and cunning arte did move  
him,

That all the pritty Loves and all the Graces love  
him.

## CANTO V.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The lover's sad despairing plaints  
Bright Venus with his love acquaints ;  
Sweetly importun'd, he doth shew  
From whom proceedeth this his woe.*

## 1.



ET never durst his faint and coward heart  
(Ah, Foole ! faint heart faire lady ne're  
could win)

Assaile faire Venus with his new-learnt arte,  
But kept his love and burning flame within,  
Which more flam'd out the more he prest it in ;  
And thinking oft how just shee might disdain  
him,  
While some cool mirtle shade did entertaine him,  
Thus sighing would he sit, and sadly would he  
plain him :

## 2.

“ Ah, fond and haplesse Boy ! nor know I whether  
More fond or haplesse more, that all so high

Hast plac't thy heart, where love and fate together  
 May never hope to end thy misery,  
 Nor yet thy self dare wish a remedy :

All hindrances (alas !) conspire to let<sup>1</sup> it.

Ah, fond, and haples Boy ! if canst not get it !

In thinking to forget, at length learne to forget it:

## 3.

“ Ah, farre too fond but much more haplesse  
 Swaine !

Seeing thy love can be forgotten never,  
 Serve and observe thy love with willing paine ;  
 And though in vaine thy love thou doe persever,  
 Yet all in vaine doe thou adore her ever.

No hope can crowne thy hopes so farre aspiring,  
 Nor dares thyselfe desire thine owne desiring,  
 Yet live thou in her love and dye in her admir-  
 ing.”

## 4.

Thus oft the hopeless boy complayning lyes :  
 But she, that well could guesse his sad lamenting,  
 (Who can conceal love from Love's mother's eyes?)  
 Did not disdaine to give his love contenting ;  
 Cruel the soule that feeds on soule's tormenting :  
 Nor did she scorne him, though not nobly borne,

---

1 = forbid (?) G.

(Love is nobility) nor could she scorne  
That with so noble skill her title did adorne.

## 5.

One day it chanc't, thrice happy day and chance!  
While Loves were with the Graces sweetly sport-  
ing,  
And to fresh musique sounding play and dance,  
And Cupid's selfe, with shepheard's boys consorting,  
Laugh'd at their pritty sport and simple courting,  
Faire Venus seats the fearfull boy close by her,  
Where never Phœbus jealous lookes might eye  
her,  
And bids this boy his mistress and her name  
descry her.

## 6.

Long time the youth bound up in silence stood,  
While hope and feare with hundred thoughts  
begun  
Fit prologue to his speech ; and fearefull blood  
From heart and face with these post-tydings runne,  
That eyther now he's made, or now undon ;  
At length his trembling words, with feare made  
weake,  
Began his too long silence thus to breake,  
While from his humble eies first reverence  
seem'd to speake.



## 7.

“ Faire Queene of Love ! my life thou maist command,  
Too slender price for all thy former grace  
Which I receive at thy too bounteous hand ;  
But never dare I speak her name and face ;  
My life is much lesse priz'd than her disgrace :  
And, for I know if I her name relate  
I purchase anger, I must hide her state,  
Unless thou sweare by Stix, I purchase not her  
hate.”

## 8.

Faire Venus well perceiv'd his subtile shift,  
And, swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd,  
While thus the boy pursu'd his former drift :  
“ No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skil'd,  
Nor greatest orator so highly stil'd,  
Though helpt with all the choicest artes direction,  
But when he durst describe her heaven's perfection,  
By his imperfect praise disprais'd his imperfection.

## 9.

“ Her forme is as her selfe, perfect cœlestriall,<sup>1</sup>  
No mortall spot her heavenly frame disgraces :  
Beyond compare such nothing is terrestrial ;  
More sweete than thought or pow'rfull wish  
embraces ;

The map of heaven, the summe of all her graces :  
But if you wish more truly limb'd to eye her,  
Than fainting speech or words can well descry  
her,  
Look in a glasse, and there most perfect you  
may spy her.”

---

1 = celestial or heavenly. G.

## CANTO VI.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The boye's short wish, her larger grant,  
That doth his soule with blisse enchant ;  
Whereof impatient uttering all,  
Inragèd Jove contrives his thrall.*

## 1.



HY crafty arte," reply'd the smiling  
queene,  
"Hath well my chiding and not rage<sup>1</sup>  
prevented,  
Yet might'st thou thinke that yet 'twas never  
seene  
That angry rage and gentle love consented ;  
But if to me thy true love is presented,  
What wages for thy service must I owe thee ?  
For by the selfe same vow I here avow thee,  
Whatever thou require I frankly will allow thee."

---

1 *and not rage*. Perhaps "*hot rage*" : onward, Todd reads *fixing* for "*string*;" probably only a misprint. C.

- (11) c. iii., st. 9 (page 66 ). Mr. Collier's foot-note. Line 2d, is probably correct in the text, the thought re-appearing in line 4th, and again in line 6th. The last seems to interpret the first as being = each of the two were alike smooth and soft. The comparison is not between the smoothness and softness, but between the two breasts. SOUTHWELL has the same idea in St. Peter's Complaint in relation to the 'eyes' (of our Lord): "The matchless eyes match'd only each by other" and again, "O suns! all but yourselves in light excelling" (Works by Turnbull (1856) pp. 24, 26.

- (12) c. iii., st. 13, line 5th (page 68 ). "Which best in naked beauties are array'd." Cf. THOMAS FULLER:

".....most was nak't when cloathed in his weeds  
Best clothed then when naked he did goe." [Our edn. p 66]

- (13) c v. st. 1st, line 8th '*plain* him' (page 74 ) This word is another used by Fletcher *e.g.*

" Shall we repent good soules ? or shall we plaine " ?

[Apollyonists c I. 30, line 3d.]

So also in Eclogues:

- (14) c. v., st. 6th, line 3rd, (page 74) 'fit prologue to his speech.' Cf. Apollyonists c. iv. st. 29th line "all this a *prologue* to our Tragedy" also 'Sicelides' (Act I., sc. 4) "call it joye's *prologue*".
- (15) c. v. st. 9, lines 6—8 (page 78): 'The Shepheard's Holyday' By Joseph Rutter' (1635) which, with much of commonplace has some dainty lines—furnishes an after-copy of this or at least a parallel.

## 4.

“Why sighst? faire Boy,” (sayd she) “dost thou  
repent thee

Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to stay?”

“Well may I sigh,” (sayd he) “and well lament me,  
That never such a debt may hope to pay.”

“A kisse,” (sayd she) “a kisse will back repay.”

“Wilt thou” (reply’d the boy, too much  
delighted,)

“Content thee with such pay to be requited?”

She grants; and he his lips, heart, soule, to  
payment cited.

## 5.

Look as a ward, long from his lands detain’d,

And subject to his guardians cruel lore,

Now spends the more, the more he was restrain’d;

So he; yet though in laying out his store

He doubly takes, yet finds himself grow poore;

With that he markes, and tels her out a score,

And doubles them, and trebles all before.

Fond boy! the more thou paist, thy debt still  
grows the more.

## 6.

At length, whether these favours so had fir’d him

With kindly heate, inflaming his desiring,

Or whether those sweete kisses had inspir'd him,  
 He thinkes that something wants for his requiring,  
 And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring :

But yet though that hee knoweth so she gave,  
 That he presents himselfe her bounden slave,  
 Still his more wishing face seem'd somewhat else  
 to crave.

## 7.

And boldned with successe and many graces,  
 His hand, chain'd up in feare, he now releast,  
 And, asking leave, courag'd with her imbraces,  
 Againe it prison'd in her tender breast :

Ah, blessed prison ! prisners too much blest !

There with those sisters long time doth he play,  
 And now full boldly enters Love's highway,  
 While downe the pleasant vale his creeping hand  
 doth stray.

## 8.

She, not displeas'd with this his wanton play,  
 Hiding his blushing with a sugred kisse,  
 With such sweete heat his rudeness doth allay,  
 That now he perfect knowes whatever blisse  
 Elder love taught, and he before did misse ;

That moult<sup>1</sup> with joy, in such untri'd joyes  
 trying,

---

1 = melted, as 'to molt' is to perspire. G.

He gladly dies ; and death new life applying,  
Gladly againe he dyes, that oft he may be dying.

## 9.

Long thus he liv'd, slumbring in sweete delight,  
Free from sad care and fickle world's annoy,  
Bathing in liquid joyes his melted sprite ;  
And longer mought, but he (ah, foolish Boy !)  
Too proud, and too impatient of his joy,  
To woods, and heav'n, and earth, his blisse im-  
parted,  
That Jove upon him downe his thunder darted,  
Blasting his splendent face, and all his beauty  
swarted.<sup>1</sup>

## 10.

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong ;<sup>2</sup>  
Unworthy he to have so worthy place,

1 = darkened or blackened. Hence 'swart' or 'swarthy'. The word occurs in Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, b. vi., c. 10, "the sun whose fervour may *swart* a living part" as quoted by Richardson *s. v.*

2 *that to his love doth wrong.*] No emendation is necessary, but possibly the poet (whoever he might be) wrote "that *so* his love doth wrong." Three lines lower, "rightly," reads like an error of the press ; but we know not how to correct it. C. [See correction of the latter p. 18—19 *ante.*] G.

him to give his 'review' *in extenso*: and very respectfully—because cherishing truest respect—show, that I cannot admit the validity of his objections. Nor do I at all marvel that one who has traversed so many fields should not have the accurate knowledge of a special Inquirer. The 'review' is as follows—under date February 6th, 1869:

*"Who wrote 'Brittain's Ida'? Answered in a Letter to Sir John D. Coleridge, M.P. By the Rev Alexander B. Grosart. (Ellis.)*

The Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, the lucky gentleman who raised and settled the question of the true authorship of the 'Christian Paradoxes' long assigned to Bacon, has made another venture in literary identification. His second appearance is less imposing and important than the first; yet the question here raised is of literary interest, in so far as it touches the fame of two of our greatest poets. 'Who wrote 'Brittain's Ida'? is the query which he now starts, and in some sort answers.

Every reader of old poetry is aware that this poem may be found among all collected editions of Spenser's works, and that in all modern editions it appears under protest. "We are convinced," says Mr. Collier, "that Spenser was not the author of 'Brittain's Ida'." Warton and Todd were of the same opinion. Still, a work which nobody assigns to Spenser's muse is always included in Spenser's works. 'Brittain's Ida' is a piece of some merit. It is sweet in line and strong in flavour. It is full of youth. The poet, indeed, tells us it is an early effort; perhaps a maiden effort of his pen:—

But **stay** bold shepherd! Here thy fooling **stay**,  
Nor trust too much unto *thy new-born quill*.



## Additional Notes and Illustrations.

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- (1) c. i. 'The argument', '*wonning*', and stanza 1st line 3rd, (pages 53-54) '*wonnd*', and stanza 2nd, line 2nd. The 'English Metrical Homilies'—by Mr. Small, as before—supply two curious uses and forms of the word . . . . "born in Ingland, and lang haues been thar in *wonand*" p. 4: as a noun p. 142 "come into this knihtes *wanes*" = dwelling. Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, in his 'Induction' furnishes another example of the use of the word as a noun, "she tell'd, both what she was, and where her *won* she held" (Works by Sackville-West (1856) p. 104.) Henry More in his 'Psychozoia' also uses it as a noun, repeatedly, *e. g.* :

"The mournfull winds, the solitary *wonne*  
Of dreaded beasts." (c. I., 50)

and

"That free light hath given a free *wonne*  
To the dependent ray." [c. II., 22]

and

".....souls.....that have their *won*  
Where they list most to graze.' (c. II, 23)

and

"Like that strange, uncouth fish Lucerna hight  
Whose *wonne* is in the brackish seas,"

(c, 2. p 81 : Psychathanasia.)

of Walkley, without having the trade excuse for being wrong. Warton was the first to suggest Phineas Fletcher; and this idea has been growing ever since he threw it out into something like a general opinion on the part of critics. This is the idea taken up by Mr. Grosart, and put before the reader with a lively commentary.

The evidence adduced, we grieve to say, is all internal and unsatisfactory. It is the argument of similarity in words and thoughts; an argument open, as Mr. Grosart must admit, to the rejoinder that it rather establishes *imitation* than authorship. A good poet—and the singer of 'The Purple Island' was certainly a good poet—does not reproduce himself; and similarity of phrase and thought will suggest to most men an argument the very reverse of that which Mr. Grosart presses into his service. Mr. Grosart proves too much. The passages cited from 'Brittain's Ida' are *too much* like the parallel passages from Fletcher.

The question is, however to be kept open. Mr. Grosart is engaged in preparing an edition of Phineas Fletcher's works, in which he will include a biography of the poet, containing some new facts which bear, he tell us, on the point. His argument needs these new facts."

First of all Mr. Dixon notices the admission of 'Brittain's Ida' under protest, among SPENSER'S Works—and re-names from us, Warton and Todd and Collier as having thus included it. I tarry a moment on this preliminary point, that I may here repeat that WARTON appears to have been the *first* who recognized our FLETCHER'S 'manner' in "Brittain's Ida". So that he deserves all praise for this. For my own part I can with all sincerity adopt the words of DONNE in his quaint 'Epistle' to his

lie here. SPENSER only very slightly names 'Ida': but from HOMER to BYRON it is renowned in song. Cf also Giles Fletcher's 'Christ's Victorie' (our edn. p. 150).

- (3) c. i., st. 1st., line 4th, (page 53.) '*three-leav'd pastures*'. The Latin *trifolium* is = trefoil but here = clover?

- (3) c. i., stanza 2: lines 2—3 (page 54.)

....." whose harmlesse yeares,  
Now in their *freshet budding* gently sweld."

Cf. with this "Sicelides" (Act i., sc. 4.):

"Scarce did his haire betray his blooming yeares  
When with his *budding youth* his love appeares."

- (4) c. i. st. 5th, line 4th, (page 55) '*sed*'=said. Down to 1677 this was the orthography of 'said' *e. g.* in SAMUEL SPEED'S 'Prison-Pietie or Divine Poems (1677) we have it twice.

"Well verifying what their Maker *sed*,  
Th' Serpent should bruise her heel: her *seed*, his head."  
(p. 39.)

and

"But when a good man sickens, God hath *sed*  
He in his sickness will make all his bed." (p. 167.)

and earlier in the 'Verses' of JOSEPH HOWE, among others prefixed to the posthumous collection of THOMAS RANDOLPH'S 'Poems' (3rd edn. 1643) we have it:

"The town might here grow poet, nay 'tis *se'd*  
Some Maiors could hence as eas'ly rime as read.

In the more striking Lines of RICHARD WEST in the same place, it also occurs :

.....“ make it *sed*  
That TOM is yet alive, but Randolph's dead.”

- (5) c. i., st. 7th, lines 3rd and 4th (page 56) ‘*Anchises*’  
Cf. note *supra* on Ida. Anchises was related to the royal house of Troy and King of Dardanus on mount Ida. In beauty he equalled the immortal gods, and was beloved by Aphrodite, by whom he became the father of Aeneas. (Homer *Il.* ii, 820 : Hesiod: *Theog.* 1008 : Apollod. *Hygin.* *ll. cc.*) According to the Homeric hymn on Aphrodite (45 &c.) the goddess had visited him in the disguise of a daughter of the Phrygian King Otreus. On parting from him, she made herself known, and announced to him that he would be the father of a son, Aeneas, but she commanded him to give out that the child was a son of a nymph, and added the threat that Zeus would destroy him with a flash of lightning if he should ever betray the real mother. When, therefore, on one occasion Anchises lost control over his tongue and boasted of his intercourse with the goddess, he was struck by a flash of lightning, which according to some traditions killed, but according to others only blinded or lamed him. Cf. SMITH'S Dict. of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology s.v. Fletcher only partially adheres to the classical Legend. See denouement in c. vi., st. 9—10.
- (6) c. ii., st. 3, line 1st (page 58 ). ‘*tell-tale sunne*’. So  
LOVELACE :

“ Into the neighbouring wood she’s gone  
Whose rooffe defies the tell-tale sunne.”

[Works by Hazlitt, p. 65.]

- (7) c. ii., st. 4, line 2d (page 58 ). ‘ Views the Garden of Delight ’. This recalls GILES FLETCHER’s ‘ Garden of Vaine Delight ’ in Christ’s Victorie, c. ii.
- (8) c. ii., st. 5, line 8th (p. 59 ). ‘ *raps* ’ i.e. ‘ raptures ’. Cf. ‘ Argument ’ of c. iv.
- (9) c. iii., st. 3, line 6th. (page 63 ). ‘ *rope of pearl* ’ See Postscript after these Notes, for other examples.
- (10) c. iii., st. 4, line 1st (page 63 ). “ Her full, large eye, *in jetty blacke array’d* ”. Such was evidently PHINEAS FLETCHER’s type of female beauty. It recurs in The Purple Island and minor poems, as pointed out in their places. HOOKES in his “ Amanda, a sacrifice to an unknowne goddess, or a Free-will offering of a loving heart to a Sweetheart ” (1658) has some dainty lines “ On Amanda’s black eye-browes ”, and as they illustrate a frequent portrait of our Poet, may be given here in part :

“ Near to an eye that sparkles so,  
’Tis strange so dark an hair should grow :  
Upon a skin so white and faire,  
’Tis strange there is so black an hair ;  
At first ’cause it so near doth lie  
I guest ’twas sunne-burnt with thine eye,  
But then I thought if so it were,  
’T would melt the snow which lies so near,  
And scorch and make those lilies die,  
Upon the shuttings of thine eye,  
And there fresh roses too, which grow  
Upon thy sweeter cheeks below, &c.” [p. 66.]

- (11) c. iii., st. 9 (page 66 ). Mr. Collier's foot-note. Line 2d, is probably correct in the text, the thought re-appearing in line 4th, and again in line 6th. The last seems to interpret the first as being = each of the two were alike smooth and soft. The comparison is not between the smoothness and softness, but between the two breasts. SOUTHWELL has the same idea in St. Peter's Complaint in relation to the 'eyes' (of our Lord): "The matchless eyes match'd only each by other" and again, "O suns! all but yourselves in light excelling" (Works by Turnbull (1856) pp. 24, 26.

- (12) c. iii., st. 13, line 5th (page 68 ). "Which best in naked beauties are array'd." Cf. THOMAS FULLER:

".....most was nakt when cloathed in his weeds  
Best clothed then when naked he did gee." [Our edn. p 66]

- (13) c v. st. 1st, line 8th '*plain* him' (page 74 ) This word is another used by Fletcher *e.g.*

" Shall we repent good soules ? or shall we plaine " ?  
[Apollyonists c I. 30, line 3d.]

So also in Eclogues:

- (14) c. v., st. 6th, line 3rd, (page 74) 'fit prologue to his speech.' Cf. Apollyonists c. iv. st. 29th line "all this a *prologue* to our Tragedy" also 'Sicelides' (Act 1., sc. 4) "call it joye's *prologue*".
- (15) c. v. st. 9, lines 6—8 (page 78): 'The Shepheard's Holyday' By Joseph Rutter' (1635) which, with much of commonplace has some dainty lines—furnishes an after-copy of this or at least a parallel.

....." Behold sweete saint  
 This mirror here, the faithfull representer  
 Of that which I adore, your beauteous forme,  
 When you do see in that how lovely are  
 Your lookes, you will not blame my love."  
 (Act ii., sc. 5.)

(16) c. vi., stanza 7th (page 82) :

*' Boldned with success.'*

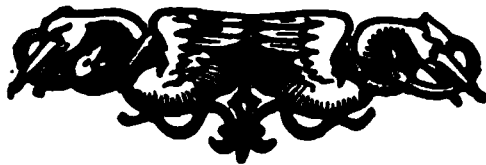
Cf. Piscatory Eclogues (i., stanza 12) :

*But after-bold'ned with my first successe."*

(11) c, vi., stanza 10th, lines 1—3 (pages 83—84) Cf. Notes  
 2 and 5, on Mount Ida and Anchises *ante*. As  
 commentary on thir 'blabbing' read in Cartwright's  
 ' Lady-Errant ' (Act v. sc. 2.)

....." Tis more injustice  
 To betray secret love then to make known  
 Counsels of State. Cupid hath his Cabinet,  
 To which, if any prove unfaithfull, he  
 Straight wounds him with the leaden shaft, and so  
 They live tormented, and dye scorn'd."

[Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, with other Poems. 1651 p. 72]









## Postscript.

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### *Answer to Objections to the Fletcher-authorship of "Brittain's Ida."*

In our prefatory Note to 'Brittain's Ida' (p 50 *ante*) I promised in a Postscript to meet such objections to the Fletcher-authorship as had come under my notice since the publication of the tractate "Who wrote Brittain's Ida?". I postponed such answer to this place—while Memoir and Essay were being printed—in order that all likely to be offered might be before me. I have renewedly to thank various correspondents for public and private communications: but I find that with the solitary exception of 'The Athenæum' I really have nothing awaiting reply, inasmuch as the evidence given has commanded acceptance of the conclusion by Critics of penetrative insight and wide knowledge, while other examples of the use of the same words instead of weakening confirm the proof. Of this anon.

The 'Roman hand' reveals itself in 'The Athenæum': and I owe so much to Mr. Hepworth W. Dixon (independent of his matterful books, every one more welcome than another) for his invariable kindness and recognition of service rendered within a domain of Literature and research common to us both,—that I have deemed it due to

him to give his 'review' *in extenso*: and very respectfully —because cherishing truest respect—show, that I cannot admit the validity of his objections. Nor do I at all marvel that one who has traversed so many fields should not have the accurate knowledge of a special Inquirer. The 'review' is as follows—under date February 6th, 1869:

" *Who wrote 'Brittain's Ida' ? Answered in a Letter to Sir John D. Coleridge, M.P.* By the Rev Alexander B. Grosart. (Ellis.)

The Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, the lucky gentleman who raised and settled the question of the true authorship of the 'Christian Paradoxes' long assigned to Bacon, has made another venture in literary identification. His second appearance is less imposing and important than the first; yet the question here raised is of literary interest, in so far as it touches the fame of two of our greatest poets. 'Who wrote 'Brittain's Ida' ? is the query which he now starts, and in some sort answers.

Every reader of old poetry is aware that this poem may be found among all collected editions of Spenser's works, and that in all modern editions it appears under protest. "We are convinced," says Mr. Collier, "that Spenser was not the author of 'Brittain's Ida' " Warton and Todd were of the same opinion. Still, a work which nobody assigns to Spenser's muse is always included in Spenser's works. 'Brittain's Ida' is a piece of some merit. It is sweet in line and strong in flavour. It is full of youth. The poet, indeed, tells us it is an early effort; perhaps a maiden effort of his pen :—

But ~~stay~~ bold shepherd ! Here thy fooling ~~stay~~,  
Nor trust too much unto *thy new-born quill*.

It is certainly warm in tone ; reckless with the free animal gaiety of twenty-five ; the blood is hot, the lilt is quick ; and every line is charged with a youthful spirit. Yet [this piece, unpublished till 1628, has been attributed to Shakespeare as well as Spenser ; in which case it must have been written in his ripest time.

A careful re-perusal of 'Brittain's Ida' leaves upon our mind a strong impression—we do not like to say conviction—of these two points:— (1) That the poet who composed it was very young ; and (2) that the date of composition was close upon that of publication. So far from being a work of Edmund Spenser, it is not in his mood, nor in his method. A weak imitator could not call it in Spenser's manner ; we do not mean simply as to style, thought and cadence ; but even as to period. In 'Brittain's Ida' there is no trace of the great Elizabethan age ; and a man who would class the 'Faery Queene' with such a work would not scruple to confuse the Old Red Sandstone with the Chalk. 'Brittain's Ida' belongs in structure and in rhythm to the opening days of Charles the First. If it belongs to the age of James the First, it can only be to the end of that sovereign's reign.

Among the poets to whom 'Brittain's Ida' has been ascribed by uncritical publishers and critical editors, are Spenser, Shakspeare, and Phineas Fletcher. Walkley the first publisher, assigned it to Spenser on the ground that he had been "assured it must be" the work of that poet. This was a publisher's trick, to which no weight need be allowed. Bright, the antiquary, assigned it to Shakspeare ; an assignment scarcely less absurd than that

of Waikley, without having the trade excuse for being wrong. Warton was the first to suggest Phineas Fletcher; and this idea has been growing ever since he threw it out into something like a general opinion on the part of critics. This is the idea taken up by Mr. Grosart, and put before the reader with a lively commentary.

The evidence adduced, we grieve to say, is all internal and unsatisfactory. It is the argument of similarity in words and thoughts; an argument open, as Mr. Grosart must admit, to the rejoinder that it rather establishes *imitation* than authorship. A good poet—and the singer of 'The Purple Island' was certainly a good poet—does not reproduce himself; and similarity of phrase and thought will suggest to most men an argument the very reverse of that which Mr. Grosart presses into his service. Mr. Grosart proves too much. The passages cited from 'Brittain's Ida' are *too much* like the parallel passages from Fletcher.

The question is, however to be kept open. Mr. Grosart is engaged in preparing an edition of Phineas Fletcher's works, in which he will include a biography of the poet, containing some new facts which bear, he tell us, on the point. His argument needs these new facts."

First of all Mr. Dixon notices the admission of 'Brittain's Ida' under protest, among SPENSER'S Works—and re-names from us, Warton and Todd and Collier as having thus included it. I tarry a moment on this preliminary point, that I may here repeat that WARTON appears to have been the *first* who recognized our FLETCHER'S 'manner' in "Brittain's Ida". So that he deserves all praise for this. For my own part I can with all sincerity adopt the words of DONNE in his quaint 'Epistle' to his

still more quaint 'Infinitati Sacrum. 16 Augusti 1601. Metempsychosis Poema Satyricon'— "If I doe borrow anything of Antiquity, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much and as good—you shall still finde me to acknowledge it, and to thank not him onely that hath *digg'd out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place.*" But in this instance I must re-assert that my conclusion was worked out before I saw WARTON's suggestion or heard of it; and so he neither 'digg'd out treasure for me', nor 'lighted me a candle to the place'. Moreover even in recognizing the 'manner' of our FLETCHER Warton limits himself to 'The Purple Island' whereas the details of our proof shew that the evidence lies nearly altogether outside of it and is rather found in his Minor Poetry.

I the more earnestly reiterate this because what Mr. Dixon states onward, is incorrect, viz "WARTON was the first to suggest PHINEAS FLETCHER, and this idea has been growing ever since he threw it out, into something like a *general opinion on the part of critics.*" The italicized words contain the inaccuracy I wish to put right. So far from 'growing' the 'suggestion' of Warton never took root: and so far from a 'general opinion on the part of critics' having issued from it, Mr. Dixon I must be permitted to assert, will find himself unable on re-consideration to name so much as ONE 'critic', great or small, from that day to this, who has ever associated 'Brittain's Ida' with the name of FLETCHER. My task had been a very light one could I have been able to fall back upon such a "general opinion on the part of critics." But I know sufficient of our 'critical' Literature to have not the

shadow of hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Dixon's notion a mere myth. Until my tractate was issued, no one save WARTON, and in a MS. note—WILLIAM THOMPSON—as shewn in its place—and these only designating the 'manner' of FLETCHER—had done more than challenge the Spenser-authorship of "Brittain's Ida."

Next, characterizing the Poem with his accustomed vividness of wording, Mr. Dixon it will be observed says among other things, "it is reckless with the free animal gaiety of twenty-five." I take 'a note of' this, because it is Mr. Dixon's own sufficient answer to what immediately follows, so far as they carry 'objection' viz., his two 'strong impressions' or 'convictions': (1) "That the Poet who composed it was *very young* : and (2) that the date of composition was close upon that of publication." The later 'very young' is defined by the earlier 'twenty-five.' But unfortunately for him '*twenty-five*' as at once objection and definition, exactly fits in with the age at which Fletcher alone could have written "Brittain's Ida." For born in 1582 you have twenty-five years onward, 1607: and the facts of our Memoir sufficiently prove that from about 1591 to 1607 (not later certainly) he was in the full swing of his love-passion: while his own 'Epistle Dedicatory' to Benlowes, explicitly determines that his entire Poetry in the substance of it, belonged to his 'early youth' and 'almost childhood.' This latter revelation effectually disposes of Mr. Dixon's second 'impression' that "the date of composition was close upon that of publication." For his other love-Poetry which is of precisely the same intense and vehement kind, while 'composed' thus early, was not 'published' until 1633, or fully five years

later than even "Brittain's Ida", which as we have seen, appeared in 1628. Apart from this, no one on reflection, will more readily admit than Mr. Dixon, that the date of '*publication*' can by no means decide the date of '*composition*.' Some of our rarest Poetry did not see the light until a very much longer period after '*composition*' than the difference between 1607 and 1628.

Passing onward, Mr. Dixon in his agreeing rejection of the Spenser-authorship flouts the idea of that authorship on grounds that seem to me mistaken, more especially when he says "So far from being a work by EDMUND SPENSER, it is not in his mood, not in his method. A weak imitator could not call it in SPENSER'S manner; we do not mean simply as to style, thought and cadence, but even as to period. In "Brittain's Ida" there is *no trace of the great Elizabethan age*." My answer to all this is two-fold (1) Nobody has ever said it was an '*imitation*' of Spenser: certainly Fletcher himself would have been the last to have so designated it—and so the objugation is mis-directed against the actual Singer, while the censure belongs to those who published it, not as an '*imitation*' but as the workmanship of Spenser as the Publisher 'was assured.' (2) Fletcher's life, especially his '*poetic*' life, covered the later years of ELIZABETH—for he was in his 21st year when the great Queen died [1582—1603]: and as simple matter-of-fact his entire poetry was '*composed*' that is '*finished*' at the latest within the '*opening years*' not of Charles but of James. But this being so, by the measure of the proved identity of thought and wording of "Brittain's Ida" with Fletcher's other Poetry, you have at the same time proof of its belonging to the

Elizabethan age, Besides 'Homer nods': for ex-clude Poetry '*published*' after 1628—1633 from '*the great Elizabethan age*' and you will play havoc with some of our noblest possessions. I must hold that "Brittain's Ida" partakes of nearly every characteristic of the love-Poetry of the period, viz, the closing years of Elizabeth and opening years of James. The more it is studied in the light of Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis'—to which probably we owe the suggestion of it—and other contemporary sensuous Verse, the more will this self-authenticating date be recognized.

Further, Mr. Dixon pronounces against the Fletcher authorship on the somewhat remarkable ground—in the circumstances—that I must admit that the "argument of similarity in words and thoughts" is one "open to the rejoinder that it rather establishes *imitation* than authorship." I assume that the 'imitation' intended is that of 'Brittain's Ida' by Fletcher. The charge is an unlucky one: for as the 'Epistle' to the quarto of 1633 attests, the avowed Poetry of our Fletcher, wherein the similarities and identities with 'Brittain's Ida' occur, was 'composed' I must reiterate—in his "*early youth and almost childhood*" *i. e.* as we have shewn, from 1597 to 1607: and hence it is a somewhat Irish 'imitation' that is affirmed, seeing that 'Brittain's Ida' was not in print until 1628. On the other hand admit—and it must be admitted—that as being himself the author of 'Brittain's Ida' he naturally availed himself of Verse lying beside him to work into it, and all is clear. Thus to work in from his other Poetry what he had already sufficiently finished was Fletcher's use-and-wont: which brings me to Mr. Dixon's next and even more unfortunate



objection. He observes : “ A good Poet does not *reproduce himself*; and similarity of phrase and thought will suggest to most men an argument the very reverse of that which Mr. Grosart presses into his service. Mr. Grosart proves too much. The passages cited from ‘Brittain’s Ida’ are *too much* like the parallel passages from Fletcher.’” This is worse and weaker than even what precedes. For had Mr. Dixon really known our FLETCHER’S Poetry he never could have hazarded so rash a theory as this of Fletcher ‘not *reproducing himself*.’ I take this new opportunity to add to my proof of the Fletcher-authorship of ‘Brittain’s Ida’ and at same time put aside this objection—by the remark, that it is another characteristic of our Fletcher, in common with the very greatest of his Contemporaries—which also comes out in “Brittain’s Ida” that he never hesitated to ‘*re-produce himself*.’ You have only to give a glance over these Volumes—as noted in the several places—to see that ‘The Purple Island’ has inwrought into it entire stanzas, and lines, and phrases, found in the very identical forms elsewhere in his Poetry. Even more noticeably you have in ‘The Apollyonists’ published in 1627 such stanzas, lines, phrases, subsequently re-published in the volume of 1633 : and in the later half of that volume the very same stanzas, lines, phrases found in the earlier half, and even in the same poems, as in The Apollyonists and Purple Island you have within, near contexts, identical ‘re-production’ or repetition. Our Notes and Illustrations to ‘The Apollyonists’ as onward, to the ‘Piscatory Eclogues’ and ‘Poeticall Miscellanies’ and ‘Elisa’ and ‘The Purple Island,’ furnish details. I do not accordingly feel it needful to evidence

this '*re-production* of himself' at any length here : but one or two examples may interest my readers and perhaps convince Mr. Dixon. Take those passionate lines in *The Apollyonists* (1627)

"Her brests his spheares, her armes his circling skie ;  
Her pleasures Heav'n, her love eternitie :  
For her he longs to live, with her he longs to die."

Now turn to '*The Purple Island.*' (1633) c vii. st. 25 :

"Her face his sphere, her hair his circling skie :  
Her love his heav'n, her sight eternitie :  
Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'll die."

Again, take this striking if homely illustration—reminding of Homer—in *The Apollyonists* c. iv. st. 5th.

"So when cold waters wall'd with brasen wreath  
Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe,  
The angry seas 'gin fume and hotly breath,  
Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious grow,  
Nor can be held : but prest with fires beneath  
Tossing their waves, break out and all o'reflow."

Now read in *The Purple Island*, c vii. st. 56 :

"Look, as when waters, wall'd with brazen wreath,  
Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe ;  
The angrie seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe,  
Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious grow ;  
Nor can be held : but forc't with fires below,  
Tossing their waves, break out, and all o'reflow."

These may suffice, though I could with ease furnish at least a score of as close '*reproductions* of himself.'

Correspondent with these palpable 're-productions' in FLETCHER's avowed Poetry, are the 'reproductions' on a necessarily smaller scale, in "Brittain's Ida." Thus three times over we have the words, 'slumber'd with delight':

c III. 'The argument: "Leaves the sences *slumbring in delight*."

c III. st. 13th: "And left the fainting limbes sweet *slumbring in delight*."

c VI. st. 9th "Long thus he liv'd, *slumbring in sweet delight*."

This is all the more to be noted as GILES FLETCHER—from whom his brother rejoiced to enrich himself—also employs the very same words *e.g.*

"The garden like a ladie fair was cut,  
That lay as if shee *slumber'd in delight*." (C. V. c II. 41)

So with the word, in the same thought, 'starve.' Thus c II. st. 7, "Too foolish is the man that *starves* to feed his treasure" and again c VI. st. 2, "after *starve* my heart for my too much desiring." So also in 'Sicelides' (Act 4, sc. 6.)

"But he foole no longer fearing  
*Staru'd* his taste to feed his hearing"

which, by the way, is taken from a Chorus-versification of the story, of Eurydice, that also appears in The Purple Island and in the 'Poeticall Miscellanies.' Again, "rewarded in rewarding" (c II. 8) and "rewarded

upon rewarding" (c. vi. 2) Once more, "there in gold inched" (c. iii. 3) and "a stone in gold inched" (c. ii., 12) Thus exactly the same words and thoughts occur and recur throughout. For the truth is, our FLETCHER no more thought of re-composing a given thought or metaphor or of re-selecting a turn of expression or epithet, which he had already in hand, than did TITIAN shun his crimson-cap or WOUVERMAN his white horse or BERGHEM his woman on an ass or HOBBEEMA his lustre or REMBRANDT his shadows. Moreover it would not be difficult to prove that this is a characteristic of our supremest intellects, as it is of the divine Worker—from HOMER to ROBERT BROWNING. It is your petty, self-conscious mind that hesitates to repeat itself. So that I could conceive no fallacy more patent than that adventured hastily, by Mr. Dixon, in momentary forgetfulness of the Literature of the Period.

Our Fletcher's '*re-productions* of himself' being thus bodily and without an effort at change, is sufficient answer to Mr. Dixon's 'objection' that the passages cited from 'Brittain's Ida' are *too much* like the parallel passages from FLETCHER." This was his practice and method as superabundantly proved—to avail himself of what before and elsewhere he had written.

Nor is this all: In re-reading our Poet in order to meet Mr. Dixon's 'objection' of non-reproduction of himself, I have discovered additional identities and parallels with "Brittain's Ida," and would here give them. Unless I much mistake they will be accepted as going far, even were there not those before noted, to establish the Fletcher-authorship. Thus in our tractate I adduce the

word 'perfection' as used in "Brittain's Ida" and in the "Piscatory Eclogues" (See pages 35—36 *ante*). The lines in "Brittain's Ida" are these:

"No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skil'd,  
But when he durst describe her heaven's perfection,  
Nor greatest orator so highly stil'd,  
Though helpt with all the choicest artes direction,  
By his imperfect praise disprais'd his imperfection."  
(c. v., 8)

Close as is the quotation from the "Piscatory Eclogues" placed beside this, it is exceeded by another from "Sicelides" which contains both thought and word: *e.g.*

"Vaine words that thinke to blase so great *perfection*,  
*Their perfectness more proves words imperfection.*"  
(Act. i., sc. 4.)

Again: I have already incidentally adduced Fletcher's line "Live in her love and die in her admiring." I have now to note its identity with another in "Brittain's Ida" (c. v. 3) "Yet live thou in her love, and dye in her admiring." "Sicelides" repeats it almost literally:

"And though his yce might quench thy loue's desiring,  
*Liue in his loue and die in his admiring.*" (Act iii., sc. 2.)

It will be noticed that for '*her*' the earlier has '*his*'—and this is all the change. Surely at once a characteristic and unmistakeable example of identity?

Further: in the most sensuous, and as Fletcher has hitherto been known (that is unknown) most un-Fletcher

portions, I have pointed out identity. I have to add to these from "Sicelides". My reader will be so good as to turn back to pages 15—16 *ante*, and place these beside what are there given. Of Night as 'the Lover's' chosen time, precisely as in "Brittain's Ida" you have this :

"How darke the night! *more fit for louver's play,*  
The darkest night is louers' brightest day."

(Act iii., sc. 5.)

Finely also :

"Death has his part of night, Loue challengeth  
The rest, Loue claims the night as well as Death."

(Act v., sc. 2.)

Finally: and most unmistakeable of all. I find on all hands that *the* parallel which has most deeply impressed my Critics and Correspondents is this, in Brittain's Ida and Piscatory Eclogues respectively :

....."While joy he so greedily enjoy'd  
He felt not halfe his joy by being overjoyed".

and

"While thus their joy too greedily they enjoyed  
Enjoy'd not half their joy by being overjoyed.

Certainly the identity is indisputable here. But "Sicelides" offers if possible a more indisputable instance of identity as between Fletcher and "Brittain's Ida."

"Perindus, my ioy, too much ioy enuioying  
I feele not halfe my ioy, by over-ioying." [Act 3, sc. 6.]

*words* but you will only very slightly and immaterially find *thought and word* together elsewhere, prior to their occurrence in our FLETCHER. I take the one example adduced from MASSINGER. I have '*ropes of pearl*' as from Fletcher: (page 26 *ante*) but replies my Critic it too is to be read in MASSINGER's "Unnatural Combat" (Act iii. sc. 2):

.....'taking in his hand a *rope of pearl*  
(The best of France) he seriously considers  
Whether he should dispose it on her arm  
Or on her neck.'

Granted: but the "Unnatural Combat" was not published until long after Fletcher's Poetry wherein it occurs, viz., not until 1639.

Similarly in Lovelace in his fine lines "On the best, last, and only remaining Comedy of Mr. Fletcher, the Wild Goose Chase" when playing upon the number of the 'Plays' of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER he says

...."to sum up the abstract of his store  
He flings a *rope of pearl* of forty more"

[Works by HAZLITT, as before, p. 247]

But again this was not only long subsequent to our Poet—1652: but is a different and as in Massinger also a purely technical use of the words. Dr. DONNE has the same infelicitous application of the conceit to the perspiration of his lady-love, *e. g.*

I have come on another use of it by Fletcher viz., in Sicelides, Act I., sc. 3 :

“ 'Tis fate that in this monster bids *engraue* her ”

As before our Poet may have taken it from Lord Buckhurst, who in the same tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex (Act IV., sc. 1) uses it in its abbreviated form :

.....“so should not now  
This living breast remain the ruthful tomb,  
Wherein my heart yelden to death is *graved*”

(As before, p 55)

Again, in the “Complaint of Henry, Duke of Buckingham in full :

“The quick with face to face *engravèd* he.”

(As before,, p 138)

Bishop Hall also in his ‘Satires’ (B III., Satire 2nd) has the word, with a play on it :

“Thine ill deserts cannot be grav’d with thee  
So long as on thy grave they engrav’d be’ (Works by  
Peter Hall, Vol xii., p 194)

Once more, ‘persever’ as a tri-syllable—quoted p 37 *ante*—occur in Dr. Donne’s ‘Feaver’ (Poems 1650 p 16)

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portions, I have pointed out identity. I have to add to these from "Sicelides". My reader will be so good as to turn back to pages 15—16 *ante*, and place these beside what are there given. Of Night as 'the Lover's' chosen time, precisely as in "Brittain's Ida" you have this :

"How darke the night ! *more fit for louers' play,*  
The darkest night is louers' brightest day."

(Act iii., sc. 5.)

Finely also :

"Death has his part of night, Loue challengeth  
The rest, Loue claims the night as well as Death."

(Act v., sc. 2.)

Finally : and most unmistakeable of all. I find on all hands that *the* parallel which has most deeply impressed my Critics and Correspondents is this, in Brittain's Ida and Piscatory Eclogues respectively :

....."While joy he so greedily enjoy'd  
He felt not halfe his joy by being overjoyed".

and

"While thus their joy too greedily they enjoyed  
Enjoy'd not half their joy by being overjoyed.

Certainly the identity is indisputable here. But "Sicelides" offers if possible a more indisputable instance of identity as between Fletcher and "Brittain's Ida."

"Perindus, my ioy, too much ioy enuioying  
I feele not halfe my ioy, by over-ioying." [Act 3, sc. 6.]

With reference to this added PROOF of the Fletcher-authorship of "Brittain's Ida" be it remembered that 'Sicelides' wherein these and other lines occur, was acted in King's College, Cambridge in 1614, or upwards of thirteen years before "Brittain's Ida" was published. Surely this will weigh down any lingering objection! Other identities will be found in our Notes to "Brittain's Ida," at end.

Finally, our edition of PHINEAS FLETCHER so kindly heralded by Mr. Dixon is herein in part put in the hands of our Readers: and I submit the 'new facts' of the Memoir as adequate to our argument \* and our argument and evidence as adequate and absolutely untouched by all that Mr. Dixon has said. I would only add here that some of the woman-disdaining and over-coloured lines and hints in 'Sicelides' add to the force of these Facts.

The cultured and careful critic in *John Bull* (February) in his more than appreciative 'review' doubts only on one point viz., that '*similar words*' might be found elsewhere. This is expressly conceded by myself as follows: "Some of these are more striking than others: *various you might match from contemporary Poets*; but what determines the identity of the mind employing them, in these examples, and in five-fold as many remaining, is, that almost without an exception, warp and woof are the same, or to change the metaphor, the flowers grow out of the same mould." (page 37 *ante*.)

So that I was perfectly aware of the point made in *John Bull*. But my re-answer is, you may find the

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\* See pp. lxxviii.—xcvii. and 38—44.

*words* but you will only very slightly and immaterially find *thought and word* together elsewhere, prior to their occurrence in our FLETCHER. I take the one example adduced from MASSINGER. I have '*ropes of pearl*' as from Fletcher: (page 26 *ante*) but replies my Critic it too is to be read in MASSINGER'S "Unnatural Combat" (Act iii. sc. 2):

..... 'taking in his hand a *rope of pearl*  
(The best of France) he seriously considers  
Whether he should dispose it on her arm  
Or on her neck.'

Granted: but the "Unnatural Combat" was not published until long after Fletcher's Poetry wherein it occurs, viz., not until 1639.

Similarly in Lovelace in his fine lines "On the best, last, and only remaining Comedy of Mr. Fletcher, the Wild Goose Chase" when playing upon the number of the 'Plays' of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER he says

.... "to sum up the abstract of his store  
He flings a *rope of pearl* of forty more"

[Works by HAZLITT, as before, p. 247]

But again this was not only long subsequent to our Poet—1652: but is a different and as in Massinger also a purely technical use of the words. Dr. DONNE has the same infelicitous application of the conceit to the perspiration of his lady-love, *e. g.*

“Such are the sweat-drops of my mistress breast,  
And on her neck her skin such lustre sets  
They seem no sweat-drops but pearle coronets.”

(Poems : 1650 p. 78).

I give this to shew that our Poet's occasional lapses were shared by his Contemporaries.

Thus once more our evidence, even in slight details such as these, is left unshaken.

I may as well give here other examples of the use of the same words as have been adduced from FLETCHER's avowed Poetry and “Brittain's Ida”, especially as earlier and later alike, confirm my argument viz., that elsewhere you may find the same word but rarely in the same thought, so pervadingly original is our Poet save when he takes from his own best-beloved brother.

Thus then, in ‘The Purple Island’ c. II., st. 4th.—as quoted p 17 *ante*—the ‘phoenix’ according to the ancient myth is described as a bird-martyr in her death : “herself and all her *crooked age* consumes” in the sun-flames. The italics ‘crooked age’ remind us of Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, (or Thomas Norton ?) in ‘Ferrex and Porrex’ (Act I., sc. 2) where you have the very words but in another application altogether :

“.....cares of Kings : that rule as you have rul'd  
For public wealth, and not for private joy,  
Do waste man's life and hasten *crooked age*,  
With furrow'd face.” (Works, as before pp 13—14)

Similarly with a more unusual word ‘engraved’=‘buried’ as given page 35 *ante*. Since my tractate was published

I have come on another use of it by Fletcher viz., in *Sicelides*, Act I., sc. 3:

“’Tis fate that in this monster bids *engraue* her ”

As before our Poet may have taken it from Lord Buckhurst, who in the same tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex* (Act iv., sc. 1) uses it in its abbreviated form :

.....“so should not now  
This living breast remain the ruthful tomb,  
Wherein my heart yelden to death is *graved* ”

(As before, p 55)

Again, in the “Complaint of Henry, Duke of Buckingham in full :

“The quick with face to face *engravèd* he.”

(As before,, p 138)

Bishop Hall also in his ‘*Satires*’ (B III., Satire 2nd) has the word, with a play on it :

“Thine ill deserts cannot be grav’d with thee  
So long as on thy grave they engrav’d be’ (Works by  
Peter Hall, Vol xii., p 194)

Once more, ‘*persever*’ as a tri-syllable—quoted p 37 *ante*—occur in Dr. Donne’s ‘*Feaver*’ (Poems 1650 p 16)

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Again I have noted 'ditty' as a verb—p 37 *ante*. It is not infrequent among Contemporaries. Thus GEORGE HERBERT in 'Providence':

'Beasts fain would sing, birds *ditty* to their notes'

I adduce one Miltonic parallel-adornment to the 'diamond' of LIGEA—p ccxvii *ante*. Later JOHN HALL of Durham (Poems 1646 p 11) also has it sarcastically:

"What *rocks of diamonds* presently arise  
In the soft quagmires of two squinting eyes."

Further 'thievish' (page 35 *ante*) is appropriated by Dr. Beaumont, in accord with his admiring practice—as shewn in our Essay,—in the very same connection with Night as in Fletcher: *e. g.*

'Thus honest Day must chase out *thievish Night*'  
(c xi., 86)

and

'sheltered by *theevish Night*' (c xv., 25)

I will add that since the publication of my tractate I have re-read the whole of Fletcher's avowed Writings—Verse and Prose, and 'Brittain's Ida' repeatedly, and that the more I have done so the deeper has grown the conviction of the Fletcher-authorship of "Brittain's Ida" Let this be done, even partially by any competent critic and I have no fear of the issue. It is impossible that there could be such IDENTITY in the very staple and in the least adornments of two distinct Writers: impossible that one Writer could take from another such

identical thoughts, and phrases, and wording, during the life-time of that other unchallenged. But PHINEAS FLETCHER published in 1627 and in 1633 these thoughts, phrases, words, identical with "Brittain's Ida" of 1628 - and survived until 1648 at least, and possibly until 1660. while over and above this is the indisputable FACT that his avowed Poetry wherein the IDENTITIES occur, ALL long preceded in composition and to a great extent in publication, "Brittain's Ida" *Ergo*

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End of Vol. I.



## Epilude.

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Appropriating 'The Doctor's' word ('Epilude') I have to note here certain oversights of the Printer's and my own: and in so doing perchance the appeal of quaint EDWARD BURY, of Great Bolas, in Shropshire, will be listened to:

"Reader:

Carp not at faults meer literal

For in this age such are but small:

Nay let not words mistook offend,

The most I fear have *deeds* to mend:

Let him whose works from faults are free

Be first that throws a stone at me:

Men's works have faults since Adam fell,

Mend those that follow; So farewell."

('The Husbandman's Companion' 1677.)

In page xxviii, foot-note, line second, read ejus for jeus.

In page xxxiii, foot-note†, line eleventh, read Shefe for Sefe.

In page lii, line eighth, read keeps for keep.

In page lxxv, in *s p* copies, last line, the single word neither is left by itself.

In page civ, line ninth, read more for mine.

In page cxxxii, line seventh, read cleaves for chuses.

In page cxxxiv, line twenty-second read distract for detract.

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